

THE THEATRE:





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THE THEATRE.

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A Monthly Review

OF THE

DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY

BERNARD CAPES AND CHARLES EGLINGTON.

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MISS BESSIE HATTON.
MISS ELEANOR LEYSHON.
MISS DECIMA MOORE.
MISS MAY WHITTY.
MISS MARY COLLETTE.
MISS ROSINA FILIPPI.
MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

GROUP FROM "JUDAH":
MISS OLGA BRANDON AND MR.
E. S. WILLARD.
MR. COURTICE POUNDS.
MR. JOSEPH TAPLEY.
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THE THEATRE.



The Oberammagau Passion Play.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.



O those who can afford the time and the money, and whose constitution can support a fifteen hundred mile journey, and an eight hours sitting still upon a hard seat, I would strongly recommend a visit, sometime during the next two months, to the quaint, but now busy, little village of Oberammagau, nestling high up among the Bavarian highlands.

There is the sea passage to be faced, and, after that, some twenty-five hours' steady railway run to Munich. From there, a further five hours behind the slow-going, often-stopping steam horse of Germany, brings the pilgrim by a winding, climbing line to Ober, a tiny hamlet at the foot of the Alps, whence, up a steep mountain road, he is jolted in a shaky thing on wheels (I do not know what it would be called in English) to Oberammagau, some four Saxon miles further on.

At Oberammagau, he or she must be prepared for plain living and lodging, and for finding his or her best German of very little use ; and, on the day, generally Sunday, of the play, he or she must rise early, and sit quiet and well behaved for eight hours on a chair.

But it is well worth all this trouble. It is worth going far, in this nineteenth century world, to reach a corner where people still believe in a faith, where people will work and make effort for love of something else than £. s. d.

The peasant players of Oberammagau train and prepare themselves for years beforehand, labour for many months at study and rehearsal, and give one or two whole day performances a week, during four months, for a wage that just about supplies the place of what they would have earned in the same time at wood carving or mountain farming.

The profits on the series of performances, must, in spite of the heavy preliminary expense, be very considerable ; but these are divided upon a socialistic principle. One third is put aside for the benefit of the community, one third, or maybe a little more, goes to the Mother Church (our socialist friends would hardly approve this

part of the arrangement, I fancy), and the remainder is divided among the six or seven hundred performers,—more than half the population of the village.

This gives a gross sum of about a little over fifty pounds to the chief actors for the whole series of some thirty performances, and about some ten or twelve to those of lesser importance, while the crowd of children and “supers,” as we should term them, are content to receive for their long and arduous labours during the sixteen weeks that the play “runs,” a total sum of a hundred marks.

But, if these unworldly minded enthusiasts do not grow much in pocket by their work, they have their reward in honour. To play a part, if only a “super’s” part, in the great Passion Play is the hope and aim of every well constituted inhabitant of Oberammagau—to perform a leading part therein, his highest ambition. To him, his performance is no mere piece of acting, no mere piece of business, it is a sacred religious rite.

On the morning of the play while the thousands of curious visitors from all quarters of the globe, and of devout worshippers from the neighbouring hill-side villages and towns are taking up their seats in the large wooden theatre that stands like some rude temple in a mountain wilderness, he, behind the curtain, is kneeling with his fellows, praying for a blessing on the holy task—as it seems to him—that has been allotted to him.

At eight o’clock (you have to be up early to see the Oberammagau Passion Play) the little cannon, planted high above the village on the guardian rock of the Kofel, booms twice, and the strange tragedy begins.

Before giving an account of what follows, some description of the stage and of the method of the play is necessary.

The main portion of the stage is a vast platform, open to the sky. This is used for the chorus and other processions, and for so much of the play proper as demands more space than is afforded by the smaller central stage. This central stage stands at the back of the larger stage, from which it is separated by a curtain, and is used for the *tableaux vivants*, and for the usual dramatic scenes. On each side of this central stage are openings which are painted to represent streets in Old Jerusalem, and along these streets, on to the greater stage, pass the crowds and processions. It is up one of these streets that we first see Christ advancing, followed by the joyous crowd, welcoming Him to Jerusalem; it is along the other street, that towards the end, we see Him toiling slowly with His cross, while the same crowd jeers and mocks upon His heels. Next to these openings stand—the one on the left of the stage and the other on the right—the palaces of Pilate and of Annas, the priest; and again beyond these, at the two extreme corners of the stage, the entrances through which the Chorus pass to and fro.

The duty of the Chorus is to comment upon and explain the play as it progresses. Before the commencement of each act, they enter—the men from one side and the women from the other—and stand

in a line across the stage. The chief of the Chorus, with melodramatic tones and gestures, foreshadows the events of the coming act, and makes clear its meaning. The Chorus then divide and retire to the sides of the platform, leaving an uninterrupted view of the small, central stage at the back, upon which, when the curtain is drawn aside, is seen grouped a living picture.

One or more of these *tableaux vivants* precede each act of the drama. They represent scenes from the Old Testament, bearing upon the events which are about to be enacted: thus, the sixth act of the play, which deals with the betrayal of Christ by Judas, is introduced by a tableau representing Joseph being sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver; while the eleventh act, "Christ accused before Pilate by the High Priests," is ushered in by a picture of the prophet Daniel being falsely accused before King Darius.

While the pictures stand—which they do with admirable stillness for some two or three minutes, not even the most infantile of the two and three hundred living models sometimes needed, seeming to move so much as an eyelid—the Chorus, to the accompaniment of weird Haydnian strains from an unseen orchestra, sing a kind of rude poem, commenting upon the scene and pointing out its connection with the drama.

When the *tableaux* are finished with, the Chorus files off, and the stage is left clear for the play.

The first act—there are eighteen in all—is preceded by a couple of *tableaux* typical of the whole drama. The first represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, symbolical of the Fall; the second, the Adoration of the Cross, symbolical of the Redemption.

These are followed by the act, dealing with the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. We see Christ seated upon the ass, and surrounded by His disciples, slowly wending His way along the narrow streets of Jerusalem, while, thronging around them, the ever-increasing crowd shout "Hosannas," and sing their songs of gladness.

The mimic scene wonderfully realises one's ideal of the great event. The Christ is dignified, impressive and beautiful; the disciples seem to have stepped out from the faded canvases of the old masters, and the surging pressing crowd—marvellously stage managed—is full of life and reality.

Christ then proceeds to drive the money changers from the Temple, as described in Mark xi. This excites the anger of the priests, and the act closes with the hatching of the conspiracy between these men and the Pharisees and traders to work the Saviour's death.

The second act, which is heralded by a *tableau* showing the sons of Jacob conspiring against their brother Joseph, takes place in the Sanhedrin, and explains the progress of the High Priests' plotting.

In Act iii. occurs the incident of the anointment of Christ's feet by Magdalena, and Judas's remonstrance at the waste of money, and generous thoughts about the poor, himself included. So far as mere acting is concerned, the part of Judas affords by far the best oppor-

tunity of any in the play, but the performer who now essays the part gives it no help, and the character does not in consequence attain its full significance.

The best played part in the drama is this year undoubtedly that of the Virgin Mary. The woman's soul looks out of her face, and her voice is the voice of human love and suffering.

The parting at Bethany between Christ and His mother, which also occurs in this act, is the most moving scene in the tragedy. Mary's Son is going to face sorrow and death at Jerusalem. To others, He is the Christ, the Saviour, and His way is ordained. But to Mary He is something more. She is but a woman, and He is the baby that she suckled—her boy, her son. She would wrap her mother's arms round Him, and keep Him safe. Her cry is the cry of a mother parting from her child, and it pierces very deep into the heart.

The fourth act is chiefly occupied with the temptation of Judas. The fifth is introduced by a *tableau* depicting the rain of manna in the wilderness. This is one of the most crowded, yet beautifully arranged, *tableaux* in the play. Some four hundred men, women, and children are employed in it, and the grouping is nearly perfect. In the act itself we see the Last Supper, and the scene is a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's well-known picture. Christ foretells His betrayal, and, in answer to the importunities of the disciples, including those of Judas himself, names the betrayer. The scene is dramatic, even almost exciting.

The sixth act takes place in the Sanhedrin again. Judas and the priests are bargaining as to the price of the betrayal. Thirty pieces of silver are paid to Judas across the altar, and Judas counts them into his purse. "This day He shall be in your hands," says the traitor as he departs; and the council breaks up crying, "Let Him die, let Him die!"

Act vi. shews us Christ's agony in the garden of Gethsemane; and, after that, it being noon, and the play already having lasted four hours, players and audience—not before they need it—move out for rest and refreshment.

Upon re-assembling at half-past one, we take up the story at the point when Christ, now a captive in the hands of the Roman soldiery, is dragged about, by order of the High Priests, through the streets of Jerusalem, to be mocked and reviled. First to the house of the priest, Annas, then before Caiaphas, He is led. By the Jewish Council He is condemned to die, and it only remains to obtain the authority of the Roman governor for the execution to be carried out.

In Act x. a break is made in the history of Christ's sufferings in order that we may follow the fate of Judas. The introductory *tableau* represents the murder of Abel by Cain. The Oberammergau peasants are not so dirty-minded as we English Pecksniffs. They see nothing evil in the form that God has created in His own image, and the picture is natural and realistic.

The scene of the drama is a wild place, near Jerusalem, the burial place of strangers. Judas has flung his blood-money, now that it is too

late, back in the faces of the priests ; and, torn by remorse, wanders in despair. Into this desolate spot he comes, cursing himself, and, after a scene of mental anguish and struggle, hangs himself from the gaunt branches of the tree that stands there, and passes out of the history he has done so much to make.

In the next two acts, Christ is brought first before Pilate, and then before Herod. Neither will give ear to the bloody clamourings of the priests. Taken, however, for a second time before Pilate, He is ordered to be scourged. The scene of the scourging was at one time painfully realistic, but this year the various brutalities the Saviour undergoes are rather suggested than represented.

In Act xiv. Pilate gives way to the mob, which, like the mob of every age, is ever on the side of injustice, folly and wrong. "Crucify him, crucify him!" shout the eager, delighted crowd. "Let Barrabas go free;" and the sentence is announced.

Act xv. is full of pathos. Up the narrow street toils Christ, fainting under His cross, and, at His heels, yelp "the tiger people with the tiger people's yell." Mary is there, and He passes by her. Mother and Son look at each other as they pass, but neither speaks. Words are not for feelings such as theirs.

And then there follows the Crucifixion. It is difficult to give an idea of this scene that will do it justice. It is a marvel of mechanism, skill, and stage management ; but you forget to think of it as a thing being acted. A hushed awe pervades the audience, and even the society woman sits still and thinks—or tries to—for one moment in her life. The scene is enacted with such strong simple earnestness that there can be no thought of irreverence. The two thieves, bound upon their crosses, hang one to the right side and one to the left ; while in the centre, twenty feet from the ground, is nailed the Christ upon the cross.

Here, there is no shirking of the details. The crown of thorns is on His head, and the bloody sweat is on His brow. The great nails go (to all seeming) through the hands and feet, and by the nails alone. He seems supported. The soldier pierces him in the side, and the blood spurts out. It is painful, but too impressive to be revolting. One is moved, not disgusted.

Mary, and the little group and those that were near and dear to Him, are gathered at the foot of the cross, and wait till the end comes.

The descent from the cross is copied from Rubens. The details demand great care and patience on the part of the actors, for it is clearly a difficult and slightly dangerous piece of stage business. It is as lovingly undertaken, however, as though the labour were a reality, and the task safely accomplished, and Christ is laid at the feet of Mary, and the little company of loving ones bend over him, weeping.

Two brief scenes, more in the nature of *tableaux* than acts, complete the drama. The first is the Resurrection, the second the Ascension. And then the vast audience slowly, and with thoughtful faces, files out into the open air.



“Tinsel Town.”

(For Recitation.)

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

I.—“CURTAIN!”



“ALLO, my boy! you're just in time; the rag will soon be down,
So while we're waiting you can tell us a tale of Tinsel Town.”

Ay, Tinsel Town is gay, indeed, its tales are many, too;
Some are as false as its fairest scenes, some like its
tinsel, true.

So I chose me one of the true ones, and there in the parlour old
They sat and listened round me, and this was the tale I told—

Two things you'll find in Lancashire, in village as well as town,
If you don't play up well enough, they'll hiss and hoot you down;
But if you do 'catch on,' well, there, they take a keen delight
In following you about all day, and shouting at you at night.
No half-and-half sort of measures; although 'tis rather rough,
Whichever it is, you'll not complain they're not critical enough!
I then was playing 'useful,' in a third-rate touring crowd,
And putting my hand to anything—'twas no good being proud;
And business, too, was capital, full houses every night.
The Lancashire lads, they liked us—when they do, well, you're all
right.

For I had been out of collar a pretty long time, you see,
And there was a little maid at home thinking, I knew, of me.
Somehow, to see the house full, from floor to roof, of life,
It set me thinking always of home and my little wife.
However, that's not here nor there, so I'll get on with my tale—
I recollect that night whenever I hear the name 'Overdale.'
That was where we were then; we'd played there all the week;
When Saturday night came round, the house—well, 'twas something
quite unique—

For such a crush I never saw, nor hope to see again,
A sea of faces, high and low; we'd 'caught on' there, 'twas plain.
We put up 'The Ticket o' Leave-Man,' and a farce that I forget,
And we'd a pretty 'May Edwards'—I think I see her yet,

How she made that great house rise at her, and shout and whistle
and yell,

From the moment she first entered until the curtain fell.

There was one man in the gallery, in the centre of the row,

Who never took his eyes off her for that couple of hours or so.

He sort of fascinated me, and many a glance I cast

At him, as he leant against the rail, from the first act to the last.

I never said a word to her. Though brave enough in her part,

A timid little thing she was, gentle and good o' heart.

A deal too good for our rowdy crowd, as half an eye could tell,

But ready enough to do anything, and all she did, done well.

But I watched that man until the rag went up for the farce again,

And then I saw he'd gone to sleep; 'drunk,' thought I, 'that's
plain.'

And those that had been crying were laughing themselves now
hoarse,

I could see they never noticed him, and thought the same, of course.

Almost the last thing under Heaven, they thought that night, I'll
swear,

Was that they sat and laughed at us, with a dead man next them
there!

Yes, dead; with his face upon his arms—dead in the glare and glow,
Dead to the laughter and the light—dead to the play below.

Tragedy laid her mask down—Comedy stayed her tears—

Here was a play a man might see not once in a thousand years.

The curtain dropped upon our farce, and then on his it fell;

Somebody learnt the ghastly truth and proclaimed it in a yell.

They carried him out, and someone else for a doctor quickly fled;

He came, and heard and felt his heart: "the curtain's down" he said.

Nobody saw her coming, no one could stop her then,

From seeing a sight that silenced and unmanned the strongest men;

Before we could touch her, turn her, or even say a word,

A sudden cry rang out on our ears, a cry that all of us heard.

"My husband!" then down she fell like a dead thing at our feet,

Fell with a beatless heart beside the heart that had ceased to beat!

There are plays in life that we seldom see, the curtain is mostly
down.

Comedy, Tragedy, Drama, Farce—Life is a Tinsel Town.

There was one there; married at sixteen, not to a mortal man,

But to a devil black and base, built on a human plan.

He wearied of his childish toy in less than a year, and so

Left her to find her own way through this world of wrong and woe.

No matter to him, then, what she did or where she went away—

But he went down in the world, while she went up in it, strange to
say;

She toiled and climbed the hill; he wasted money and health and
life—

Gentleman, betting man, swindler, rake—and she was this man's
wife!

All this was what she told me long after that wretched day ;
 Now she's playing the lead at a house not a hundred miles away.
 But that's what her story told me—there's many a play we see
 On the stage not half so strong as those that are close to you and me.
 We all of us play our part, forsooth, upon the stage of life,
 With an aching heart we don our mask, and jest amid the strife ;
 We strut our little hour away—they call it seventy years—
 Happiness, misery, love and hate, laughter and song and tears ;
 Tragedy, Comedy, Drama, Farce—but Fame is a fading crown ;
 Put out the lights, the play is done, they have rung the curtain down !



Christopher Marlowe.

BY HARRY PLOWMAN.



HE dawn of our dramatic literature was heralded by few gleams in presage of the radiance that was to come ; rather like a tropical sunrise it burst forth in a sudden blaze of glory and effulgence, which outshone in its splendour even the brilliancy of the golden age in which it was born.

The evolution of a national drama out of the crude germ of the religious miracle plays and moralities was very gradual. The Coventry and Towneley Plays, which began about the end of the thirteenth century, were followed by a class of entertainment called interludes, which were short plays of a humorous character, the principle of which are by John Heywood. They were of the rudest kind, and some of the titles are curiously quaint, such as "Johan, Johan, the Husbandman, Tyb his wife, and Syr John ye Priest," also, "Ye Merrie Adventures of ye Pardoner, ye Curate, ye Frere, and Neighbour Pratte ;" these were succeeded by the first attempts at a regular drama, the "Ralph Roister Doister" of Nicholas Udall, the Master of Eton, and the "Gammer Gurton's Needle" of Bishop Still, the two earliest comedies. In the first mentioned the plot is very slight, but the rhyme is clever ; the second is destitute of plot and of wit ; it is very vulgar, and the only redeeming feature is a song in praise of beer, which still lives in English ale-houses.

The first tragedy, "Ferrex and Porrex," was by Lord Buckhurst and Norton ; it was presented about 1562, and is an attempt to form a classical drama, but it is heavy, cumbrous, and undramatic in every sense, and the rhyme is most monotonous and spiritless.

The dramas of Robert Green claim a passing notice, not on account of construction, but for their freshness and originality. In reading them we seem to scent the perfume of the woods and hedgerows, and to have a glimpse of the Merrie England of Elizabeth.

The year 1564 was destined to see the birth of the twin stars of our dramatic firmament. On the 26th February, Christopher Marlowe was born at Canterbury, and on the same day of April, William Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon. Little is known of their early lives; the mixture of fact and fiction regarding Shakspeare is familiar to every one, and as regards Marlowe there is little to tell.

He was the second son of the clerk of St. Mary's, at Canterbury, who, it is said, was also a shoemaker, but this is doubtful; he was at the King's School in his native town, and when he was sixteen years of age was entered at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. It is a doubtful matter how it was that being of humble parentage he could be sent to the University; one conjecture is that he gained one of the two scholarships attached to his school, and the other that he was sent on the bounty of one Sir Roger Manwood, who might have observed signs of the rich genius which only required development; but neither of these hypotheses is supported by evidence.

Between the intervals of his degrees of B.A. and M.A. there is a gap of some four years unaccounted for; there is a suggestion that this was passed in taking part in the wars in the Netherlands, but most probably he was engaged in maturing the scheme of his first drama, and in also translating his exquisite version of Ovid's *Elegies*.

At length the first fruits of his genius were ripe, and in 1587 "*Tamburlaine*" was produced, and the great revolution in dramatic literature commenced, as this was the first play in blank verse acted on the English stage.

The erudite, pedantic, and even transcendental Augustus Von Schlegel, makes a curious mistake in remarking that he cannot conceive how Ben Jonson could use the expression, "*Marlowe's mighty line*;" he appears to be quite ignorant of the fact that Marlowe first used blank verse, but this might be expected of a German scholar who, in the profundity of his wisdom, criticised English plays, some of which he had never read.

The faults of "*Tamburlaine*" are glaring; a great part of the dialogue is most bombastic and inflated, to our modern ideas of an Oriental conqueror; but we can see throughout the marks of the mighty mind which had emancipated itself from the stilted and fantastic examples of the literature of a period in which Lyly's *Euphues* were considered to be the great model.

Here we have a vigorous conception, and a virile, flowing, and accurate versification, with a spirit of true poetical inspiration. We cannot, in the limits of this article, point out particular passages, but must leave it to our readers to discover the most beautiful, and they will find many which, although perhaps exaggerated, possess the genuine poetic ring. "*Tamburlaine*" is to be regarded as a remark-

able work, as the first English poetic drama, but it is certainly Marlowe's worst; we must remember, however, that he was probably not much more than twenty when it was written.

In the consideration of "Dr. Faustus," we come to one of the mightiest conceptions in our language. We stand aghast at the vastness of the creation built up on the slight materials of the old ballad from which Marlowe procured the story; here we see the gigantic pride and ambition of Faust, aspiring to be a demigod, the giant intellect possessed of all earthly knowledge, yet craving for power and dominion; the restless spirit, chafing within its narrow limits, and following its wild aspirations even to the gates of hell, undaunted by the fearful power which it invokes.

With all respect for Goethe, we must consider the Faust of Marlowe by far the grandest in *conception*. No humble village maiden will content the vast desires of the proud intellect conceived by Marlowe, and the spirit of Helen of Greece is summoned to be the companion of its burning passions. Goethe's creation is more philosophical, mystic, and perhaps more sympathetic and human; but, except in the first scene, and in the description of the weird night on the Blocksberg, it does not reach to the height of the sublime grandeur of Marlowe's incarnation, whose restless ambition demands

"—to be great Emperor of the World,
And make a bridge thro' the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown."

There are certain scenes of vulgar jesting in this play which jar with the rest of it, but the weight of evidence shows that these are not Marlowe's, but were introduced as a concession to the unwashed for the loss of their old friend the "Vice," a humorous and prominent personage in the early drama.

Contrast these scenes with the incomparable beauty of the address to Helen,

"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

and we cannot believe that they are by the same hand.

The horror of the last scene is most intense, and the wild despair of the doomed soul, now repentant, but entirely shut out from hope, and contemplating an eternity of agony, is given in a speech of marvellous power.

"The Jew of Malta" is marred to a great extent by the exaggeration of the principal character; but, as in our time, it has become a necessity for dramatic purposes that a Jew should be depicted from a comic point of view, so in Marlowe's time, popular exigencies demanded that he should be invested with all the attributes of revenge and malignancy. Barabas is simply a demon of cruelty, and some of his atrocities are quite purposeless, otherwise the character is wrought with considerable skill, and the play is a massive and concrete pro-

duction. The other characters are sketched with boldness and in vivid colours, the servant of the Jew and a bullying swashbuckler being particularly strong creations.

The versification is smooth and flowing, and the play is rich in wealth of idea, so much so, indeed, that Shakspeare has appropriated from it for the "Merchant of Venice," to which play it is scarcely inferior.

"The Massacre at Paris" is vigorously conceived; it is full of situation, and the characters have a strongly-marked individuality, but the poetry has not the swelling cadence and rhythm of the other plays.

In "Dido, Queen of Carthage," we find passages of the rarest beauty, but, as a whole, it is more poetical than dramatic.

We come now to the consideration of the first absolutely perfect historical play in our language, "Edward the Second." This is unquestionably the finest of Marlowe's works; it is most evenly balanced, there is an absence of exaggeration of any sort, and the general scheme of the play is well matured and developed.

The character of Edward is a study of great skill. We see the weakness, and infatuation, almost amounting to imbecility; but yet there is ever present the regal dignity which reminds us that he is still a king, and in the dark scene of despair and terror wherein he meets his doom, he claims our respect as well as sympathy. Charles Lamb remarked on this scene that it moved pity and terror more than any scene ancient or modern with which he was acquainted.

The vacillation of the king is in strong contrast to the bold arrogance of Gaveston and the imperious strength of will of Isabella. Mortimer is portrayed with much vigour and tone, and the slight sketch of the young prince, afterwards Edward the Third, is full of dignity and grace.

This play is singularly free from the faults of unevenness and irregularity of construction so common among our early dramatists, when everything was sacrificed to situation and to tumid bombastic dialogue, and is such a distinct advance on Marlowe's earlier works, beautiful as they are, that, had he not been cut off in the prime of his manhood at twenty-nine, we have a right to expect that, with one exception, he would have ranked the highest of our dramatic poets.

Had Shakspeare died at twenty-nine he would probably have gone down to posterity as a poet of promise, and "Lucrece" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would be considered his masterpieces.

Marlowe's line for line translations of "Ovid's Elegies," and the first book of "Lucan," show the versatility of his genius. In them he appears to have caught the spirit of the classical poets, but they lack the freedom and melody of his divine fragment of "Hero and Leander," which was afterwards completed by Chapman.

In the first three Sestiams, where Marlowe's hand is chiefly discernible, are passages of the most exquisite loveliness, combined with the richest imagery and grace of fancy; the verse is one limpid stream of the purest melody. It is one of the most supreme examples of fervent love-poetry which our language possesses.

"The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," which was appropriated by a piratical printer, and given to the world as Shakspeare's, will be known to everyone for its sweet beauty of expression.

As regards the personal character of our poet, there is little known, and that little is not, we regret to say, at all creditable. He led a somewhat turbulent life, and, like another erratic genius, Richard Savage, was slain in a tavern brawl; this took place on June 1st, 1593, soon after he was twenty-nine.

It is with pain that we have to deplore that at this time he was threatened with a prosecution for infidel opinions. That he held such opinions is by no means certain, for the accusation was brought on the evidence of a man who was hanged shortly after, and whose evidence could scarcely be trustworthy; at the outside it does not amount to more than deism.

Marlowe may have been unsettled in his religious views, and possibly gave utterance to ideas similar to those occasionally expressed by would-be cynical young men in London club-rooms in our own day. We, however, must take into consideration that this was an age of transition; the Reformation had been annulled by Mary, and been re-established by Elizabeth, and no doubt there must have been great uncertainty of opinion generally, in all probability begetting a condition of mind amongst cultivated men which we should now call freethought.

Whatever were Marlowe's faults, and admitting even that some passing clouds of religious unbelief may have obscured the lustre of his brilliant genius, we can look upon them leniently as pre-eminently the errors of a young man, which advancing years would probably have redeemed, and we will try and condone them, as we have already condoned the sins of that other wild heart, whose tumultuous beatings were stilled for ever, and found rest at last beneath the waters of the Gulf of Spezzia.*

*Percy Bysshe Shelley, obit July 8th, 1822.



Annals of the Bath Stage.

BY WALTER CALVERT.

PART II.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—1600-1700.



ON the death of Spencer (1599), who has been styled laureate to Queen Elizabeth, Samuel Daniel is said to have succeeded to office. This poet and historian wrote two tragedies, "Cleopatra" and "Philotas." They are constructed after the Grecian model, but never obtained reputation, notwithstanding the beauty and excellency of occasional passages. "His elegant genius," says Campbell, "wanted the strength for great dramatic efforts." His object in writing "Philotas" was misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented. He was said to have had his eye, in writing this piece, on the fall of the Earl



BATH IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

Z.—St. Michael's Church, Outwhich, where the "Miracles" were formerly performed. of Essex. This evidently pained him, and induced him to write

what he styles an "Apology," which is generally affixed to the play. In this Apology he says :—

"Living in the country, about four years since, and near half a year before the late tragedy of ours (whereunto this is now most ignorantly resembled), unfortunately fell out here in England, I began the same, and wrote three acts thereof, as many to whom I then showed it can witness ; purposing to have it represented in Bath by certain gentlemen's sons, as a private recreation for the Christmas, before the Shrovetide of that unhappy disorder. But, by reason of some occasion then falling out, and being called upon by my printer for a new impression of my Works^o, with some additions to the Civil Wars, I intermitted this other subject. Which now lying by me, and driven by necessity to make use of my pen, and the stage to be the mouth of my lines, which before were never heard to speak but in silence ; I thought the representing so true a history, in the ancient form of a tragedy, could not have had an unreprouvable passage with the time, and the better sort of men ; seeing with what idle fictions and gross follies the stage, at this day, abused men's recreations. And withal, taking a subject that lay, as I thought, so far from the time, and so remote a stranger from the climate of our present courses, I could not imagine that envy or ignorance could possibly have made it to take any particular acquaintance with us, but as it hath a general alliance to the frailty of greatness, and the usual workings of ambition, the perpetual subjects of books and tragedies."

Daniel prefixed to this play a Dedicatory Epistle "To the Prince," to whom, when King James I. he fulfilled the office of groom of the bed-chamber. He was early in 1603-4 given charge in some way of the Metropolitan Theatre, in connection with the licensing of plays, when his tragedy of "Philotas" was first published in 1605. We assume from the above "Apology" that it was first performed in 1601. This is confirmed in the Municipal Records, from which we continue the extracts relating to things theatrical :—

1602	Oct. 15, 44 Elizabeth. gave unto the Earle of Hertford's players, xxxs. given unto the younge men of our citty that played att Christmas, vjs. viiijd. given unto the children that played att Candellmas, vs.	item paid for two gallons of Beare givin to the Shott upon the Kinge's hollidaie, viiijd. item paid for a glasse that was loste att the same tyme, ijd. paid more for cake givin to the Shott att the same tyme, vs. item givin to the Ld Admirall's players, xs.
1604	Oct. 14, 1 James I. item givin to a fensor that did plaie before the Shott with the Sword att the proclayminge of our Dreade and Sovereign Kinge, ijs. vijd. item givin to the musiciens att the same tyme, iijs. iiijd. item paid for fyve gallons of clarrett wyne given the Shote upon the Kinge's hollidaie, xiiijs. iiijd. item paid for a pounce and halfe of Suger at the same tyme, ijs. iiijd. item givin to the musiciens att the same tyme, vs. item givin to the Kinge's players, xxxs.†	1606 Oct. 10, 4 Jas. I. given to the players at Christmas, vs. given to the Prince's players, xxiiis. viijd. given to the Queene's players, xx 1608 Oct. 16, 5 Jas. I. given to the Queen's players, xs. given more to the Queen's players, xxxs. given to the Prince players, xxxs. 1609 Oct. 16, 7 Jas. I. Given to the Duke's players, xs. Given to the King's trumpeters, xs. 1612 Oct. 12, 9 Jas. I. to the ladye Elizabeth, her players, xxxs.

* The Complete Works of Samuel Daniel, with memorial Introduction, Portrait and Autograph. Edited by Rev. Alex. B. Grosart, D.D., LL.D. Published by the Spencer Society, 3 vols. 4to, London, 1885. Only 100 copies printed.

† As Shakespeare was a member of the King's players it may be fairly inferred that he visited Bath on this occasion, although it is unsupported by documentary or direct evidence. Additional reasons for believing the poet was acquainted with Bath are to be found in his works, the last two of his sonnets being considered to have a direct allusion to the thermal waters. In sonnet 153 we read :—

Cupid lay by his brand and fell asleep ;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;

After 1612 there comes a break in these entries, though, as during the reign of James I., and the early portion of the reign of Charles I., there was no great falling away in the love of the drama which sprang into such vigorous life during the Elizabethan era. It was in the year 1626, however, a new Guildhall was built, after the design of the celebrated Inigo Jones, in which the players, who occasionally visited the city, were permitted to perform their theatrical exhibitions. Towards the middle of this century these amusements would probably be discountenanced at Bath by the senseless Puritanism of William Prynne.

PRYNNE'S "HISTRIO MASTIX."

This voluminous writer, so entertainingly criticised in Disraeli's "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," was born at the Manor House of Swainswick, a village near Bath, in 1600, and was educated at the Bath Grammar School, matriculated at Oriel College at the age of sixteen, took his degree of B.A. in 1620, and subsequently studied at Lincoln's Inn. He became a zealous adherent to the Puritan party, and was offended by the growing taste for the stage. The "number of plays and playhouses increasing daily," "the 40,000 play books vented within these two years," "the fact that Shakespeare's plays were printed in better paper than Bibles,"—these were the intolerable

Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies as sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress's eye love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I, sick withal, the help of Bath desired,
 And hither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

These lines are so peculiarly applicable to Bath, that it is impossible not to infer that the city must have been in the poet's mind when he penned them. As Dean Plumtre says, though doubtless allegorical, it seems to be an allegory resting upon fact, and it bears too close a resemblance to a description of something actually within the poet's knowledge, to be considered a mere coincidence. Again, in the following and last sonnet we read:—

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseased; but I my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Dean Plumtre remarks that the sonnets "are more or less pervaded with medical imagery such as would be natural in one who, with the poetic temperament which finds parables in all things, has recently been passing through the experience of illness." These verses give us strong reasons for believing the poet did visit Bath, but whether as a player or patient it is impossible to say. In each sonnet we have the statement that he tried the "healthful remedy" and found no cure."—*Vide BATH HERALD.*

evils which inspired him to write and publish in 1633 his famous book against theatrical representations. The actual number of pages in this book is 1,086, exclusive of the "Dedicatory Epistle," "Address to the Christian Reader," and "The Table;" including the whole it is a quarto of 1,156 pages. The title page (*see page 17*), which is a literary curiosity, contains a good epitome of what follows.

At the time this work was published, Prynne was a man of influence in Bath, § one of those miserable visionary theologists who,



*Man's dayes are vaine. and as a flower they fade
 Heere's one proclames. whereon mans life v stay
 His sufferings. Changes. Comforts in strict thrall
 Shewes GOD alone. presences. and Gouvernes all*

as Warton remarks, attempted the business of national reformation without any knowledge of the nature of society, and whose censures proceeded not so much from principles of a purer morality, as from the narrowness of mind, and from that ignorance of human affairs which necessarily accompanies the operations of enthusiasm.

Instead of dividing his work into chapters, he divided it into what he is pleased to call acts and scenes. He usually begins each scene

§ Prynne subsequently represented Bath in three successive parliaments from 1660. On the Restoration, he was appointed Keeper of the Records in the Tower, which office he continued to fill till his death in 1669. Many of his works, of which he wrote nearly 200, are in the Library of the Bath Abbey—See Peach's "Historic Houses," Vol. II. p. 121.

HISTORIO-MASTIX THE PLAYERS SCOURGE, OR, ACTORS TRAGÆDIE,

Divided into Two Parts.

Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospel; of 55 Synodes and Councils; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the year of our Lord 1200; of above 150 (foreign and domestique Protestants and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republics, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostles, Canonical Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers.

That popular Stage-plays (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleeve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefs to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Traffick of Play-poets, of Stage players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-plays, are unlawfull, infamous and misbecoming Christian. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulness of acting of beholding Academicall Interludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Drinking, Healen-drinking, &c. of which the Table will informe you.

By WILLIAM PRYNNE, an *Vicer-Barrester* of Lincolnes Inne.

Cyprian. De Spectaculis lib. p. 246.

Facienda sunt ista Christianis fidelibus, ut sem frequenter dicimus, tam vana, tam perniciosa, tam sacrilega Spectacula: quia, etsi non haberent crimen, habent in se et maximum, ac perinde congruenti fidelibus videntur.

Lactantius de Verbo Cultu cap. 30.

Videnda ergo Spectacula omnia, non solum ne quid victoriarum prætoribus insidat, &c. sed ne curis nos voluptatibus confectis delectent, acque à Deo et à bonis operibus avocent.

Chrysost Hom. 38 in Matth. Tom. 2 Col. 399 B. & Hom. 3 De Penitentia, Tom. 5 Col. 750.

Immo vero, his Theatralibus ludis evasit, non legeri, sed iniquitatem evocetis, ac omnem civitatis perfectam tinguetis. Etiam Theatrum, commensum laetitia officina, publicum incontinentia gymnasium, cathedra peccitentia; pressus locus; plerumqueque moribus plebs Babylonica formatur, &c.

Augustinus De Civit. Dei, l. 4. c. 1.

Sed tammodo boni et boni Dei homines in civitate sunt, nec in octus hominis Ludi servari esse debissent.

LONDON,

Printed by E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold at the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in little Old Bayly. 1633.

with a syllogism. "The essence of his own work," observes the Rev. Genest, "may be comprised in one syllogism :—"

"Whatever has been condemned by the Fathers and Councils ought not to be tolerated in a Christian country. But the stage has been condemned by the Fathers and Councils. Therefore the stage ought not to be tolerated.

To this there is a short answer : 'True Protestants are bound by no authority but that of reason and the scriptures.'

In the index there is a strong phrase against "women actors," so "impudent as to act, to speak publicly on a stage (perchance in man's apparel and cut hair, here proved sinful and abominable) in the presence of sundry men and women." Prynne's enemies determined that it was a libel upon the Queen who acted, only a short time before the book appeared, a part in a Masque at Somerset House. Although the work had been seven years in preparation, this affair got Prynne into sad disgrace. However, his check to the amusements of Bath was only temporary, a mere passing cloud ; the merry reign of Charles II. revived the passion for the drama. It is somewhat extraordinary, and deserving of observation, that the regal restoration of the King and the restoration of the stage were events of the same period. Two patents were granted for the forming of two distinct companies of comedians in the metropolis, and the representations were attended with two critical advantages ; the first was, the theatres immediately opening after so long a suspension of acting during the civil war, and the anarchy that succeeded it : the second, that no woman had ever before represented any part. The female characters had heretofore been performed by the most effeminate actors of the company. The heightening that actresses must have at first given to theatrical representations when compared with the heterogeneous appearance that the most smooth-faced comedian could have made in petticoats, is almost inconceivable. At the time that Shakespeare wrote he was not unapprized as to the disadvantage under which his female characters must appear under the circumstances ; and to this consideration we may reasonably attribute the scarcity with which they are strewed in most of his pieces.

Although the Civil War must have put dramatic representations entirely out of the question for the time being, the City Fathers, according to Wood, were not unmindful of the prosperity of Bath, for in October of the year 1650 certain bye-laws were issued for the removal of a great nuisance which then existed, after which "people began to flock to Bath for recreation, as well as for the benefit of the waters."

FAMOUS VISITORS.

Amongst the famous visitors of this period was John Evelyn, who gives us in his Diary a slight but characteristic glance of the city as it then was :—

"June 27, 1654. We all went to see Bathe, when I bathed in the cross bathe. Amongst the rest of the idle diversions of the towne, one musitian was famous for acting a changeling, which indeed he personated strangely."

He continues to describe the town, and his description would have been equally true when King Charles II. took his Royal Consort there in 1633. "From this period," writes Wood, "the drinking of the hot waters of Bath may be very justly said to have been established; and from the same period the trade of the city began to turn from the woolen manufacture to that of entertaining the strangers that came to it for the use of the hot waters."

It is much to be regretted that Pepys, in his gossipy chronicle, describing his sojourn at Bath in 1668, has not left us any record respecting the condition of the Bath stage at this time.

It is more than probable that the dramas were still enacted at the Guildhall as well as the inn yards, for as late as the year 1673 we have a record of a payment of 1s. "to the players at the Towne Hall." In 1692, Princess Anne, and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, visited Bath, but having incurred the displeasure of the King and Queen, the Corporation, much to their regret, were prevented from paying Her Royal Highness any mark of distinction. In 1694, Mr. Joseph Gilmore, of Bristol, published a map of Bath, and the chief places of amusements depicted therein are the Bowling Green (afterwards Harrison's Walks) and the Cock-pit. Upon the former, the country dances were held, to the music of the fiddle and hautboy. The latter was situated in what is now called the Saw-close; the name implies the class of entertainment exhibited within its walls. This chartographer also published plans for proposed buildings in the city, somewhat after the manner of those subsequently drawn by Wood, and in these "a stable by the Abbey gate was appropriated for a theatre," but that was a proposal never carried out. It appears that about this time, Bath was of no importance whatever, and merely the residence of a small number of shopkeepers and mechanics, added to occasionally by a few visitors of rank and quality, who visited the city for the benefit of the waters; and it is from the commencement of the next century that it again assumes a new character, as an asylum for wealthy invalids and a resort of some of the most famous literati, as well as the nursery for the greatest actors of the English stage.

(To be Continued.)



The Stalls, the Pit, and the Critic.

BY EVELYN BALLANTYNE.



HE shortcomings of modern dramatic critics is a subject of some interest to the playgoer, and would seem a promising topic for controversy. It is, however, a subject which cannot be lightly dismissed in a philippic of two or three pages.

"A. J. D.," in his powerful invective, in the May issue of this magazine, against the tendencies of modern stage criticism, states his case with no lack of vigour, and makes things generally unpleasant for the unfortunate minor critic. The writer, however, does little more than merely introduce the subject, and on this account his article must be considered somewhat inconclusive and unsatisfactory. He somehow fails to get to the root of the matter, and does little more than indulge in more or less violent denunciations of what he considers the faults of the methods of criticism now in vogue. Such a sweeping attack on the existing state of things will hardly serve the writer's, or, indeed, any useful purpose, except so far as it may excite opposition and invite discussion. Assertion, as we are so often told, is not argument, though it is certainly most effective when the other side has no right of reply. His treatment of this interesting topic rather suggests the opening remarks of the chairman at a public meeting, who is careful to confine himself to introductory generalities, so as not to take away from the speech of the chief speaker of the evening what, in theatrical parlance, is called the "fat." One expects something more than a declaration in good set terms that minor dramatic critics are mostly offensively personal, superficial, and unintelligent, and the tone of their critiques unhealthy and vicious. Not only are these sweeping statements, even when ballasted with quotations from Schlegel and other eminent authorities, to some extent capable of refutation, but one naturally looks for some explanation of the causes of this alleged decadence of criticism, and some suggestions for a remedy for this parlous state of things.

If, however, we analyse carefully this vehement tirade, fulminated by this uncompromising champion of the higher culture, and do not allow our judgment to be carried away by this overwhelming flood of invective, I think we shall find that it is little more than a clever and well-sustained piece of special pleading, and the much tried minor critic may breathe freely.

In this involved *petitio principii* there is, it must be allowed, a

slight attempt to account for the degeneracy of criticism. It is attributed to the absolute incompetence and indifference to the true interests of the drama of the critic of the modern school of journalism. This is rather like arguing in a circle; but still it affords a peg on which the much maligned minor critic may hang his defence.

As a humble member of the confraternity, I am tempted to rush into the breach, and, at the risk of being called an *advocatus diaboli*, I may, perhaps, be allowed to hold a brief for this vituperated class.

Even if we grant, for the sake of argument, that there is a falling off in the dramatic criticisms of to-day, it is, after all, the fault of the public, for which the journalists cater; and I confess it is with great pleasure that I make the "many-headed" a scape-goat, and shelter myself behind the broad shoulders of the crowd. It is all very well to say that the critic should lead and direct public opinion. This sentiment, no doubt, sounds well, and within certain limits the maxim is good enough. How often, though, an exaggerated view of the disciplinary duties of the critic proves a stumbling block to its exponents, and paralyses their well-meant efforts. A critic should, no doubt, place himself a little ahead of the crowd, and try to head it, as it were, in the right direction; but if he rashly attempt to run directly counter to public opinion, his efforts are worse than futile, and he might as well endeavour to stem a tidal river by swimming against it. It must be admitted that the critics of the minor journals rarely err in this direction, though it does not necessarily follow that they fly to the other extreme, and degrade the drama. The superior critic is rather too fond of talking about the theatre as a "school of morals," a "refining element of society," &c., and is apt to lose sight of the fact that the play-going public visit the theatre chiefly to be amused, interested, and "taken out of themselves," rather than to be instructed, and regard the play more as a pastime than a means of mental improvement. Too often his well-meant intentions and high aims are frustrated, because he is altogether out of touch with the public; and he ends by alienating and disgusting his readers.

Then, again, the cultured critic, who is so thoroughly imbued with the notion of elevating the drama, is generally too much of an idealist, and his enthusiasm for the best interests of the drama tends to a certain want of catholicity of taste. He is rather given to a cheap and narrow-minded method of criticism. He cannot refrain from sneering superciliously at the honest fooling of a popular farce, and the harmless conventionalism of domestic melodrama, merely because it is farce and melodrama, altogether forgetting that honest and sound workmanship is always worthy of praise, even if applied to forms of dramatic art which do not appeal to his esoteric sympathies.

Then our severe critic, starting with the proposition that the "great mass of the public is intelligent," declares that it demands something better than the "literary garbage"—as he unkindly calls it—

provided for it by the new school of critics. The force of this sweeping statement depends a good deal on the meaning he attaches to the words "public" and "intelligent." If he mean the pit and gallery, which represent approximately the masses as opposed to the classes, I should be inclined to join issue with him on that point. Speaking generally, the great body of playgoers who are to be found on the benches of pit and gallery are no doubt intelligent in the sense of being fairly well endowed with reasoning powers, and what is called common-sense, but even in this age of school-boards the average pittance (*pace* the *Messieurs* of the Playgoers' Club) can hardly be called well-informed or well-educated. If proof is wanted it is only necessary to listen to the observations of the worthy pittancees when an historical melodrama or classical play is being performed. Just as in the outer world public intelligence is supposed to be represented by "the man on the top of a 'bus," so in the world of the theatre the average intelligence of the playgoer can be gauged by the remarks of your neighbour in the pit. When "Junius" was played at the Princess's some years ago the very names of the historical characters were unknown to the great majority of the pit occupants, and I was amused at hearing one highly intelligent playgoer, who was evidently a "scholar," explaining the plot between the acts to an admiring auditory, and informing them that "that 'ere Brutus was the bloke who killed Cæsar, who you've 'eard tell on"—a fact which if not supported by the usually accepted historical authorities, profoundly impressed his auditors. Then, again, observant playgoers cannot but have noticed that the patrons of the pit at the popular theatres are profoundly ignorant of the commonest French phrases which are current in our vernacular. For instance in "Paul Kauvar" great stress was laid in the last act on the fact that the hero is liberated on parole. "On parole; wot's that?" I overheard playgoer No 1. say to playgoer No 2. "Blest if I know"—whereupon the wag of the party suggested that it was French for parasol.

"A. J. D.'s" attack is no doubt more especially directed against the type of critics of the semi-society and semi-sporting journals which are supposed to cater for that class of society called "smart," or, with unconscious irony "best people," and certainly the objectionable personal element which is so characteristic a feature of the *critiques* in these papers cannot be too strongly deprecated. But even here the poor critic is not the most deserving of blame.

It would be more consistent for the writer to launch his invective against the vicious tastes of that section of society which demands these personalities. The minor critics have to consider the wants of two classes. There is that small but influential class (from the box office standpoint) who throng the stalls, and who regard the theatre purely as a recreation and an after-dinner pastime. With these must be included the playgoers who visit the theatre simply as a social duty, and because it is the correct thing to say they have seen such and such a play which happens to be the fashion, and whose intellectual needs would be satisfied with the "leg pieces" of the Gaiety or the variety performances of the music hall.

Then there is the large class of persistent playgoers, drawn mainly from the lower middle class, who frequent the pit and gallery, but whose intellect is not on a par with their enthusiasm. The first class would be ineffably bored by *critiques* in the shape of scholarly dramatic essays or profound analytical expositions of the *leit-motif* of a play. Their requirements are fully met by the superficial and "snappy" paragraphs of the so-called smart journals, which would be harmless enough if only the obnoxious personal element were eliminated. For the patrons of the pit, a simply written explanation and summary of the plot is what is chiefly required. As for the "superior playgoer," whether of the pit or the stalls, his wants are fairly well provided for by the high-class weekly reviews such as the *Academy* or *Athenæum*.

The great blot in the minor criticism of to-day seems, however, to have been lost sight of. It is the appalling dearth of freshness and originality in style and treatment in the notices of plays by the modern school of dramatic critics. Even the advanced writers of the "new journalism" are lamentably deficient in individuality. So pronounced is the family likeness in the reviews of plays in most of these journals that one would almost imagine that the dramatic columns were written by a press syndicate. The conventional smartness of the criticism in these journals is quite as tedious as the time-honoured commonplaces and stereotyped phrases in the critical notices of the old-fashioned type. Another regrettable feature of the new school of criticism is the gradual growth of the bastard style of writing which has been happily termed "journalese." This seems to have firmly taken root, and the critic is not happy unless he can conceal his banalities and crudities of thought under a meretricious sprinkling of insidious Gallicisms. He delights to show his erudition by dragging in at every possible opportunity some such phrase as *mise-en-scène*, *coup de théâtre*, or *tout ensemble*. If he describes a risky (which he will spell *risqué*) French farce, it would be safe to give long odds that he would lay particular stress on the *doubles entendres** (a phrase never used by the French, who invariably use the expression, *double entente*), with which the piece is so freely peppered. These two comparatively venial faults of my *confrères* the minor critics—servile conventionality and pretentiousness of style—I freely concede as a sop to this stern *ensor morum*, but I submit, with all deference, that the chief blame rests with the public for the graver shortcomings he has so mercilessly censured, even supposing that they exist.

On the wide question as to the general decadence of dramatic criticism, "A. J. D." is, I think, somewhat unnecessarily exercised as to its existence. It may, however, be some consolation to him to be reminded that an eminent dramatic authority, who is not by any means inclined to take an optimistic view of the question, unhesitatingly gave it as his opinion a few years ago in the *Fortnightly*

*It is curious that even the most scholarly critics persistently misquote this phrase.

Review that the standard of dramatic criticism had been enormously raised within the last few years, and that, in short, the one element wanting for the development of what he termed the *Renaissance* of the Drama was not good critiques but good plays.



Our Play=Box.

"JUDAH."

New and original Play of modern English life, in three acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Wednesday evening, May 21, 1890.

The Earl of Asgarby..	Mr. C. FULTON	Judah Llewellyn (Min-)	
Professor Jopp, F.R.S.,	} Mr. SAINT MATTHEWS	ister of the Welsh	} Mr. WILLARD
F.L.S., F.G.S., &c.		Presbyterian Church	
Mr. Prall	Mr. H. CANE	Lady Eve	Miss BESSIE HATTON
Juxon Prall	Mr. F. KERR	Sophie Jopp	Miss GERTRUDE
Mr. Dethic	Mr. ROYCE CARLETON		WARDEN
Mr. Papworthy	Mr. E. W. THOMAS	Mrs. Prall	Miss A. BOWERING
Roper	Mr. H. HARTING	Vashti Dethic	Miss OLGA BRANDON

It would, at first sight, seem almost extravagance of praise to state that never was a more complete artistic success achieved by author and actors than attended the production of "Judah." And yet such was the case. Various paragraphs had appeared, which led one to expect something quite out of the common. Hints had been dropped as to a "risky" scene, and that Mr. Jones had written a play with a purpose. The latter was nearest the truth, but not, perhaps, what was intended to be conveyed, that some pet theory was to be ventilated. The purpose was evidently to write a good healthy play that would interest and elevate, and with parts in it that would suit at least two of the principals in the company, and in this Mr. Jones has succeeded. Beyond this, Mr. Willard, by gathering around him those who were most fitted for the remaining characters, has given us an admirable cast. It was a new departure, bringing before us a woman who, really an imposter, yet half believes in her own semi-miraculous powers, and winning her back to uprightness through her great love for a fellow creature whom she also reveres; and that that same fellow creature, an enthusiastic mystical dreamer, pure in mind and soul, can be so influenced by his almost idolatry for the woman, as, although a minister of religion, to perjure himself to save her good name. Besides these, we have such varied types in the other characters; in Professor Jopp, who believes in nothing that he cannot mathematically prove, and in Mr. Prall, who is so weak and credulous as to believe in anything and everything; in his son, Juxon Prall, who believes in himself and himself only, and treats with corresponding contempt all those with whom he comes in contact; in Mr. Dethic who, a mean, pitiful scamp, makes "the world his oyster" and forces his daughter to a life of deceit, and in Lady Eve, a dreaming, con-

sumptive girl, who, knowing her life can be but a short one, does her best to conceal ravages that disease is making on her, so as to console the broken-hearted father whose one pet lamb she is. And the fortunes of these characters are so cleverly woven together as to appear naturally to influence each others' lives. Yet there is but little so-called plot. Vashti Dethic has earned a reputation for almost miraculous cures, brought about by supposed sanctity of life and self-imposed long fasts. Hearing of these cures, as drowning men catch at straws, the Earl of Asgarby invites her and her father to take up their residence at his castle, for her to try her powers on his daughter Eve, the last of his children left him, and who seems likely to follow in their footsteps. His friend, Professor Jopp, being appealed to, will only sanction the proceeding on the condition that he and his daughter, Sophie, are to be allowed the strictest surveillance of Vashti Dethic during the 21 days' fast which she says she must undergo prior to attempting a cure. The girl is shut up in an old portion of the castle. Needless to say, her fast is but a sham. Her father supplies her with food, but, the Professor's suspicions being aroused, is at length prevented doing so. He has obtained a duplicate key and is endeavouring to convey her provisions; he has liberated his daughter for a time, when the fraud is on the eve of discovery. Judah Llewellyn, who almost worships Vashti, as too pure for this world, overhears the conversation between father and daughter, but though he then learns what a fraud Vashti is, his overpowering love for her compels him to screen her. When questioned on his oath by the Professor, he solemnly states that Vashti has not left her room, and that she has had no food whilst immured in it. A year passes. He is true to her and they are to be married. The Earl of Asgarby, grateful for the beneficial effects produced on Lady Eve's health by her constant association with Vashti, and in recognition of the earnest and good work that Llewellyn has done amongst the poor in the neighbouring city, has provided for their future. A church is to be built for the young minister and to be well endowed. Llewellyn's conscience will give him no peace. The words "liar," "perjurer" are ever ringing in his ears. And so he refuses the church and its emolument. He supports and cheers the erring woman who is to be his wife, so that she confesses herself to be the imposter she is, and then he, in his turn, exposes his own falsehood to those around him. He is going to leave the scene of his former labours, and with Vashti, to work out their redemption in a new world, but is persuaded by his influential friends to remain amongst them and to toil on, to live down the past and recommence his good work amid those who know of his backsliding. Mr. Willard has, before this, been seen in powerful and varied characters, but in none has he shown such a depth of passion, of intense love, and overwhelming remorse. Miss Olga Brandon has to play the sad rôle of Vashti in its melancholy earnestness. There is but little brightness in her life, for even her love for Llewellyn and his return of her affection is shadowed by the sense of her own unworthiness and the knowledge that she has caused him to sin. But Miss Brandon understood what she had undertaken, and made of the performance a great and fascinating one. Mr. Sant Matthews, with his cold, calculating outward manner, as Professor Jopp, was an excellent study; the more so that he revealed an innate goodness of heart to those who did not try to deceive him. His scene with Mr. Dethic (admirably played by Mr. Royce Carleton) where he speaks his mind to the smooth-spoken scoundrel, was one

of the best. Mr. Jones has never written such excellent comedy scenes as those between Juxon Prall and Sophie Jopp, but it must be admitted that in less clever hands than those to whom they were entrusted they would have missed much of their point. One other performance must be noticed, that of Miss Bessie Hatton; it was so human and tender. There are but two scenes in the play, "The Tapestry Room at Asgarby Castle," and "The Terrace and old Norman Keep;" but they are triumphs of stage production.

"THE BRIDE OF LOVE."

New poetical play in four acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, May 21, 1890.

IMMORTALS.

The Goddess Aphrodite	Miss ADA CAYENDISH	Zephyros	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD
Eridon	Miss CLARA JECKS	Phosphoros	Miss SOMERSET
Eroton	Miss MARIE FRASER	Two Young Zephyrs	Miss STEAD
Cupidon	Miss JENNY HUMM	The God Eros	Miss B. FERRAR
Euphrosyne	Miss LETTY LIND		Mr. T. B. THALBERG

Chorus of Graces and Elementary Spirits.

MORTALS.

Methonos (King of Cyprus)	Mr. ALFRED BRY-DONE	The King of Circassia	Mr. C. M. HALLARD
Lycas (King of Azalea)	Mr. BASSET ROE	The King of Thule	Mr. HENRY BAYNTUN
Atalantos (King of Thesaly)	Mr. LEONARD OUT-AM	Glaucus (a Sea King)	Mr. H. ARNCLIFFE
Nassrad (King of Ethiopia)	Mr. E. LENNOX	Hyla	Miss FRANCES IVOR
		Creusa	Miss ADA FERRAR
		Psyche	Miss HARRIETT JAY

Attendants, Cupbearers, Soldiers, &c.

Save in one character, Mr. Buchanan has turned to excellent account the beautiful legend of Eros and Psyche. It was a hazardous experiment, this endeavour to submit to playgoers, too prone now-a-days to turn everything into ridicule, so ethereal a subject, but by



his poetic verse and dramatic treatment, the author commanded the interest and respect of an unusually critical audience. The legend

has been frequently dramatized, notably in ballet form by Molière, and has been the foundation of burlesque and extravaganza, but Mr. Buchanan's method is new and original. On the summit of a mountain we behold Eridon and Cupidon, children of Aphrodite, amusing themselves by shooting Love's arrows among the throng of citizens below, and enjoying the effect their random shafts produce. The Goddess, jealously incensed at the neglect shown her altars in Cyprus and the almost worship bestowed on Psyche, through her oracle proclaims that the daughter of Methonos shall be chained to the Rock of Sacrifice to be devoured by a sea monster. Eros, eldest born of Aphrodite, is beguiled by his henchman, Zephyros, into gazing down the mountain,



Psyche Margaret Jay

and beholds Psyche. The god who has implanted love in every human breast, has never yet himself felt its power—his soul is at once inflamed. He rescues Psyche from the rock, and bears her away to the Garden of Love. Unalloyed happiness is theirs for a time, but envy and jealousy destroy it. Psyche's sisters, Hyla and Creusa, taunt her that she knows not who is her lord. Up to this time she has refrained from asking, blissful in her ignorance, but now she presses Eros to grant her a last request, and he swears by "Styx and Acheron" to comply. She questions him as to who he is. In an agony of grief he is compelled, by his oath, to answer, for by the laws of Olympus it is written that—

"Should a god reveal himself
In god-like guise, or name his heavenly name
To one mortal birth, of that mortal's eye
Never shall look upon the light again."

Psyche is stricken blind as Eros vanishes, and is lost to her for ever. Aphrodite rejoices in the punishment of her rival, but her maternal love is so great that it conquers her hatred, when she beholds the agony of her son. Immortal, he cannot die, yet the endless future is to be to him one of heart-broken misery; sway as he will the destiny of others, he cannot influence his own loveless life. Zephyros, feigning the loved voice of Eros, entices Psyche to the mountain top where dwell the deities. Sightless, she follows, until once more she



EUPROSYNE Mrs L. E. T. Y. IND

finds herself clasped in the embraces of her lover. But that embrace to her is death. Eros prays the gods that she may be restored to him, "Give me back the soul which ye have taken from me.—Say, ye gods, that love shall conquer death." Aphrodite petitions Zeus that Psyche may be made immortal. Their prayers are granted. Psyche returns to life, this time immortal, with the words

"Eros, my love, where art thou?
A cloud of brightness—Light—and thou within it
My Lord—My Master."

The discordant note that is struck in an otherwise exquisite allegory, is in the drawing of Zephyros, servant to Eros. His character is so specially modern and mundane. And exception may, perhaps, be slightly taken to the mortal and spiteful attributes of the sisters in the Garden of Love—a paradise—when Psyche, through Eros' power,

has given to them Lycas and Atalantos, the men they had long loved, but who had hitherto been insensible to passion for them. The scene in which the several kings sue for Psyche's hand in Cyprus is powerfully written, and affords scope for good delivery, of which advantage in most cases was taken. In the Garden of Love was introduced a *pas seul* with cymbals, most gracefully danced by Miss Letty Lind. In her long retirement from the boards, Miss Ada Cavendish has lost none of her dramatic power, and her return to her profession was cordially welcomed. Miss Harriett Jay, for whom the part of Psyche has been written, after the first few lines delivered the text with sympathetic grace and true poetic feeling. Mr. T. B. Thalberg commenced weakly, hurrying his utterance in a lamentable manner. This was evidently from extreme nervousness, for he gradually improved, and in his last scenes left little to be desired. Mr. Lionel Rignold is not altogether to blame that he made of Zephyros a cockney attendant on his master. Mr. Brydone, Mr. Outram, and Mr. Roe did thorough justice to the lines entrusted to them.

The "Bride of Love" was placed in the evening bill at the Lyric Theatre, June 9, 1890, with only the following changes in the cast: Eridon (Miss Laura Linden), Cupidon (Miss Emmie Bowman), Zephyros (Mr. Ernest Hendrie, who materially improved the reading of the character, and made it almost acceptable), Euphrosyne (Miss Luna, who gave the dance, but some of her lines were transferred to Aphrodite), and Creusa (Miss Mary Kingsley). The character of Nassrad, King of Ethiopia, was eliminated. Taken altogether, the later performance was an improved one, and Miss Harriett Jay spoke the most appropriate and delicately-written prologue that was introduced with graceful effect. As at the *matinée*, the music expressly composed by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie was thoroughly appreciated, and the beautiful Epithalamium in the second act was specially so well rendered by Mr. Stedman's choir as to be enthusiastically redemanded. Mr. Walter Slaughter, who conducted the orchestra, had also composed some very tuneful incidental music (dance and songs). The costumes, designed by Karl, and executed by Messrs. Nathan, were most tasteful. As a first piece, Alec Nelson's tender little drama, "By the Sea" (founded on "Jean Marie"), was very well acted by Mr. Leonard Outram (Jamie), Mr. A. Brydone (Robin Gray), and Miss Frances Ivor (Jeanie).

"MY MOTHER."

A new and original farce in three acts, by Miss AMY STEINBERG.

First produced at Toole's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, May 21, 1890.

Amy Darlington	Miss VANE FEATHERSTON	Tom Meredith	Mr. JAMES NELSON
Florence	Miss JOAN VANDERBILT	Sir Dallas Dallas	Mr. B. P. SEARE
Mary Jane	Miss EVA EDEN	Josiah Sparkle	Mr. A. ELLIS
Mrs. Compass	Miss ELSIE CHESTER	Walter	Mr. E. CRANSTON
Fellicie Blobs	Miss AMY STEINBERG	Job Turner	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD
Adonis Featherfield	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS	Dennis McCarthy	Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE

Miss Amy Steinberg's farce, "My Mother," started exceedingly well, and the original idea is very droll; but it is so difficult to keep the fun up to fever heat through three acts, particularly when the first is specially good. Adonis Featherfield, a jaunty young widower, and Amy Darlington, a fascinating widow, are engaged; but they have each of them a skeleton in the cupboard which they wish to keep hidden until after the nuptial knot is tied. Adonis has a

bouncing step-daughter, Felicite Blobbs, years older than himself; Amy, a hulking step-son, Job Turner, old enough to be her father. She passes him off as her guardian. Felicite, Adonis represents to be his mother-in-law. She is a gushing creature, and has a fond remembrance of a Captain Compass who once paid her attentions. Tom Meredith suggests to his friend Adonis that the best way to rid himself of Felicite is to get her married. She has not seen Compass for years. Someone must be found to represent him. Dennis McCarthy, a bibulous, jovial sailor, who somewhat resembles what Compass was in the flesh (for he is defunct) is engaged for a consideration to take upon himself the character of the late Captain. To this there is a drawback, for McCarthy has married Compass' widow, and when she learns that he is paying attentions to Felicite, she creates a scene (one of the best, and most admirably played by Miss Elsie Chester). Then further complications arise from the fact that Adonis has also engaged Job Turner to figure as Captain Compass, for Job being fond of racing and skittles, and such like amusements, is always hard up. We will not follow the piece further than by saying that eventually Felicite accepts Job, who takes the pill on account of it being well gilt, and that Adonis and Amy, after a very amusing recriminatory attack on each other for their mutual deceit, look forward to joggling along comfortably together, rid of their respective big children, whom by-the-by, they have represented to each other as the most endearing little cherubs. Of those in the cast, I must single out Mr. Yorke Stephens and Miss Featherston, the authoress, Miss Amy Steinberg, who played with a thorough sense of humour, and Mr. Henry Bedford. The other parts were very well filled, and it is probable that if the last act, more especially, is strengthened, "My Mother" will be seen again.

The same afternoon saw the initial production of "Time's Re-venge," a one act play by W. Edwards Sprange. This was evidently suggested by "Fédora," the lines of which it follows so closely as to require no description. Miss Marie Illington thoroughly distinguished herself as Vera Vassaliski (the Fédora of this work). Mr. Oscar Adye was good as Prince Alexis Neiriska, and Mr. James Nelson played Gerald Leigh, a young English *attaché* and the good angel of the piece, very naturally. It was a pity that the author had not chosen an original idea on which to found his plot, for his work was otherwise worthy of praise.

"A RIVERSIDE STORY."

An original little play, in two acts, written by Mrs. BANCROFT.
First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Thursday, May 22, 1890.

Lady Carlton ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.	Hetty	Miss GEORGINA KUHE.
Mrs. Harrington ..	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.	Jenny	Miss FOGERTY.
Susie Leyton ..	Miss KATE RORKE.	Tilly	Miss CLIVE.
Alice	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.	Mother Sibby ..	Miss ROBERTHA ERSKINE.
Sarah Grebo ..	Miss MARIA DALY.	Harold Brandon ..	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.
Polly	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.	Tom Harrington ..	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.
Kitty	Miss MARY COLLETTE.	Joe Evans	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.

Most lovers of the play-house have read "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on and off the stage." In this work will be found a personal experience of the authoress when staying at Broadstairs. Mrs. Bancroft came across an old boatman who was breaking up a boat, on which was painted the name of "Alice." He had built the craft in anticipation of his marriage with a girl of that name, but she had listened to the seductive voice of a betrayer and jilted the humble boatman, and when deserted returned to her native village. Here, her old lover,

though he would not look on her face again, had her established in the cottage that was to have been their home, and saw that she wanted for nothing—noble conduct on his part, for she had driven him to drink and ruined his future. This constitutes the main feature of “A Riverside Story,” (the scene and title are probably suggested by “A Riverside Episode,” which also appears in the work quoted). But Mrs. Bancroft has introduced Lady Carlton, the mother of the betrayer, Harold Brandon; Mrs. Harrington, the blind mother of Tom, the unhappy boatman; and Susie Leyton, a true-hearted girl, who, though she loves Tom with all her heart, unselfishly watches, though, alas! to no purpose, over Alice and a number of mischievous, flirting village girls. It was fortunate the piece was as well acted as it was, for there is not sufficient fibre in it for more than three quarters of an hour, and it played for nearly two hours, and became wearisome to a degree. This was partly owing to the manner in which Mr. Leonard Boyne and Miss Annie Hughes dragged their scenes—they prolonged the “agony” of the situation to an undue extent—and we saw and heard too much of the frisky village maidens and their idle chatter. Miss Kate Rorke and Mrs. E. H. Brooke were both excellent. Miss Rose Leclercq was a little too cold for the kind-hearted lady she is supposed to represent. As to Mr. Sydney Brough, good as he almost invariably is, he is not cut out for a villain, and should not have attempted the part of the deceitful Harold Brandon. “A Riverside Story” must be considerably modified before it will suit an evening audience. The *matinée* was arranged for the benefit of the Orphanage, Aboulay, Strathspey, by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who appeared in J. P. Hurst’s comedietta “Sugar and Cream,” together with Sir Augustus Webster, Bart., Grenadier Guards, Miss Violet Ambruster, and Lady Augusta Fane; and the concluding item in the programme was “The Up Train,” adapted from “En Wagon,” by C. T. Colnaghi, and played by the author, Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, and by Miss Lottie Venne.

“ADOPTION.”

“A New Matrimonial Mixture,” in one act, by RICHARD HENRY.

First produced at Toole’s Theatre, Whit-Monday, May 26, 1890.

Mr. Barnabas Blockle..	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS	Theodosius	} Mr. REGINALD STOCKTON
Miss Barbara Blockle ..	Miss CICELY RICHARDS	Glumber.. .. .	
Constantia	Miss MARIE ILLINGTON	Whisker.. .. .	Mr. ALFRED BALFOUR Miss MARY JOCELYN

This amusing curtain-raiser, “founded on a story by the same author, published in *Ally Sloper’s* Christmas story,” has more than a spice of Gilbertian humour in it. But clever as it is, if one of those who appeared in it had been “out of the picture” the success would scarcely have been so well assured. As it was, it went screamingly from start to finish. Blockle, brother and sister, are wealthy philanthropists of a certain age. Having through the agency of a patent pill amassed a fortune from an easily gulled public, duty and inclination point out that some of their wealth should be returned to the public in charity. The opportunity offers itself. Constantia and Theodosius, having been engaged for five years and seeing no prospect of their marriage, advertise for some benevolent creature to adopt them. The Blockles answer the advertisement—with the result that Barnabas falls in love with Constantia and Barbara with Theodosius; and the two young things who are to the world so loving, but who have really got heartily sick of their long engagement, and

nag at each other perpetually in private, are only too glad to seize the chance of wealthy marriages. A great deal of fun is caused by the bashful love of the two seniors, and quite as much by the maid and manservant, who both, in their hearts, hope to win respectively their master and mistress, but, finding they are unsuccessful, comfortably pair off together. "Adoption" was so well acted all round, that it would be unjust to single out any one of the cast. The piece was very well received.

"THE NEW WING."

Original farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

First produced at the Strand Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, May 27, 1890.

Sir Edward Strangeways	Mr. FRANK GILMORE.	George Slab Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE.
General Singleside Mr. ATHOL FORDE.	Precilla Singleside Mrs. HENRY LEIGH.
Jobbings Mr. EARDLEY TURNER.	Flossie Trivett Miss ADAH BARTON.
Bobbie Button Mr. HERBERT ROSS.	Hester Singleside Miss GERTRUDE LOVEL.

Should this be Mr. Kennedy's maiden attempt, he may certainly be encouraged to persevere, for there is in his play considerable originality in treatment; his dialogue is brisk and well chosen and free from vulgarity. In fact, had he possessed more insight into dramatic construction, he might have made the "New Wing" a complete success. As it was, it was well received, and caused much laughter. Sir Edward Strangeways is supposed to be a rising young architect, who unexpectedly inherits a title and wealth. General Singleside is anxious to secure a good match for his ward, Flossie Trivett, and so he invites Sir Edward, professedly that he may have his advice on the "New Wing" the General is building. This falls in with the architect's views, as he has been smitten with the pretty face of Hester, and wishes to learn something of her temper and disposition, for she bears the reputation of being a strong-minded young lady with "socialistic" views. Bobbie Button has for some time been secretly engaged to Flossie, and arriving on the scene is mistaken by the General for Sir Edward, both of the young men being unknown to him. Bobbie accepts the situation, as it will afford him opportunities for frequent interviews with his sweetheart, and Sir Edward, the better to carry out his plan, bribes a lazy, drinking plumber, George Slab, to pass him off as his brother. In apron and paper cap, the baronet does some very bad paperhanging, but whilst he is at work Hester is always at his side, for she is thoroughly taken with the handsome young workman. Bobbie is put to some ludicrous shifts in his attempts to conceal his ignorance of matters architectural and the flirtations between Hester and Sir Edward are amusing. The fraud is exposed by Jobbings, a rival architect; but things end happily, for Bobbie is wealthy, and Hester has been rather taken out of the conceit with the British workman through George Slab's drinking and short-pipe smoking propensities. Mr. Frank Gilmore, Mr. Herbert Ross and Mr. Charles Collette helped the author much. Mrs. Henry Leigh was amusing as a would-be authoress, desirous of reading to any listener she can entrap, her simple stories; and Miss Adah Barton was bright and winning as Flossie. Miss Gertrude Lovel is very pretty, but is as yet quite an amateur; in more capable hands her part might have been made very effective.

"A Throw of the Dice," another piece, in one act, by the same author, was also played. The events are supposed to occur when Britain was occupied by the Romans. One of two slaves, Caradoc and Mona (Mr. Oswald Yorke and Miss Gertrude Lovel), has been lost at play to Lucius Æmilius (Mr. Leonard Outram). They are

attached to each other, but Mona, being a coquette, has not confessed her love until they are likely to be parted, and then she shows her noble nature. They are made happy, however, for their old master sends a letter freeing them both and redeeming the one from Æmilius. There was some merit in the lines; these were well delivered by the gentlemen.

“WANTED, A WIFE.”

Farcical comedy, in three acts, by J. H. DARNLEY.

First performed in London at Terry's Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, May 28, 1890.

Walter Boyne	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Dixon	Mr. ADOLPHUS ELLIS.
Edward Carlton ..	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.	William	Mr. F. GLOVER.
Frederick Mason ..	Mr. JAMES NELSON.	Norman	Mr. G. BELMORE.
Young Harry Carlton	Mr. H. EVERSFIELD.	Mrs. Boyne	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
Gilman Gaunt	Mr. WALTER M'EWAN.	Mrs. Carlton ..	Miss M. A. GIFFARD.
Silvester Down	Mr. SUTTON VANE.	Mrs. Mason	Miss ETHEL NORTON.
Captain Bagshot ..	Mr. LESLIE CORCORAN.	Young Mrs. Carlton	Miss ALICE BRUCE.
Dawes	Mr. W. BRAME.	Mary	Miss ROSE DEARING.

Fertility of invention in bringing about complicated situations may be unduly exercised, and I fear that this charge must be brought against Mr. Darnley, for he has put so great a strain on the faculties in unravelling the thread of his tangled skein, that the mind becomes almost fatigued. This might be remedied to a great extent by the excision of Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Silvester Down, and the one detective employed by Mrs. Boyne—there would still be left a strong cast of twelve, ample enough surely for a farcical comedy. I shall not attempt to follow out all the mistakes and mystifications that arise, but will endeavour to give some idea of the plot. Walter Boyne, five years before the scene opens, has married, but owing to some little disagreement has parted from his wife, whom he has never seen or heard of since. He suddenly learns that an uncle has left him an enormous fortune, hampered with certain conditions. Boyne must, within twelve months of his relative's decease, appear before the executors to the will with a wife and be able to state that he is living happily with her. Failing this, the estate goes to Edward Carlton and Frederick Mason, who must fulfil the like conditions. Should these again fail, then the property is to go to benefit a charitable institution, of which Gaunt and Down are trustees. As these two are thoroughly unscrupulous, and know that they would in the last case have the handling of the money, and as nothing has been heard of Boyne, who has been abroad, their aim is to part Carlton and Mason, and their respective wives. Young Harry Carlton has run away with Captain Bagshot's daughter. They stop at Osmond's Hotel. There the waiter imagines, from the initials of the name that Harry has assumed, that he is the Walter Boyne for the discovery of whom a £500 reward is offered, or else that he is a murderer flying from justice. Edward Carlton and Mason, under a plea that they are going to a scientific lecture at Kew, run up to town and stay at the same hotel. As old Carlton is going to a music-hall, he leaves his watch for safety with William, the waiter. On his return, Bagshot finds the amorous old Carlton at the feet of the daughter of whom he is in pursuit, and so takes him for the husband. William takes the watch back in the morning and entrusts it to Mrs. Carlton, mistaking her for a servant, and divulges all about her spouse's escapade. Mrs. Mason is led to believe that her husband is acting the part of a Lothario with Miss Bromley, the name under which Mrs. Walter Boyne is passing. Bagshot is led to believe that old Carlton has committed bigamy. Boyne, in pursuit of his wife, is brought to the

belief that during his absence his wife has obtained a divorce and is the wife of old Carlton. Of course, everything is explained away satisfactorily at last. Boyne and his wife are re-united and get the property; but before this is accomplished, there is a great amount of fun produced, and the pursuit of the missing Mrs. Boyne by her husband, through the aid of a detective, and their constantly just missing each other, is carried along at almost too high pressure. Mr. Yorke Stephens' mercurial temperament in comedy just suited him for the part of Boyne, to which he did the fullest justice. Mr. Arthur Williams would have improved the elder Carlton had he taken it a little quicker. Mr. Walter M'Ewan was specially good as the deceitful Gilbert Gaunt; and Miss Rose Dearing was decidedly clever as the chambermaid, Mary. Mr. Darnley's pieces are always amusing, and as much must be said for "Wanted, a Wife," which was favourably received, though it is so complex.

"NERVES."

Farceical Comedy, in three acts, by J. COMYNS CARR.

First produced at the Comedy Theatre, Saturday, June 7, 1890.

Captain Armitage ..	Mr. C. H. HAWTREY	Emma	Miss LYDIA COWELL
Mr. Buxom Brittle ..	Mr. H. KEMBLE	Iphigene	Miss ETHEL MATHESON
Hippolyte Caramel ..	Mr. EDWARD RIGH-	Clarisse	Miss ELEANOR MAY
	TON	Esmé	Miss HELEN LAM-
James	Mr. G. KENNEDY		BERT
Commissionaire ..	Mr. W. WYES	Juliet	Miss JENNIE COP-
Customer	Mr. P. S. CHAMPION		PINGER
Violet Armitage ..	Miss MAUDE MILLETT	Anna	Miss BLAYNEY
Mrs. Buxom Brittle ..	Miss SOPHIE LARKIN	Madame Zephyr Elaise	Miss LOTTIE VENNE

Les Femmes Nerveuses, the three act comedy of Blum and Toché, was seen at the Royalty in March last year. Mr. Comyns Carr has freely adapted it, giving us a very amusing play, containing much witty dialogue, with a total absence of anything objectionable, and also characters that are English, not French people disguised as English ones. In this harum-scarum present life of ours, ladies do suffer, or fancy they do, which amounts to the same thing, from nerves. Mrs. Armitage does so, and becomes furious at the phlegmatic temperament of her husband, which takes everything so calmly. As nothing will rouse him, she tries extreme measures. She deliberately writes a letter that will compromise her to the bearer of a name picked haphazard from the directory. The name is that of Hippolyte Caramel, a little confectioner, who is already engaged to Madame Zephyr Elaise, a well-to-do and good-looking milliner, and hence arise all the complications that ensue. Mrs. Buxom Brittle's nerves produce in her a nagging, perpetually lecturing state; she is everything that is objectionable in a mother-in-law, but her husband, inured to her attacks by long usage, philosophically smokes and takes refuge in his club. In the development of the story, the usual absurd complications and mistakes that are inseparable from farceical comedy arise and are cleared away. Mr. Hawtreys and Miss Millett, Messrs. Righton and Kemble, Miss Larkin and Miss Lottie Venne are admirable, and it is a pity that Miss Lydia Cowell has not more to do. "Nerves," of which, by the way, the first act is pure comedy, was most favourably received, and will in all probability have a long run.

"CASTING THE BOOMERANG."

Eccentric comedy, in four acts, by AUGUSTIN DALY.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Tuesday evening, June 19, 1890.

Courtney Corliss	Mr. JOHN DREW.	Professor Gasleigh	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
Mr. Launcelot Bargiss	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Jobbins	Mr. E. P. WILKS.
Paul Hollyhock	Mr. GEORGE CLARKE.	Mrs. Hypatia Bargiss	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Signor Palmiro Tamborini	Mr. FREDERICK BOND.	Dora Hollyhock	Miss ADELAIDE PRINCE.
A Postman	Mr. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.	Jessie	Miss KITTIE CHEATHAM.
		Floss	Miss ADA REHAN.

Mr. Daly elected to commence his fourth visit to London with the production in which his company made their first appearance in this country at Toole's Theatre, July 19, 1884. The play is by no means the best in their repertoire, and is taken from Franz Von Schonthan's "Schwabenstreich," and made a great reputation in America under the primary title of "Seven-Twenty-Eight." Another version of the German by Herman Hendriks, entitled, "The Hurly-Burly; or, Number Seven-Twenty-Eight," was produced at the Globe, June 21, 1884, and some little friction arose as to the two versions. Of the one now under notice, I may explain that 723 is the number of a picture of a lady and a dog which has been hung in a public gallery. A real live English lord (for the scene is laid in America) is most anxious to discover the original of the portrait, and employs Signor Tamborini to do so. Floss, who is the coquettish original, plays off the lord's anxiety against her true love, Courtney Corliss. Casting the boomerang is an expression used to convey that at least one of the great follies that we commit in our lives is like the Australian weapon, sure to come back to us, sometimes causing considerable mischief. Launcelot Bargiss's "boomerang" is the idea that he is a poet and literary star, in which delusion he is encouraged by his wife and Professor Gasleigh, an out-at-elbows publisher, who fattens on his credulity. Under the pretext that it is necessary for his success that he should stay in New York, Bargiss leaves his comfortable country home with his family and comes to the great city, where, seduced by its pleasures, the old gentleman, under the pretence that he is at work all night in his study, sallies forth with the professor, and is at length discovered with his own son-in-law, Hollyhock, behind the scenes of the opera, whence they are unearched and brought back in disgrace by Mrs. Bargiss and Dora, one of his daughters. Mrs. Bargiss has thrown her "boomerang" in getting all the sonnets, that her husband sent her in their courting days, printed and bound up, under the impression that they are original productions of Bargiss's muse, whereas the humbug has simply culled the best specimens from well-known poets, and, to save himself from ridicule, has to buy up the whole edition. Instead of being anxious about the lady, it turns out that the lord wishes to find the owner of the dog, with a view to purchasing it. Mr. John Drew, Mr. James Lewis, Mr. Charles Leclercq, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, and Miss Ada Rehan resumed their original parts, and all acted in the inimitable manner these several clever actors possess. As old friends and favourites, they were more than warmly greeted. Mr. Frederick Bond is most clever and amusing; Miss Adelaide Prince pretty and engaging; and Miss Kitty Cheatham is one of the merriest and brightest little songstresses and dancers that I have seen for some time. The season opened quite auspiciously; but the revivals of "As You Like It" (with Miss Ada Rehan as Rosalind), and of "The Country Girl," another of her most famous characters, will be anxiously looked for.

CECIL HOWARD.

Our Musical=Box.

Musical Silhouettes.

No. III.—THE FOREIGN COMPOSER.



THE Foreign Composer is French, German, Italian, and American ; and England being the happy hunting-ground of all the world, naturally he comes to England, sets up his oriflamme with a flourish of trumpets, and an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, and proceeds to—make a name for himself.

When he is respectable, he is acceptable ; when he is not, one is prone to wish his own country had seen fit to appreciate him, which would have spared us the necessity of now and then pretending to do so.

The Foreign Composer does a good many different things, some badly, some passably. He teaches, of course ; and in this particular line he excels, because there never was yet a British Matron who did not feel a kind of pride in being able to tell her friends and acquaintance that her daughter is a pupil of Signor Vibrato, or Senor Castellata, or Monsieur Legrand, as the case may be. So he getteth him much advertisement and many pupils.

The Italian Composer is the most welcome, the American the least ; because, as a rule, the Italian is a musician, and the American is not a little bit of one. The Italian Composer can write, occasionally, excellent songs in his native language, and passable ones in English, which sometimes attain to a degree of popularity only to be accounted for by the recollection of the fickleness and uncertainty of the musical taste of the great British Public. The Italian has music in his soul as well as at his finger ends.

But the American has no soul. His motto is dollars ; he will write anything, do anything, for dollars. He contrives, sometimes, to make a success, how, neither he nor anybody else knows, though of course all his geese are swans, and black ones at that. Another reason why the Italian Composer can write successfully is because nearly every Italian sings, and he knows what is vocal and what is not. Now and then an unvocal song succeeds, but it is only by chance.

As for the American Composer—but I have too much contempt for him to say any more about him ; besides, there is nothing more to say.

The German composer is different altogether. He is not conceited

at all ; and he has his nation's musical reputation, not merely to trade upon, but to uphold. He does both, when he can. When they are not too weird, and are understandable, his compositions are admirable ; but he is too fond of depth, and such a depth as no English plummet can fathom.

Very few French songs are sung in England, except on concert platforms. It was the fashion formerly to sing them, or Italian canzonettas, in drawing-rooms. But since the Foreign Composer came over to unmusical, perfidious Albion, the fashion has changed. English composers write French chansons and German lieder ; and foreigners in self-defence write English ballads. Who can blame them ?

Certainly, did we not make him welcome, the Foreign Composer would not come ; but one trembles to think what the rising generation would sing if an edict of banishment could be and were passed. Because it is a plain truth that some of the best English songs of the day are written by the Foreign Composer.

And we do make him welcome, find him pupils, sing his songs, and line his pockets—he even teaches at our Academies. We love and admire him so much that we, sober-going English that we are, even Italianise, Frenchify and Germanise our names in order to try and persuade the public that *we* are a Foreign Composer !

Well, after all, what matters ? It does but prove that London is the centre of the World of Music ; and since the musical public are content, the Foreign Composer is pretty certain to be so. So we go to his concerts, listen to and applaud his songs, buy and learn them, help him on in the world. When Macaulay's historic New Zealander stands on the ruins of London Bridge in the future, he will hear a Germu band—the very last extant—playing a French polka or suite of waltzes ; and a butcher boy, grown old and grey in long service, whistling the last new American Christy-Minstrel, mawkish-sentimental, semi-religious ballad ! For, while we treat him so excellent well, the Foreign Composer will take good care to stop with us, to the very end of the last chapter.

SEMIBREVE.

I was going to say something about concerts, and leaves and Vallombrosa, but I am afraid the quotation is hackneyed. Surely, with the present multiplicity of concerts of all kinds, the critical musician's lot, even if he be only a little bit earnest, is not an easy one. Every singer of note, and a great many who are not (and have not) much note, gives his or her concert, and relies on the artistic good-fellowship of the musical world for assistance, and, let it be whispered, upon friends for the purchase of tickets. One glance down the front page of the great musical daily is quite enough ; every concert-hall is engaged, afternoon and evening. The question is, where will it all end ? Punch used to call us a nation of shop-keepers ; are we going to change all that, and become a nation of musicians, singers, players, and concert givers ? Heaven forbid !

Half empty, what a cold miserable place Prince's Hall is ! Surely, something a little more comfortable might be provided than the present stalls, which are only a trifle better than a third-class carriage on the Metropolitan railway.

London wants a comfortable concert-hall. Why should one get an excellent half-guinea stall at a theatre, and one even better still at a music-hall at half the price, while a guinea stall at a fashionable concert is not only abominably uncomfortable, but bare, cold and wretchedly furnished?

Signor Denza's "grand" evening concert on May 31st impels me to these remarks. Not that the concert was half-empty; it was well filled, but with a more unbeautiful audience than was ever my lot to see. The success of the evening was Signor Carpi's singing, which was most artistic. The absolute reverse can be said of that of Mr. Charles Loder, who sang most wearisomely without the slightest expression or feeling. By way of contrast, Mr. Franklin Clive sang "The Monk" finely; and Mr. Harry Williams' rendering of Rotoli's canzone could not have been better. The Fraser quintette, amongst others, assisted, Miss Ethel Fraser being recalled for Albanesi's "Serenade," a most graceful trifle, charmingly played. Other artists were there galore, but space forbids the mention of more. I will confess I prefer the Signor's French and Italian songs to his English ones. I must not omit to speak of Tosti's "Serenata," excellently sung by Mdle. Dufour to the genial composer's own accompaniment, and heartily encored.

At a Patti concert (without Patti!) on May 31st, Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Albani, to say nothing of Mr. Stavenhagen and Madame Trebelli, sang to empty benches! What a power is the magic of a name. And what on earth will Patti's public do when Patti (whisper it) sings no more?

Mr. Lawrence Kellie's second and third recitals took place on May 22 and June 10. At the former Miss Lucille Saunders, Miss Clara Samuell, Miss Hope Temple, Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Leo Stern, and Mr. Brandon Thomas were the artists. At the latter, an excerpt from an opera by Mr. J. M. Coward "The Golden Legend" was given by Mr. Kellie and Miss Alice Whitacre; nothing I could say in praise of Miss Whitacre's voice would be too great, so fresh, clear and free from all tricks of affectation is her singing—a contrast to others that might be named. Miss Amy Roselle, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Madame Patey (who sang "Sleeping Tide,") M. Johannes Wolff and Senor Albeniz, assisted in the rendering of a most attractive programme.

Comedy-opera, forsooth! If an antiquated plot, pointless dialogue, stereotyped situations, and music-hall "gag" make a "comedy-opera," then certainly "Gretna Green," at the Opera Comique, is such. The first regret is that capable artists like Miss Leonora Braham and Mr. Charles Collette should waste their energies on such a farrago of absurdity. The second regret is that the commonplace music of Dr. John Storer blocks the progress of infinitely better stuff. For my part, I could see nothing in it worth ten minutes' concentration of one's listening powers; and Mr. Glover's orchestra did its best to spoil what was hearable. I should like Miss Villa Knox better if she refrained from opening her mouth so much; she has a capable voice, certainly. The "lyrics" are bad, and the dialogue, with the interpolations of Mr. Collette eliminated, might raise one laugh in each act—certainly not more. (Since writing the above, "Gretna Green" has died a natural death. I'm not surprised. It deserved it.)

Certainly the lion of the season so far as matters musical are concerned is the Byronic pianist, Paderewski, who is as near being a genius as any man of the day in his line. He seems to have a command of all manners and styles, and to make use of them indiscriminately. Not being satisfied with being pianist only, he must needs be a composer too. His Concerto in A Minor, performed on June 10th at St. James's Hall, is by no means a commonplace work. I preferred the third movement to the others. His performance of Saint Saens' No. 4 Concerto was a *tour de force*. I must confess I have heard nothing quite so weird and eccentric as Le Borne's Suite No. 2 for orchestra. It is Berlioz exaggerated, and when it did not awaken wonder it evoked laughter. Yet somehow it is unmistakably clever, and I should like to hear it again. The orchestra was not particularly good.

Mr. and Madame Friedheim gave a pianoforte recital, at Steinway Hall, on June 11th. While Mr. Friedheim's technique is unassailable, I still do not care for his playing, which is somewhat too automatic. The Saint-Saens "Variations on a theme of Beethoven," proved rather wearisome; the remainder of the programme consisted of selections from Liszt—of whom Mr. Friedheim was pupil—Schumann, and Chopin; all executed perfectly, but with a chilly precision that depressed one. The ear is reached easily enough, but the heart is another matter.

In some respects I prefer, to Mr. Friedheim, Mr. Leopold Godowsky, whose recital took place at Steinway Hall on June 12th. He was certainly happier with both Chopin and Schumann, the Ballade in G Minor being especially hearable. But why select such an uninteresting—to most—item as Beethoven's "Thirty-two Variations." Four morceaux of his own were included in the programme. The audience was sparse, but what could be expected with the present plethora of pianists?

At the fifth Richter concert, on June 16, Brahms's No. 1 concerto was performed for the first time, under the genial conductor's baton, Mr. Leonard Borwick being the pianist. The programme also included the No. 7 symphony of Beethoven, two excerpts from Wagner, and the Ruy Blas overture. There was a very crowded house; and I have to thank Mr. Vert for his courtesies to me.

Two pianoforte recitals were also given at Prince's Hall on June 7 and 14 by Mdle. Clotilde Kleeberg, a talented pianist, whose name is well known. The audience was larger on the second occasion, but upon neither was it very numerous, probably on account of its clashing with the date and hour of Sarasate's concert at St. James' Hall.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

I don't know why it should be so, but it is, that affliction on the stage is a sign of virtue. We don't recognise it in this light in our household, or out in the world. We see, for instance, a blind man in the street; do we at once regard him as a deeply loving father, whose children must crouch in pretty attitudes at his feet, and talk in baby language of their sympathy and affection? No. We wonder if he has the right placard on, and whether he ought not to be labelled "Deaf and Dumb." And, if he happens to tap our new patent leather shoe, specially donned in order to confound our amateur friends with a sense of the power, the grace, the elegance, and the boundless wealth of the Press, we address him in words from which our rich uncle, from whom we have expectations, would, in similar circumstances, be exempt. But introduce him into a play and you at once flood the stage with tears. The audience gets to work a-weeping like the Crystal Palace fountains, and their expressions of compassion and admiration will scarce be louder or more florid at the wedding of a popular actress or an Anglo-German princess. "I came, I pretended that I could not see, and I conquered," might well be the motto of all Colonel Chalcies that ever ventured forth to conquer modern Britons. Expressive eyes turned heavenward and a military chest will do the entire business. Now I think all this comes of the actor's weakness. He flings all the emphasis on the accidental colouring—the blindness—and neglects the nature beneath. He takes, in short,

the nearest road he can to popular favour, being quite aware that the low comedian in slop-shop clothes and a monstrous hat wins readier laughter than an Alfred Bishop or a John Hare. Therefore am I disposed to award Mr. Varty warm praise for his Colonel, in that he disdained the posturing and tried to show us the man's heart. There was nothing great in the performance, but it was intelligent, thoughtful, and could boast a few true notes of deep feeling. Mr. Frank Leslie went for a new reading of Stratton Strawless, and any such attempt is to be encouraged. Mr. Chisman, who had the temerity to galvanise that deadly monologue "Nearly Seven" into a semblance of life, played the Doctor with breadth and humour. And Mr. Dicketts, though flying in the face of nature, yet deserved no cruel shrug for his buoyant Bertie Cameron. Miss Amy Chisman was strong and touching as Mrs. Thornton; and Miss Symons will be an acquisition for the Baladnongers ere long.

Ought one to be angry or only intensely superior at such a performance as that the Students' A.D.C. gave at the end of May! "Grimaldi" ("or a Relic of the Past," should be its second title) is no longer possible. In the days when T. P. Cooke, as the Flying Dutchman, fired the imagination, rising through a trap in a belching fiery flame, with skulls and cross bones for a settee and his own heraldic device, we could put up with it. But we have advanced a step or two since then. Our Romeos do not make passionate love in single-buttoned lavender kid gloves, though I have seen it done not twenty years ago by an actor now a mighty favourite in the colonies. We are all posted, more or less incorrectly, on points of law, on the proper conduct of a thunderstorm, and on the fitting accent for a sprig of the nobility. If we see more than two moons illuminating the heroine and hero in their big scene, we ask awkward questions. And when there's a bulge on the friend of the family's left breast, and a pocket-book gorged with bank notes appears, many of us ungenerously sneer. The fact is the drama is growing, and slowly—very, very slowly—but also very steadily; its childish days of forty years ago are being left behind as memories we can only smile at with indulgent kindness. In this dawn of Ibsen and Pinero, Jones and Grundy, even the careful work of the master craftsman, Boucicault, seems only shoddy; and "Grimaldi" is but an instructive and amusing fossil. The Students played it with energy, and half of them quite believed in its preposterous scenes and characters. Bursts of stagey sentiment delivered with rugged power vitalised several of the situations. Mr. Cleveland, rough and spasmodic as he was, interested his audience in the trials of the good old guardian. Mr. Rowlestone bore his title and virtue, as Lord Arthur, with becoming modesty and ingratiating earnestness. Maltravers, a twopence coloured villain if ever there was one, received a delightful and ingenuous interpretation at the hands of Mr. Kitts. And Messrs. Mayer and Hoffman were liberal in their allowance of humour. Miss Turner very properly reproduced the Siddons' style of actress as the jealous Julia; and Miss Amy Miller, as the virginal and victimised Violet, had just the right tone of innocent simplicity, and almost reconciled one to the play.

How much nicer it would be if amateurs would cut down that abominable second act of "David Garrick." Even when our Wyndhams and Blakeleys and Jameses are concerned in it, there is always something that jars, something to fret the artistic nerve. And when this is the case with the cutest and most sensitive farce actors of the day, how should it be with amateurs. For they cannot have the sensibility, born of experience alone, to feel where lies the danger in clowning of this kind. To them it is a romp, and they go through with it regardless of its influence on previous and succeeding scenes. They hail it as the one certainty in the play. "It will knock 'em," they assure one another—"Em" being their educated and discerning patrons. "It'll just make 'em sit up"—if only Garrick will remember to revolve the plumes in Miss Araminta's hair, and Jones's stutter will work equal to sample, as at rehearsal; and so on through the company of monkey performers the gifted author turned his creatures into. All which, of course, is profoundly and utterly wrong. It's all very well to contrast the heroic actor's dignity and refinement, in his sober moments, with the ignorant money worshipping shopkeepers' coarse, blatant vulgarity. But to get over the line and represent them as gross caricatures of humanity, goes far towards destroying all interest in Garrick himself. Owing

no doubt to Mr. Trollope's discretion, this scene was not as outrageous as usual, when the play was given on May 20 at St. George's Hall, but the noise and bluster were still too much. Mr. Stephen Townsend, surely not an amateur, distinguished himself by a manly reading of the hero. He was restrained, yet forcible, and in the last act showed a command of emotional power most welcome in a budding actor. Mr. Evill got a good deal of humour out of Ingot, chiefly by legitimate means. Mr. Valerie was awkward, but perhaps with intention, as Chivey, and was best when he was most like Mr. Giddens. Mrs. Clayton played with decided firmness and *finesse* the thankless part of Mrs. Smith. Miss Madge Irving showed eccentric humour as Miss Brown. And the fair Ada was prettily acted by Miss Hingley, whose voice and manner made amends for any want of power.

Every amateur in the kingdom ought to know how to play "Caste" now. It makes me shudder to think how many evenings of my life have been spent looking on at the Marquizy and the rest of the tribe. How it is audiences don't tire of it I don't know. Not a church to be restored, not a choir to be put into abbreviated nightshirts, not a soup kitchen to be replenished, but Robertson's comedy has been trotted down to the footlights to extract the needful. It must be quite time that charitable weak-minded people who allow themselves to be coerced into supporting these entertainments, should demonstrate against any further use of "Caste" for a period of ten years. But no, they will endure to the end, for all the world like the wretched critic who lets "I dare not" wait upon "I would." There was not much to grumble at, however, in the last revival at Victoria Hall on May 19. For the sake of the D'Aloy, the Hawtree, and the Esther, much, that is very much more than we were called on to forgive, could have been pardoned and forgotten. Blemishes there were, of course. These comedies want a heap of rehearsing. But even when you have a nasty spiteful little piece of lead pencil and have scored down on your raspberry and vanilla-coloured programme quite a solicitor's list of charges against all and sundry, you are put to rout the moment a tear begins to trickle down your *blasé* nose. That was my condition here. I suddenly awoke, as it were, to find myself as hard gripped by the sweet pathos of the beautiful old story as though I had never seen all the Esthers and D'Aloys from Lydia Foote and poor Fred Young to Olga Brandon and Leonard Boyne. Bravo, Mr. Sansbury, and bravo, Miss Meredith—you played with art and, better still, you played with heart. And mine were not the only eyes that grew red and swollen at your pretty love scenes and heart-breaking sorrows. Captain Hawtree, too, in the person of Mr. H. R. Robinson, was excellent, and followed the best model with tact and humour. Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Mayer were conscientious exponents of Eccles and Gerridge. And the special engagement of Mrs. Cecil Lamb as Polly was fraught with advantage to her companions.

The amateurs have beaten the record this season. A whole week at a London theatre, in a specially written play, is enough to band the profession together to seek redress and urge their claim to compensation. And not to be behind the fashion, a professional *matinée* into the bargain! Half the proudest aristocracy of the world in the stalls, all the dead-heads of art and letters in the circle, and a dainty slice of the chaffiest democracy in the gallery! Could anything be more representative! It really didn't matter much whether you understood the plot, so long as you could pick out from among the chorus this, that, and the other, scion of a noble house, in tights and a golden wig. "Joan and the Brigands of Bluegoria" was merely a peg for smart names, fine clothes, pretty dances, catchy music; in short, it was precisely the kind of thing the public will pay to see, under protest and the plea of charity. Who cared if the majority could act no better than the old Adelphi guests. Who blinked if the brigands' blouses were cut rather too low, and the stockings were carried remarkably high. This was not a play, but a toney romp in the sacred cause of charity. The Hon. Chappie Douall Baddeley came on and frisked like a playful and self-conscious lamb, and the Lady Flirtina, under the lynx eye of her maternal auctioneer, exhibited points she would be unable to display to advantage in the customary social arena. Nobody grumbled that the Fred Leslie and the Nellie Farren of the show were absent. They had their Letty

Lind and their Sylvia Grey, and with these and the high-born chorus they were more than satisfied. There were not many smiles, for the writing was not up to Mr. Robert Martin's form. But Mrs. Godfrey Pearce's sweet voice won several *encores* for bits of Mr. Ernest Ford's music, and enthusiasm was rampant when the pretty and graceful Misses Savile Clarke went through a *pas de deux*, all accordion-pleated skirts, flexile willowy bendings, arch glances, and delicious pliancy, after the method of their Gaiety models. Another dance that brought down the house was one by Mr. Colnaghi and Lady Augusta Faue, who are sunshine itself in an obscure piece of this nature. Of acting, worthy of the name, there was next to none, Mr. Charles Lamb standing out head and shoulders above the rest as a Yankee correspondent; and the Inseparables—Mr. Eustace Ponsonby and Mr. Colnaghi—playing "the quality" in with one of their cheery and clever duologues.

The Gem A.D.C. have been the first to introduce one of Mr. Daly's farcical comedies to the amateur boards. Why was it not done before? They are the very plays for these curiously compounded audiences. Perfectly innocent, devoid of the least suggestion in dialogue, with clearly drawn characters, funny incidents, and plots as easy to master as "Little Arthur's History of England;" nowhere could lighter, brighter, and simpler farces be found. It is a pity they are not comedies, of course, but we must be thankful for small mercies. They are, at any rate, a long way ahead of those Palais Royal mazes, all doors and dubious characters and loose morality, and the better they are known the happier for amateurs and their friends. Mr. Daly should not be allowed to leave England in September without depositing copies of all his German-American novelties with Mr. French for hire at a moderate fee to the hundreds of clubs who are thirsting for something fresh, exhilarating, and innocuous. Of all their productions in this country, none I think aroused heartier laughter than "A Night Off," and the Gem did wisely to start with this. They would have made far more of it with half a dozen rehearsals under Mr. Daly himself, but the general effect was very creditable. Scenes hung fire now and then, and the company had not learnt how to play up to one another, but the funniest situations made their mark in spite of this. Quite half the cast was notably excellent, and Mr. J. G. Meade, as the Professor, supplied a most natural and whimsical study of a henpecked husband. The ludicrous quarrel scene, in which tempers are laced "to order," to secure the retreat of the three conspirators who are sworn to get their night off or die, was played with delightful verve and conviction by Mr. Meade, Mr. Rooth, and Miss Lovell; their acting being well out of the regions of farce, and a long way on the road towards high comedy. Mr. Guildford Dudley was amusing as the broken-down tragedian, but he adopted so many styles that the result was rather confusing. Miss Burley and Miss Charlotte Morland were of great service, and a pert maid was cleverly acted by Miss Maude. Mr. Gerald Phillips will be a valuable juvenile with a little study, and if he will impart his ease, repose, and pleasant manner, to Mr. Morgan, there will be no reason to grumble at that gentleman's method.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the great British Public know such a lot about acting, that if a man looks his character they are content, and if his part is a good one, then he is a great actor. Amateurs are a little prone to forget this. They all go for the good parts, of course. They would not be human if they didn't. And they go for them, knowing that if they score a fair artistic success, they will be lauded to the skies as a coming Irving, a Willard, or a Tree. But they rarely take the trouble to stand in front of their glass—their mirror, I mean—and say "Can I, even with the aid of the cunning Mr Fox, look it?" No, it is enough that they have a neat leg, a pretty voice, and a shrewd eye for the centre of the stage, and with a light heart they go at it. This is preamble to a doubt upon the fitness of "The Balladmonger" for a company that can boast no Beerbohm Tree a member. There is no occasion for head wagging and lofty sneers! I remember quite distinctly how Coquelin played the hero. I recall how his podgy, *bourgeois* figure was lost to view, hidden by the magic power of genius. He did not, could not, look the starveling poet, but then, with an actor of his superb resource, no such aid is wanted. When we come to amateurs, however, it is another pair of shoes. Fitness is half, no, nine-tenths

of the battle, when genius gives place to talent. And at the Honor Oak Hall on June 16, when "Pity," another version of the same charming story, was produced, physical unfitness was the harshest criticism its players deserved. They spoke with feeling. They wore their costumes as though these had not come by special messenger from Mr. Nathan, with a guide to point the way in and also the way out, to avoid rents and ridicule. They were thoroughly in earnest. And many a suburban mother sensitively shrank from the fervour of Gringoire's love-making, in a virtuously Philistine, "Well, I'm glad our Alice Jane ain't on the stage" frame of mind. But, intelligent and careful as the acting was, it could not be called convincing, for the majority were by nature barred from suggesting their characters. Miss Maud Oldham was gentle and pretty and touching as the heroine, and she must be exempt from this judgment. Mr. Howard, Mr. Hedly, and Mr. Barber, may, however, take comfort from this, that if honest endeavour could have succeeded beyond giving a capable prose rendering of a remarkable poem, theirs must have done so.

Another "Alone!" this time revived by the Camden Comedy A.D.C. who gave Miss Eastlake and several other less distinguished players to the stage. That is as good as saying that there is sure to be talent found in their ranks. And it is true. Nobody talks of them as being among the first clubs of London. When they announce a performance, there is no particular rush of duchesses and philanthropic parvenus to offer them a guinea and beg to be mentioned as a patron. They do not even come down to the headquarters at St. George's Hall. They seem to enjoy being unmolested by fashion, left to blossom in their own little Park Hall with none but their friends around them. But their work, though so modestly done, is worthy of high praise. And if they chose, they could flaunt it as bravely as any of their rivals, in the very forefront of the friendly strife. Everything that can be, has been done with the sightless Colonel. He has been a massive *jeune premier* with a prematurely whitened head. He has been a character actor who has dwelled lovingly upon every word he could twist into any kind of comic relief. I have never seen him treated as he would be, if his sorrows had to be worked into a Drury Lane pantomime by Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Campbell. But I have little doubt that a provincial production will supply me with the necessary experience. Mr. William Baker, a versatile actor, with scarcely enough dignity for my idea of the Colonel, is the latest exponent. He was very quiet, natural, and impressive. He fought shy of attempting big effects. Perhaps he knew his own limitations. If so, he is to be applauded for his prudence. But there was something wanting, as a consequence of this timidity. The doubt would obtrude itself "Did he really care so very much," and in the face of Mr. Baker's finished little sketch, this was to be deplored. Mr. Weber Brown gave a rattling, flashy reading of Stratton Strawless, much to the taste of his audience, who loved him as the old Princess's people used to love their Spider and their Clifford Armytage. Mr. Monkley is hardly at home in a character part. Moments in his Micklethwaite were good, but on the whole it was inconsistent and therefore not sympathetic. Mr. Alexander on the contrary was exactly suited to Bertie Cameron, of whom he made a buoyant young hero. Miss Ellen and Miss Annie Whelan were winning heroines, playing with strongly contrasted styles, and providing nearly all the charm and spirit of the piece.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Not a little significance attaches to a leading peculiarity in two of the most successful plays now running in London. Having regard to the strong prejudice that has always existed in this country against the introduction of the Church and its officers into serious drama, the mere toleration of two such pieces as "Judah" and "A Village Priest," where the main motive is the struggle on the part of a priest against temptation, must be looked upon as marking a distinct change in public taste. The novelty here is not so much the presentment of the two clerics, for that has been done frequently without raising any great storm of objection; but the fact that they are shown each fighting against a strong desire to commit a breach of duty, and each, though in immensely different degrees, failing. We have had parsons enough on the stage in various capacities, from hero of melodrama to the peccant curate of Criterion farce, to say nothing of the Reverend Mr. Spalding; while the appearance of the monk of comic opera has not been half so serious a thing as his humour. In the present instances, no doubt, the earnestness of the treatment and the sympathetic humanity of the Abbé Dubois and Llewellyn, differing widely though the two men do, is the secret of their popularity. There are also other strong points of absorbing interest that tend to take the public attention from the ticklish nature of the subject. For instance, who would have supposed that Mr. Willard had kept to himself so long the secret that he could make love in such manly, natural, and, in fact, lovely fashion. If there was one thing his best friends and keenest admirers would say that Mr. Willard could not do, it was to make love. His versatility was admitted. It could not be otherwise; his performances in "Claudian," "The Silver King," "Jim the Penman," "The Middleman," and "Filippo," all help to silence contradiction; and in "Dick Venables," bad though the play was, he displayed distinctly humorous powers. But make love, never!

Then, too, Miss Olga Brandon. What rapid progress she has made. She has been among us for some time, and we have only just begun to discover that she has the material of a great actress in her. Her Esther Eccles was a performance full of gentle womanliness and sweet dignity; but it was not to be compared with her Vashti, which came as an absolute revelation of her powers. Full of subtlety is her suggestion of the struggle between what she conceives to be due to her contemptible father and the conscience of infamy awakened by her love for Judah, which impels her to confide entirely in him, and the fear of his hatred and contempt is equally well indicated. Again, in the faltering step, the faint, hesitating voice and the almost hysterical affection for the Earl's daughter, we are allowed a glimpse of the girl's terrible agony that is racking body and soul alike, without the jarring shock that generally accompanies moral and physical convulsions on the stage. That she should respond eloquently to Mr. Willard's wooing is not so wonderful, for it would have inspired a Dutch doll. Where again would you find such perfect subsidiary sketches as the Professor of Mr. Sant Matthews, the eccentric lovers of Mr. Kerr and Miss Gertrude Warden, or the bright, hysterical impulsive little maiden as played by Miss Bessie Hutton; to say nothing of the admirable comedy love-making (if anything so scientifically could can be so called)—comedy, it is true, not growing naturally out of the play, but comedy we would not willingly lose for all that. Small wonder then that in the virile strength and deep earnestness of the writing as a whole, in the sympathetic treatment of the leading motive, the objections usually raised against that class of subject should disappear and be forgotten.

With "A Village Priest" it is very different, inasmuch as there are grave inaccuracies, without the introduction of which the play must fall to the ground. In fact, not only the priest's sacrifice, but that of the convict is unnecessary and

indeed unreasonable, for it must be remembered that Torquenie does not go back merely to serve out the few remaining months of his sentence, as no less acute a critic than Mr. Moy Thomas assumes. He has broken gaol, and his sentence of penal servitude for life, commuted from the death penalty, has been further diminished to twenty years' penal servitude. Consequently, on being captured, he would be subjected to several years' further imprisonment, if not detained for life. This is no mere detail, since it makes the sacrifice the more improbable. "And the nobler," someone will add. Certainly, if it were necessary, but it is not. His object is to save Madame D'Arcay from the cruel knowledge of her idolised husband's baseness. Why should she know? The poor old lady is blind; she could not therefore read about the affair in the papers. Her life is one round of benevolence and charity. She leads a quiet, secluded life, and meets no one upon whose existence she has not shed some sweetness, and who does not love and reverence her. It is an essential part of the character as Mr. Grundy has portrayed it. Who, then, is going to wound her gentle spirit by idle or malicious tittle-tattle. Even her unnaturally inexorable son relents for her sake.

To the indictment of the priestly resignation, we have to add another and a preliminary count, which will render the others unnecessary. The Abbé distinctly states that he has given the late Judge absolution. A moment's consideration of the terms on which absolution would have been granted, sweeps away at once all need for sacerdotal secrecy. Mere penitence, as Mr. Grundy probably knows as well as anybody, is no sufficient ground for absolution. It must be testified, when possible, in some practical way. In this case, there was one very effectual means of minimising the consequence of one crime, and any priest who understood his business would have insisted upon its adoption. This would not necessarily have been a public declaration of the Judge's guilt and Torquenie's innocence, but it would have involved such a disclosure of the facts as would have released the latter and cleared his character before the world. With nothing less would the Abbé have been satisfied, and it is not at all certain that the dying man's final gasp, "Cleanse my soul from blood," was not a sufficient authority for the purpose. The necessity for the resignation has been demolished over and over again on other grounds, but this one seems to have hitherto been overlooked, though it is the initial and cardinal objection. Nevertheless, it speaks with irresistible eloquence for the skill and power of Mr. Grundy in writing his play, that not only are these things passed over in the absorbing interest of the drama, but so risky—had we not known the result, we should have said fatal—an incident as the decision by the chance falling of a ray of moonlight on the open Bible, has failed to raise more than the faintest protest. It is a terrible pity that a work written in Mr. Grundy's best and most forcible style should be disfigured by these blemishes in the way of motive; but we are not sure that it would not have been a greater misfortune if he had allowed a too serious consideration of them to withhold from us a drama displaying such excellent character drawing, such skilful construction, and so much deep philosophic thought as "A Village Priest." By the way, it is noticeable that although Mr. Tree will visit Ireland in the course of his approaching provincial tour, he will not play "A Village Priest" there, out of deference, no doubt, to the religious susceptibilities of the Roman Catholic population.

"Queen's Council" proved to be anything but a happy adaptation of Sardou's "Les Pommes du Voisin." Mr. James Mortimer has made of it a three-act "farce," so-called; but farces are supposed to make one laugh—this was tedious and made one weary. Joseph Twiterton (Mr. E. M. Robson), after many years of exemplary conduct, suddenly, and for the laziest of reasons, determines to pose as a gay Lothario, and with this view persistently follows Katarina (Miss Marie Lewes), who for some equally incomprehensible reason is masquerading in male attire, a fact which Twiterton has ascertained. In the course of his pursuit Twiterton is led to believe that he has committed murder, and finally baked Katarina in an oven! Mr. Robson has at times very droll, and Miss Lewes managed to get through a very risky part in a manner worthy of a far better one. She looked and acted well. Mr. W. Lugg as an Irish landlord was clever and humorous. Miss Lydia Cowell was excellent as Sally Smart in "The Clockmaker's Hat," which was played as a first piece.

"In a Day," Mrs. Augusta Webber's poetic drama, has not sufficient fibre for representation. It is more than gracefully written, and will be ever enjoyed in

the study. In the production at Terry's on May 30th, Miss Davies Webster made a promising London *début* as the slave Klydone. Mr. Matthew Brodie, one of the few young actors who understands the delivery of blank verse, was a more than competent Myron; and Mr. Stephens Phillips (who will be remembered as a member of Mr. Benson's *Globe* company) was acceptable as Olymnius.

Two very bright little operettas were produced at the Comedy on Thursday afternoon, May 29th. The music of both was composed by Mr. Martyn Van Lennep, and proved tuneful and graceful. In the former the orchestration was scholarly, but the composer would have done better to allow someone else to conduct. The libretto of "Head or Heart," by Arthur Chapman, was in every way acceptable, though simply telling of a young Royalist in the time of the French Revolution, who finds that he is mistaken as to the identity of the young woman with whom he is to be forced into a marriage to save his head, and that she is in fact a very charming young person. These two parts were excellently filled by Mr. Templer Saxe (who is becoming a really good actor), and Miss Annie Schuberth, both singing with great charm. Mr. B. P. Seare was drily humorous as François. Mr. Walter Parke's libretto of "The Dear Departed" was quaint and droll. The story is very slight, though founded on "Le Clou aux Maris." Mr. Saxe and Miss Schuberth sang with taste and expression some very pretty numbers set down for them, and Miss Florence Marryat was a clever Cassandra Doolittle.

"Gretna Green," by Mr. T. Murray Wood and Dr. Storer, reproduced at the Opera Comique, Thursday, May 22nd, was noticed when first tried at the Comedy Theatre. The changes in the cast were that Mr. William Hogarth played Robin Bates, but only fairly. Miss Villa Knox, a young singer new to England, made a favourable impression as Phyllis Ferns. A new character, that of Peter Pong, a wandering singer, had been introduced, and though a little out of place Mr. C. Collette got much fun out of it. The opera was handsomely staged, and the orchestra a good one.

Mr. Sydney Grundy (whose portrait appears in this issue), the fortunate author who has, at the time of writing this, a work of his running at each of three of the principal theatres in London—the St. James's, the Garrick, and the Haymarket—was born in Manchester, March 23, 1848, and was called to the bar November 19, 1869. He practised in his native city for six years, and was, during the same period, leader writer and dramatic critic on several local papers. His future success as a dramatist was foretold on the production of his maiden effort, a comedietta, entitled "A Little Change," on the occasion of Mr. Buckstone's benefit at the Haymarket, July 13, 1872, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal (then Miss Madge Robertson), Mr. E. Arnett, and Miss Caroline Hill appeared. Mr. Grundy established himself in London in 1876, and, devoting himself entirely to dramatic writing, soon gave us the fruits of his labours. On April 7, 1877, "Mammon," comedy, was produced at the Strand. At the same theatre "The Snowball," farcical comedy, February 2, 1879. The Prince of Wales's, under Miss Marie Wilton's management, saw the first production of "In Honour Bound," comedy, September 25, 1880. "The Vicar of Bray," comic opera, music by E. Solomon, *Globe*, July 22, 1882. In 1883 the author produced one original play "The Glass of Fashion," comedy, Grand Theatre, Glasgow, March 26, *Globe*, London, September 8, and two adaptations, "Rachel," drama, partly taken from "La Voleuse d'Enfants," April 14, and "The Queen's Favourite," comedy, from "Le Verre d'Eau," June 2, both at the Olympic. "The Silver Shield," comedy, was first played at the Strand, May 19, 1885. May 1, 1886, "Clito," tragedy, was played at the Princess's; and Mr. Grundy then collaborated with Mr. Sutherland Edwards in "A Wife's Sacrifice," a play adapted from "Martyre." In collaboration with Mr. Joseph Mackay "May and December," comedy, from "La Petite Marquise," Criterion, April 25, and with Mr. Henry Pettitt "The Bells of Haslemere," drama, Adelphi, July 28, and his own adaptation from "Harun Alraschid," "The Arabian Nights," farcical comedy, *Globe*, November 5, were all produced in 1887. In the year 1888, we had on March 31, at the Haymarket, "The Pompadour," partly founded on "Le Neveu de Rameau" (Grundy and W. G. Wills); July 19, Adelphi, "The Union Jack" (Pettitt and Grundy); and on



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MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY.

"And what's a cynic? A poor devil who's fool enough to put into words the harshness wise men put into their deeds, and fool enough to put into deeds the kindness wise men put into their words."—THE SILVER SHIELD (*Sydney Grundy*).



Photographed by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

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MISS BESSIE MATTON.

"I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults."—AS YOU LIKE IT, Act III, Sc. 2.

September 24, Court, "Mamma," adapted from "Les Surprises du Divorce." Last year "A Fool's Paradise," comedy, originally entitled "The Mousetrap," was played at a *matinée* at the Gaiety on February 12; "A White Lie," play, at the Court, May 25; and "Esther Sandraz," adapted from "La Femme de Glace," was first tried at the Prince of Wales's on the afternoon of June 11, and has since been revived by Mrs. Langtry at the St. James's. Two of Mr. Grundy's most successful and scholarly plays are now running, "A Pair of Spectacles," adapted from "Les Petits Oiseaux," produced at the Garrick, February 22, 1890; and "A Village Priest," suggested by "Le Secret de la Terreuse," first played at the Haymarket, April 3, 1890. If all of these, Mr. Grundy's principal efforts, have not achieved complete success, they have at least been distinguished by their spirited, epigrammatic and clever dialogue; some of them are in the very best vein of humour, and most of them will live.

Miss Bessie Hatton (the subject of our first photograph) is the youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the well-known and esteemed novelist and journalist. She was educated at the Convent of the Visitation, in the Ardenne, and at Bedford College, London. That, when quite young—in fact only a child—Miss Hatton showed a capacity for the stage was proved by her excellent rendering of the character of Sir Peter Teazle in "The School for Scandal." Mr. Chippendale not only kindly coached her in the part, but lent her his wig and shoe buckles with the remark, "One day, when you are a great actress, you can say you released Sir Peter in my wig, and wore my buckles in the part." Miss Hatton, besides receiving several valuable hints from Mr. Walter Lacy and Mrs. Arthur Stirling, was a pupil of the late Mrs. Chippendale. The young lady profited well by her training, for, during two seasons, when with Mr. Benson's company in the provinces, Miss Hatton filled with more than credit the rôles of Jessica, Marie, Duke of York, Ursula, Phoebe, Bianca, and the Queen in "Hamlet." In Mrs. Dawes' "Nancy and Co." company, Miss Hatton was very successful as Daisy Griffing. Prior to this, she had made her mark at the Adelphi on the afternoon of June 24, 1886, by her intelligent and fervent recitation of Lowell's "Relief of Lucknow," quite a remarkable performance for so young a lady, having already made a reputation as a reciter at several semi-private assemblies in New York during Mr. Henry Irving's first American tour. Her interpretation of the character of Prince Arthur in "King John," at the Memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon, was most pathetic, and the excellence of her Prince of Wales, in Mr. Mansfield's revival of "Richard III.," was acknowledged on all sides. Miss Bessie Hatton has lately achieved a marked success as Lady Eve in "Judah," now playing at the Shaftesbury. The character is a most difficult one, and would tax the powers of an actress of experience; the greater triumph, therefore, to Miss Hatton that she acquits herself so admirably.

Mr. L. M. Mayer inaugurated his season of French plays at Her Majesty's Theatre on June 2 with the production of "La Lutte pour La Vie," Alphonse Daudet's five-act drama, first done at the Gymnase, October 30 of last year. The piece was such a success in Paris that perhaps we expected too much, and were led to believe we should have some deep and interesting study of the Darwinian theory. Admirably as the play was acted here by the Gymnase company, it fell comparatively dead. The only thing Darwinian about it is "the survival of the fittest," in fulfilment of which theory Paul Astier (Marais) is destroyed by Vaillant (Devaux) as being unfit to live, he having ruined Vaillant's daughter, Lydie (M^{me}. Darland). Astier is a man who lives but for himself; he has married Maria Antonia, Duchess of Padovani (M^{me}. Pasca), a woman considerably older than himself. Through her he has risen to a high position, and through his excesses he has nearly ruined her. He therefore wishes her to obtain a divorce from him. This she persistently refusing, he endeavours to poison her; but, as she is about to drink, his courage fails him and he prevents her doing so. She has been aware of his designs, and, loving him despite all his wickedness, in an exquisite scene, forgives him, and, to deter him from further crime, consents to the divorce. He is anxious to marry a rich Jewess, Esther de Sélény (M^{me}. Demarsy), and preparations are being made for the espousals when Astier is shot down. Simply told, this is the whole plot. Some good comedy scenes between the Maréchale de Sélény (M^{me}. Desclauzas), a

lacrymose widow, and Comte Adriani (Paul Plan), a not-too-brave Italian officer, were the cause of much laughter. Lortigue (Hirsch), a man without scruples, and Henetebize (Lagrange), an old servitor, are the only other characters of much importance. The stage at Her Majesty's is too large for a comedy of this sort. We shall see how the English version is accepted if Mr. Alexander produces it at the Avenue.

The Lyceum season was brought to a close on Saturday evening, May 31, before a crowded audience, which had assembled for the occasion of Miss Ellen Terry's annual benefit. Mr. W. G. Wills's four-act play, "Olivia" was rendered with that perfection which distinguishes Mr. Irving's company, he himself appearing in one of his most endearing characters, that of Doctor Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield; the fair *bénéficiaire* was as usual a charming Olivia. Mr. W. Terriss resumed his character of Squire Thornhill; Mr. F. H. Macklin was excellent as Mr. Burchell; Mrs. Pauncefort, a loveable Mrs. Primrose; Miss Annie Irish, an engaging Sophia; and Mr. Gordon Craig, a satisfactory Moses. On the fall of the curtain, after the numerous calls, Mr. Irving delivered the following address:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is, I believe, quite contrary to all the principles of dramatic propriety to address an audience in front of the curtain, but I have committed that crime so often that it is almost impossible to reform—in fact, I'm a hardened offender—and I am here on behalf of Miss Ellen Terry to return her grateful thanks for your presence on this occasion. Although our season has been a longer one than usual, it seems a little odd to be addressing you in this fashion so early as the month of May; but long ago I promised my friend, Mr. Augustin Daly, that he should occupy this theatre from the month of June, when he brings with him that famous company of comedians you know so well and to whom you are sure to give a most cordial and delighted welcome. You probably know that Miss Terry and I purpose giving some recitals of "Macbeth," beginning next Tuesday in Liverpool, and should any of you be in our neighbourhood we should, of course, be much honoured to see you; but should you not be able to follow us upon any of our expeditions—should Liverpool, or Manchester, or Edinburgh, or Glasgow be too far—perhaps you will come and see us, upon our return, at the St. James's Hall, or at the Grand Theatre at Islington, where we are looking forward to the pleasure of playing a fortnight's engagement. Our next season will begin in September, when we shall present to you a new play by Herman Merivale (if what was written ten years ago can be called new); and judged from a literary standpoint I think you will find the play to be a genuine addition to the English drama. Its theme is the immortal romance of the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the play will be embellished by the music of Dr. Mackenzie, to whom and to Mr. Seymour Lucas we are indebted for most valuable aid. As for the actors, their names are familiar to you, and I think you may reckon on their well tried efforts to win your approval. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I have only to thank you again and again for your constant kindness and goodwill, to assure you that it is everything to know that your good wishes are with us, and that we shall anticipate with the keenest pleasure our next meeting here (if all be well) in September.

Soon after the close of this little speech, which was as well spoken as it was heartily received, Mr. Irving welcomed his friends on the stage, and a very pleasant time was passed by them.

The complimentary benefit to the widow of the late E. L. Blanchard took place at Drury Lane Theatre (kindly lent by Mr. Augustus Harris) on Monday afternoon, June 2, 1890, under the patronage of H.R.H. The Duchess of Teck, His Grace the Duke of Pife, &c. The hard-working committee had arranged a capital programme, to which Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Charles Coborn, Miss Kate James, Miss Minnie Mario, and Mr. Herbert Campbell contributed songs and recitations. Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Miss Phyllis Broughton appeared in "Waiting," and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre in "A Lost Thread," both very amusing sketches. Two scenes from "King John" were given by Mr. Tree and his Haymarket company. The second act of "Miss Tomboy" was capitally done by the Vaudeville actors. Mr. William Terriss, Miss Millward, and those who support them, appeared in the first act of "Paul Kauvar," and Mr. Wyndham came from the Criterion as Mr. Walsingham Potts in "Trying It On." These were all good items, but curiosity was centred on the revival of "The Artful Dodge," written many years ago by E. L. Blanchard. In this very

laughable farce, Mr. Arthur Williams was particularly droll and amusing as Demosthenes Dodge. The following poetic and feeling address was specially written for the occasion by Mr. Clement Scott, an old and valued friend of the late Mr. Blanchard, and was admirably delivered by Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster) and the ladies whose names appear (with the exception of Miss Harriett Coveney, who was unfortunately too ill to be present, her lines being spoken by Miss Victor) :—

MISS WALLIS (*looking at album*).

"How good and kind, and he is gone!"
Be this the limit of our woe.
Our cry should rather be "Well done,"
We who have known and loved him so.
Well done, indeed! the kindly soul,
The first to come at friendship's call,
Who mixed for us our "Wassail Bowl,"
Good Father Christmas to us all!

Well done! the honest gentle man!
With silver'd head, whose golden pen
Endowed life's allotted span
And earned the love of fellow-men.
He knew the magic of the arts
A poet pure, a critic mild,
Graving his epitaph on hearts—
A man in strength, in heart a child!

But, sisters! know to us is left
A gift more dear than tears or sighs—
A woman of her love bereft,
The best of human legacies!
The tried companion, widowed wife,
Sharer of sorrows, soul of truth,
Who cheered the evening hours of life
Of one who loved her in his youth.

We plead for one disconsolate,
Who, year by year, without applause
Has toiled to open Freedom's gate
For women and for women's cause!
For one who's taken by the hand
And lifted orphans from their knees,
And led them to the Promised Land
Where women work beyond the seas.

We humbly plead that God may bless,
Our sister, scornful social ban,
Who's proved that women do possess
The noble energy of man!
We, one and all, are proud to tell,
And on this mimic stage proclaim,
That those who knew not "dear E. L."
Love! honour! Mrs. Blanchard's name!

For woman, wife, and friend we ask
That you will dry her widow's tears,
Will aid her in her life-long task
And comfort her declining years!
Like him grim poverty she's faced,
For her, like him, let Love bestir,
For surely "somewhere in the waste"
His shadow sits and waits for her!"

ALMA MURRAY.

Have you not heard how, years ago,
When toiling at th' Antipodes,
She humbly prayed to God to know
How fared it with him, on her knees?
And gazed upon the humble wall,
Papered with scraps of news from home,
And seemed to hear her lover call
"Come back to me! long lost! oh, come!"

CARLOTTA ADDISON.

Ah! mystery of mysteries!
Close to her touch upon the wall
She saw and read with eager eyes
The words that she had heard him call!

Some verses from his lone soul torn
Written to her, his Love! his life!
And thus the night became the morn,
And so God made them Man and Wife!

CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.

Before we part and say Good-bye,
Unless sweet recollections fail,
Have we not each some memory
Of Christmas Time, or Winter's Tale?

ROSE LECLERCQ.

Good sister mine! why not recall
Princess's days, Shakespearean scenes
Sweet Peril! the best of all
In days of youngest of the Keans.

MISS HUDSPETH.

Princess's days! tradition helps
To gild the tales that history tells:
I bear the honoured name of Phelps,
And link his love with Sadler's Wells.

HARRIETT COVENEY.

That's right, I love the dear old times,
So let us all be young again,
And dance in glorious pantomimes,
In this old jolly Drury Lane!

MISS VICTOR.

For thirty-seven years at least
He gave the Lane some fairy plan;
I was at many a Christmas feast
Provided by our "grand old man."

KATE PHILLIPS.

Good gracious! how your tongues do run,
Enough of "good old times" for me!
The brightest spark of modern fun
Flashed from the pen of E.L.B.!

MARY RORKE.

How he loved children! years and years
He toiled for them ere work was done;
He made them dance away their tears,
And filled their little hearts with fun.

KATE RORKE (*listening*).

Hash! someone knocks! a voice I hear,
A baby voice above this din:
(*Goes to the door*)
Oh! such a pretty little dear,
A fairy! may I let her in?

(*Enter MINNIE TERRY dressed as a Fairy, with a Wreath of Flowers and a bouquet in her hand.*)

MINNIE TERRY.

I am a child from Fairyland,
A gift of flowers my sisters send,
They bid me kneel and kiss the hand
Of all who loved the Children's Friend!
Oh! give her these! and place this wreath
Above his face! (*pointing to picture*) but let
her know
She must not weep, but write beneath,
"The Children's gift who loved him so."

Mr. Oscar Barrett, Mr. Claude Jaquinot, and Miss Eleanor Clausen, with her "Pompadour Band," were responsible for the music. Mr. Alfred Gibbons and Mr. Harrington Baily kindly took upon themselves the duties of Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Business Manager. In fact, all concerned gave their services, and so the benefit resulted in some £250 being handed to Mrs. Blanchard,

whose most deserving labours in the cause of emigration were thus once more recognised.

At the Criterion Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday, June 5, 1890, a *matinée* was given in aid of the funds of the parish of Holy Cross in St. Pancras. The house was crowded by a most distinguished assemblage. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and H.R.H. Princess Frederica honouring the performance with their presence. A proverb in two acts, "Sowing and Reaping," was played for the first time. As it will certainly be seen again, we reserve any further notice of it till it be put in a public bill, for this occasion was a semi-private one. "Waiting," and Mr. Rutland Barrington's "A Swartry Dansong," with Mr. E. Solomon's music, which the author with Miss Jessie Bond so cleverly interpret, made up an excellent programme.

A *Soirée Dramatique* was given at Queen's Gate Hall, on Friday, June 6. Mr. Henry V. Esmond was excellent as Fillippo in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's poetic little play, "Fennel," and also showed himself a good comedian as Mr. Paddington Green in Maddison Morton's comedy, "If I Had a Thousand a Year." He was well supported by Mr. Royston Keith, Miss Annie Hill, Miss Helen Greame, and Mr. Cecil Thornbury, the latter gentleman also distinguishing himself in an amusing parody song on the "Garden of Sleep." Mr. Henry Bedford recited most humorously "The Tale of the Stork."

"Paris Fin de Siècle" must have been as caviare to the great proportion of the audiences attracted to Her Majesty's, for good French scholars as they may have been, none but French men and women, and even those resident in Paris, or people who live altogether in Paris, would understand or appreciate the work of M.M. Blum and Toché. Clever it undoubtedly is, but we think M. Mayer would readily have found a play more worthy of his company, for "Paris Fin de Siècle" is but a reflex of the doings of a certain section of Parisian society, the humour of which can only be thoroughly relished by those who are actually members of that section, and who, whilst seeing themselves perhaps caricatured, are yet afforded amusement by beholding their friends in the pillory.

Miss Lucy Buckstone, an actress whom we should be glad to see in a regular engagement in London, took a benefit at the Vaudeville on May 29th, when "Married Life" was played with a remarkably good cast, Miss Ellen Terry appearing as a waiting-maid. A feature of the afternoon was the appearance of Mr. Creston Clarke (son of Mr. J. S. Clarke) as Hamlet. In the closet scene he showed great promise. An address, written by Mr. R. Reece, was charmingly delivered by Miss Eleanor Bufton.

"A Buried Talent," first seen by Londoners at the Vaudeville Theatre on Thursday afternoon, June 5, is a charming little play, and will bring its author, Mr. Louis N. Parker, at once into notice. It tells a simple but most sympathetic story. Maris (Mr. Ben Greet) is an old composer who has done some excellent work, but who will not allow it to be heard in public. The director of the theatre endeavours to induce him to part with one of his operas, but Maris will not be persuaded. One of his pupils, Pietro (Mr. Bassett Roe), purloins the score, and passes it off as his own. It is to be played, when the *prima donna* throws up her part, and Pietro, driven into a corner, is obliged to confess his theft to Maris's young wife Stella (Mrs. Patrick Campbell), that she may consent to fill the principal *role*. Maris is led to believe that his wife is faithless, and is in an agony of despair, when she returns, tells him of the magnificent success of his opera, and how she has from the stage told the audience whose work it really was. "A Buried Talent" was most excellently played.

The £100 Prize of the Art Union of London, has been selected from the 19th Century Art Society's Exhibition in Conduit Street. The work is by Hamilton Marr, A.R.C.A.

"A Convict's Wife ; or, The Romance of Marriage," the four-act drama, by W. Sapte, junr., produced at the Grand Theatre, on Monday, May 19 (not 20th as stated in error) was originally tried at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, on Friday afternoon May 31st of last year. The plot was given in the July, 1889, number of THE THEATRE. The play was then entitled "Marah," and has since that date been strengthened and was certainly well received by the Islington audiences, and should do well in the provinces. In the revival Mrs. B. M. De Solla (Mrs. Grey) Miss M. Schubert (Marguerite Cordaix), and Mr. Ivan Watson (Bougeron) most satisfactorily resumed their original characters. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—Miss Florence West (Lilian Grey), Mrs. C. L. Carson (Winifred, a bright performance), Mr. J. H. Barnes (Geoffrey Blount, R.N.) Mr. Lewis Waller (Paul Garnant, powerfully played), Mr. Scott Buist (Harvey Holmes, good), Mr. Willie Drew (Jack Brande, cleverly acted), Mr. C. H. Thornbury (Mr. Hunt), and Mr. Milton Buist (Waiter).

"The Grandsire," adapted by Mr. Archer Woodhouse from M. Richepin's *Le Flibustier* was originally produced at Terry's Theatre, May 15, 1889. An account of it will be found in the July Omnibus Box of THE THEATRE. Mr. George Alexander revived the play at the Avenue Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon, May 21, himself appearing as the old sailor, François Legoez, and though the assumption of such a character was naturally most difficult, Mr. Alexander triumphed and displayed great feeling and truth to nature in the agonized craving of the old man once more to behold his idolized grandson. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was excellent as Jacquemin. Mr. Benjamin Webster suited well the part of Pierre, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq was effective as Marie Anne. Miss Maria Linden was a charming Janik. On the same day a very brightly written duologue, entitled "The Will and the Way," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, was tried for the first time, and proved so amusing and was so well played by Miss Elizabeth Robins as Sybil Wisdom, and by Mr. Benjamin Webster as Stanley Grant that it was at once put in the evening bill. It only tells of a young lady who, determined to prevent her love from keeping as she fancies an appointment with a rival, puts back the clock. She need have had no fears, however, for he was but anxious to get away and return with a Japanese fan, on which is painted a love scene that he hoped might enable him to declare his passion with greater ease.

The Wagner Society gives notice through its hon. sec., Mr. Charles Dowdeswell, that the Richter concert of June 30 will be held, as last year, in conjunction with the Wagner Society. Subject to alterations which may ultimately be found to be inevitable, the programme will consist of the following Wagnerian selections:—1. Overture—"Die Feen" (first performance at the Richter Concerts). 2. Elizabeth's air from "Tannhäuser," Miss Pauline Cramer. 3. Siegfried-Idyll. 4. Scene iii, Act iii, from "Die Walküre," Miss Pauline Cramer and Mr. Henschel. 5. Symphony in C (M.S.) (first performance at the Richter Concerts).

Miss Rosa Kenney gave a recital at the Steinway Hall on June 10, and proved herself a good elocutionist in "The Passing of Arthur," and a bright comedienne in Campbell Rae-Brown's "A Pair of Stars," and exhibited much intelligence in "The Garden of Paradise." Mr. Mowbray Marras very efficiently supported Miss Kenney.

It would not be fair to criticise the open-air performance that partly took place on Thursday, June 12, of "Twelfth-Night," as arranged by Miss E. Bessle for her company. Only the first act had been given when there was a downpour of rain. Actors and audience hurried away for shelter, and owing to want of arrangement, which was due neither to Miss Bessle nor Mr. Ivan Berlin, the play was not resumed. A concert was substituted, in which the only performance worthy of notice was that of the clever Field-Fisher family. Miss Bessle announces that the tickets taken for the day in question will be available at a future date, which will shortly be fixed. From what little we did see of "Twelfth Night" we came to the conclusion that Miss Bessle's company was an excellent one, and we shall look forward to noticing the play in its entirety.

Mr. Wilson Barrett concludes his American tour at Sacramento, California, on July 6, and journeys with his company direct to New York, sailing thence per "City of New York." He has arranged a short provincial tour of five weeks, prior to the opening of his new London theatre, commencing at Liverpool, on August 25, and concluding at his own (Grand) theatre, Leeds, on September 27. The name of the new theatre has not yet been decided upon, but remains in abeyance until Mr. Barrett's return; the subject of his opening production also awaits his final decision, on his arrival in England.

Miss Adelaide Moore commenced her season at the Globe as Juliet, but as we understand that the lady was suffering on her first performance in London we will make every allowance, and hope to see her in some other character under more favourable circumstances. The Romeo of Mr. Otis Skinner was excellent, the Mercutio of Mr. Mark Quinton had much in it to commend, and the Nurse of Mrs. Charles Calvert was played on conventional lines. Mr. Edwin Wilde was a promising Tybalt. The mounting of the piece was handsome.

We omitted to mention in our biography of Miss Sylvia Grey last month, that we were indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Downey for the very excellent photograph of this charming actress.

For the illustrations to "The Bride of Love" we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietor of the *Lady's Pictorial*.

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from May 19, 1890, to June 20, 1890.

(Revivals are marked thus°).

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| May 19 | "A Convict's Wife; or, the Romance of Marriage," comedy-drama in four acts, by W. Sapte, jun., originally produced under the title of "Marah" at the Prince of Wales's <i>matinée</i> , May 31st, 1889 (omitted in "Productions" in June number). Grand, Islington. |
| " 21 | "The Will and the Way," duologue by Justin Huntly McCarthy. <i>Matinée</i> . Avenue. |
| " 21 | "The Bride of Love," poetical play, in four acts, by Robert Buchanan. <i>Matinée</i> . Adelphi. Placed in the evening bill at the Lyric on its re-opening, June 9, 1890. |
| " 21 | "Judah," play, in three acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Shaftesbury. |
| " 22 | "A Riverside Story," original play, in two acts, by Mrs. Bancroft. <i>Matinée</i> . Haymarket. |
| " 22 | "The Up Train," adaptation from the French "En Wagon," by C. P. Colnaghi. <i>Matinée</i> . Haymarket. |
| " 22° | "Gretna Green," comedy opera, in three acts, written by T. Murray Ford, composed by John Storer, Mus. Doc. Opera Comique. |
| " 22 | "Mesmerism," farce, by Carrol Clyde. Opera Comique. |
| " 24 | "Queen's Counsel," three act farce, by James Mortimer. Comedy. |
| " 24* | "The Clockmaker's Hat," comedietta, by T. W. Robertson. Comedy. |
| " 26 | "Adoption," a "new matrimonial mixture," in one act, by Richard Henry. Toole's. |
| " 27 | "The New Wing," original farcical comedy, by H. Arthur Kennedy. <i>Matinée</i> . Strand. |
| " 27 | "A Throw of the Dice," one-act piece, by H. Arthur Kennedy. <i>Matinée</i> . Strand. |
| " 28 | "Wanted a Wife," three-act farcical comedy, by J. H. Darnley (first time in London). <i>Matinée</i> . Terry's. |
| " 29 | "Head or Heart," original operetta, libretto by Arthur Chapman, music by Martyn Van Lennep. <i>Matinée</i> . Comedy. |
| " 29 | "The Dear Departed," comedy operetta, libretto by Walter Parke, music by H. Martyn Van Lennep. <i>Matinée</i> . Comedy. |
| " 30 | "In a Day," poetic drama, in three acts, by Augusta Webster. <i>Matinée</i> . Terry's. |
| June 2 | "La Lutte pour la Vie," drama in five acts and six tableaux, by Alphonse Daudet. French plays, Her Majesty's. |
| " 2° | "The Artful Dodge," farce by the late E. L. Blanchard. <i>Matinée</i> . Drury Lane. |

- June 3 "Eulalie," original serious operetta, in one act, written by "Austin Fryers," composed by Charles J. Lacock. Forester's Hall, Clerkenwell.
- " 5 "A Buried Talent," play, in one act and three tableaux, by Louis N. Parker. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 5 "In Olden Days," a "cavalier incident," in one act, by Agatha and Archibald Hodgson. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 5^a "Picking Up the Pieces," sketch, by Julian Sturgis. *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 5 "Sowing and Reaping," proverb, in two acts (author unannounced). *Matinée*. Criterion.
- " 5 "A Swarry Dansong," written by Rutland Barrington, music by E. Solomon. *Matinée*. Criterion.
- " 6 "The Two Recruits," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Frank Wyatt (for copyright purposes). Royalty.
- " 7 "Nerves," three-act farcical comedy, by J. Comyns Carr, adapted from the French, "Les Femme Nerveuses." Comedy.
- " 9 "Joan; or, the Brigands of Bluegoria," comic opera, by Robert Martin. Music by Ernest Ford. Opera Comique.
- " 9 "Paris Fin de Siècle," five-act play, by Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché. French plays, Her Majesty's.
- " 10^a "Casting the Boomerang," comedy, in four acts, by Augustin Daly. Lyceum.
- " 12 "A People's Hero," drama, in four acts, founded on Ouida's "Tricotrín." *Matinée*. Vaudeville.
- " 14 "The Society Peepshow," by Corney Grain. St. George's Hall.
- " 17^a "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare. Comedy.
- " 17 "Duskie," one-act comedy, by Mrs. G. Thompson and Miss Kate Sinclair. Ladbroke Hall.
- " 17 "Men and Women," one-act comedy, by Frank Lindo. Ladbroke Hall.
- " 19 "An Enemy of the People," Henrik Ibsen's play, read by Mrs. Erving Winlow. Haymarket.
- " 20 "Outwitted," comedietta by Nita Praegèr. Meistersingers' Club.
- In the Provinces from May 12th, 1890, to June 16, 1890.
- May 12 "The Irish Priest," drama, in four acts, by Brandon Ellis. Grand, Glasgow.
- " 23 "A Buried Talent," play, in three scenes, by Louis N. Parker. Royalty, Glasgow.
- " 24 "Bred in the Bone: a Story of Circus Life," play, written by F. Teale Lingham, in a prologue and four acts. *Matinée* (for copyright purposes). Royal, Edmonton.
- " 26 "Flying from Justice," original melodrama, in five acts, by Mark Melford. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.
- " 26 "A Golden Harvest," drama, in four acts, by F. Jarman. New Theatre Royal, Liverpool.
- " 29 "Held in Harness," original comedy drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke. Queen's Theatre, Keighley.
- June 2 "Missing," romantic and semi-musical drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Mark Melford. T.R., Huddersfield.
- " 4 "A Peer of the Realm," romantic drama, in four acts, by Fred W. Broughton (for copyright purposes). T.R., Bolton.
- " 5 "Arianween," opera, in three acts, written and composed by Joseph Parry. T.R., Cardiff.
- " 9 "Music at Home," comedy, by Miss Rose Seaton. Opera House, Chatham.
- " 9 "Mrs. Donnithorne's Rent," comedy, by Miss Rose Seaton. Opera House, Chatham.
- " 9 "Dangers of London" drama in three acts, by F. A. Scudamore. T.R. Cardiff.
- " 12 "Taunton Vale," three-act drama, by Louis N. Parker. T.R., Manchester.
- " 16 "The Forty Thieves down to Date," burlesque by G. V. Keast. Grand Theatre, Stonehouse, Plymouth.

In Paris, from May 13, 1890, to June 18, 1890.

- May 16 "Devant l'Ennemi," five-act play, by Paul Charton. Ambigu.
 „ 17 "Une Famille," four-act comedy, by Henri Lavedan. Français.
 „ 20 "La Revanche du Miri," three-act comedy, by Felix Cohen and
 Grenet-Dancourt. Déjazet.
 „ 24 "Le Hannequin d'Héloïse," four-act vaudeville, by George Duval.
 Folies-Dramatiques.
 „ 27^a "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," five-act play, by Alexander Dumas.
 Porte St. Martin.
 „ 23 "Zaire," two-act opera, libretto by Edouard Blau and Louis Besson,
 composed by Verouge de la Nux. Opéra.
 „ 30 "La Bischoe," comic opera, in three acts, book by Albert Carré,
 composed by André Messager. Opéra Comique.
 June 1^o "Les Provinciales à Paris," four-act comedy vaudeville, by *feu* Emile
 de Najac and Pol Moreau. Palais Royal.
 „ 9 "Le Rêve," ballet, in two acts and three scenes, by Edouard Blau.
 Music by Leon Gastinel. Opéra.
 „ 10 "Cinq Mille Quatre," three-act farcical comedy, by Albert Guinon
 and Ambroise Janvier. Déjazet.
 „ 11 "Tout Feu, Tout Flamme," three-act vaudeville, by Richard
 O'Monroy. Variétés.
 „ 18^a "La Fille de Roland," four act drama in verse, by Henri de Bornier.
 Français.

[Notices of "*Jeanne D'Arc*," the opening of the St. James's Theatre under Mr. Bouchier's management, and several other plays, are unavoidably held over till next issue].



THE THEATRE.



Dramatic Criticism : from a Dramatic Critic's Point of View.

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT ADAMS.



THE subject of dramatic criticism as it is to-day has lately been dealt with by two writers in this Magazine. First in the field was "A. J. D.," who sought to prove that the theatrical censors of this generation are vastly inferior to those who lived in the "palmy days" of the art; that whereas the latter took the theatre seriously, and wrote about it earnestly and carefully, their degenerate successors regard it as a mere laughing place for the languid, and discourse of it either with dulness or with flippancy. In too many cases, we are told, the critics are at once ignorant of all but the most superficial surroundings of the stage, and indifferent as to its welfare. We have no real criticism, says "A. J. D." in effect; we have only mere "notices," which, when they are not commonplace, are either spiteful or over-eulogistic. What we want, it seems, is a combination of the "careful thought" of the past with the "vivid descriptive style" which the modern reader looks for. Mr. Evelyn Ballantyne, who came last month to the assistance of his brethren, was constrained to allow that there are two great blots on the "minor criticism" of our time:—(1) "The appalling dearth of freshness, and originality in style and treatment;" and (2) "the gradual growth of the bastard style of writing termed 'journalese.'" Incidentally, too, he admitted that "the cultured critic is generally too much of an idealist, his enthusiasm for the best interests of the drama tending to a certain want of catholicity of taste."

These, I think, are the chief points in the latest indictment against present-day dramatic criticism. Let us concede, for the sake of argument, that the degeneracy complained of has been proved—that the dramatic critics of the period are not all Hazlitts and Leigh Hunts and Lambs, and that the literary and critical quality of their lucubrations is not always unimpeachable. If this be so, there may be excellent reasons for it. The older critics wrought under circum-

stances very different from those that now obtain. They had, to begin with, much less to do; there were considerably fewer theatres to attend, and therefore considerably fewer performances to "notice." There was time, in those days, to elaborate and polish critical work. Professional censors were not then called upon, as they are now, to be present, many times during the season, at two representations per day, and to deal with those representations in next morning's paper. Their work was at once lighter and more leisurely, smaller in quantity, and much less hurried in production. Moreover, they wrote for a very much smaller, and much more interested, public. They addressed themselves mainly to the community of enthusiastic playgoers—playgoers who might be expected to appreciate and value such care as the critics bestowed upon their judgments. There is such another community in existence at the present time, but it is only one among many sections of the public, and by no means remarkable numerically. The theatre-goers of to-day combine a large variety of classes. There are those who "patronize" the theatre because they love it; would there were more of them! There are those who do so because it diverts and amuses them; those who go to the play because there is nothing else to occupy their time; those who go to it because it is the fashion to go; and so on, and so on. All these sections have to be written for, and the fact has tended to revolutionize the methods of dramatic criticism. There are now almost as many theatrical critics as there are newspapers; and newspapers—their name is legion! Is it at all wonderful if, among so many writers about the stage, there should be occasion for the strictures of "A. J. D." and Mr. Ballantyne?

"A. J. D.," in particular, expects too much. He does not make allowance for the conditions under which dramatic criticism is produced. Mr. Ballantyne is in one respect quite right: the critics must adapt themselves to those for whom they cater. What will suit the serious or cultured will not suit the frivolous or uncultured. The critic of a monthly magazine, or high-class weekly periodical, can do what the critic of the daily paper cannot do. Not only is he addressing an educated and thoughtful *clientèle*: he has more space accorded to him than the daily paper in most instances can spare, and has opportunity, therefore, for a full consideration of his subject. In appraising theatrical comment, these facts should always be kept in mind. The critic labours under certain limitations, and by these limitations he should be judged. He often pens a "notice" rather than a "criticism," because it is only for a "notice" that he has room. Only on specially important occasions will the editor of a "daily" readily grant the space necessary to the writer who desires to do entire justice to his theme. And on such occasions, I venture to say, the first-class journals invariably supply their readers with criticism on which much pains, knowledge, and acumen have been bestowed. Another point to be recollected is that criticism necessarily varies according to the theatre and the class of piece discussed. A different test must be applied to different *locales* and different bills of fare.

Incompetent, I think, would be that journalist who upheld at the homes of farcical comedy the standard of taste which he upheld at the homes of serious drama. There is force in what Mr. Ballantyne says about the "cultured critic:" he is too apt to be narrow and intolerant—to disparage Adelphi melodrama because the æstheticism of the Lyceum is more to his own liking. The Adelphi supplies the article which its patrons ask for; the Lyceum does the same. We may think the one article essentially superior to the other; but we have also to recognise and respect the idiosyncrasies of audiences, who have a right to indulge in their particular predilections.

We have here an explanation of some, at least, of the "dulness" and "commonplace"—the "dearth of freshness and originality"—in modern criticism, of which "A. J. D." and Mr. Ballantyne complain. The critic is very much the slave of his subject-matter. A big revival of Shakespeare, for example, may supply him with pabulum for a columnful of such "freshness and originality" as he may be possessed of; but what is he to do in face of a new melodrama, composed of old characters and situations, or a new farcical comedy, constructed on lines so familiar as to be nauseous? The chances are that both the comedy or the melodrama delight the people for whom they have been concocted; and what is there for the critic to do except to ignore his own weariness, and record the fact of a triumph with which, personally, he has no sympathy at all? After all, the melodrama or the comedy were not put together for him, or for those like him; they were prepared for a certain sort of palate, which they gratify. He might fulminate against them as being trite and jejune, and, in so doing, produce a bright and lively "criticism;" but I should say that he was doing his duty better when he merely accepted them as "popular successes," and sadly went his way. His "notice" might be "commonplace," perhaps, and even "dull," but it would be tolerant of tastes other than his own. Probably the first lesson that a critic has to learn is that of estimating plays according to the *genre* to which they belong and the public to which they appeal. The superfine censor will condemn all melodrama as sheer twaddle; the judicious will say of a melodrama whether it is good or bad of its kind. If it is good, then it has a right to exist, whether it does or does not give enjoyment to the individual critic. Unhappily, the majority of the plays produced nowadays are poor stuff, and that is one powerful and important reason why so little of the criticism of to-day is worth reading for itself. If we were in the presence of a true and living drama, such as that of the Elizabethan era, contemporary censors might be found producing commentaries of which even "A. J. D." could heartily approve.

"A. J. D.," it will be noted, accuses the critics—or certain of them—of ignorance and indifference, of spite and over-eulogy. Well, the *seare* charges which it is difficult to repel, because they are so vague. Critics are human, like their fellows; and now and again, it may be, personal feeling creeps into "notices" from which, obviously,

it ought always to be absent. It is quite possible that criticism frequently is biassed by friendship or the reverse, by personal sympathy or antipathy. For that reason and for others, I should, for my own part, be glad if every theatrical "notice" were signed with the name or the initials of its author. It is purely the expression of individual opinion, and is in no sense editorial. It might, therefore, be signed both with propriety and with advantage. The public would then be able to judge of the qualifications and tendencies of a writer, and would form its conclusions accordingly. The editorial "we" may well be used in reference to political and social matters, in regard to which the paper using it may be said to represent a large body of opinion. But a criticism must necessarily be the *ipse dixit* of one person, and, as such, is not entitled to the weight carried by the aforesaid "we." Moreover, the disuse of that "we," and the adoption of a signature, would exhibit the extent to which, nowadays, criticism is manifolded; one writer, say, recording his opinion in a morning, an evening, and a weekly paper. The public, I think, ought not to be allowed to remain under the impression that, in reading the dramatic criticisms of those three papers, it is getting at the views of three separate authorities. If we all signed our work, no such mistakes could be made. I do not believe, however, that, even as things are, much harm is done either by anonymous detraction or by anonymous "log-rolling." The playgoing class has learned to take dramatic criticism in the lump, and to subject it, moreover, to a weighing and analytic process. The prejudices of the critics become known in time, and the judicious reader makes due allowance for the weaknesses revealed by them.

Then there is the ascription to the press of "ignorance" and "indifference." As regards the first, I am disposed to believe that, in that case also, little practical injury is done either to individuals or to the public. If a critic is incompetent, the fact is sure to be obvious on the face of his pronouncement. His speech will bewray him. There will be something in what he says, or in the mode in which he says it, which will excite suspicion and distrust. The public is a keen-sighted judge, and takes the measure of those who write for it. We have all of us, no doubt, our conception of an ideal dramatic critic. To entire honesty he would add the amplest power of sympathy, and to both of these a full knowledge at least of the history of the stage and of the drama in all countries from the earliest times; a sound acquaintance with all the principal plays, at any rate, produced by the ancients or the modern foreigner; an intimate knowledge of the dramatic literature and stage history of his own country; a long experience as a playgoer, sufficiently long to give him a high standard of appraisement; and, above all, a clear conception, obtained from all this study, of the limits and characteristics of the dramatic and histrionic arts. Assessed on such a basis, who should stand? Assuredly, but few. The remainder would have to confess to but a distant approach to such an ideal. What, indeed, is to be expected? How can

the multitudinous newspaper critics all be monsters of erudition and experience? Complaint is often made of the inadequacy of the theatrical criticism in the minor London journals, and in most of the provincial newspapers. How can the former afford to employ the best available "talent," and how can the latter be supposed to have on their staffs a sufficient number of competent judges to cope with all the performances given simultaneously on the Monday evenings? In some of our great towns there are at least three theatres, each presenting, as a rule, a fresh programme at the beginning of each week; can we be surprised, therefore, if, in the case of one or two of those theatres, the duty of writing the "notice" devolves upon a contributor who falls conspicuously short of the ideal above named?

The last charge of which one need take cognizance is that of "indifference" to the "welfare" of the drama—of not taking the stage seriously, and not writing seriously about it. The accusation strikes me as ungrateful and unfounded. Theatrical performances are treated nowadays with abundant solemnity. There may be some flippant young gentlemen who scoff both at plays and at players, dismissing them with a familiarity which implies contempt. But in general the theatre has a large measure of attention—and of respectful attention—paid to it. Some people think it has an undue share of notice. But that is not the case. It is the chief entertainment of the people, and, as such, is entitled to the most careful consideration. No doubt there are much more important things in the world; but the amusements of a nation are always worth studying and controlling. Now and then the critics are less sympathetic than they might be; it is probably by way of reaction against extreme devotion to the stage and its votaries. There are those who cannot rise to the very lofty level from which the author of "*Judah*," for instance, regards the dramatic art. Incidentally the drama can do great good, by dealing finely with the finest elements of human nature. But there is no reason why it should always aim so high. One regards with enthusiasm plays of fresh motive and literary merit like "*Judah*," but one may be able nevertheless to enjoy all that is clever and bright in a Gaiety burlesque or a comic opera. The author of "*Judah*" seems inclined to bar all things dramatic that do not treat men and manners earnestly. To do that would be to restrict very greatly the sphere of the drama, or to make the stage merely an ally of the pulpit, instead of a means of giving innocent diversion to the jaded and the weary.



“Synariss.”

AN INCIDENT IN THE MARRIAGE-MARKET OF BABYLON.

(*For Recitation.*)

BY HARRIET KENDALL.



'ER Babylonia shone the reddened glow
Of noon's refulgent splendour. Near and far
The drowsy heaviness of sultry heat
Lay like a hush upon the thirsty plains.

'Twas Babylonia's marriage-market-day,
The market-place was thronged with rich and poor,
Eager to buy, and eager to be sold.
Beauty that dreamed of some new happiness
From gilded wealth put on its fairest front,
While even ugliness assumed a leer
Of hideous coquetry, for 'twas disgrace
To be unpurchased; and the accustomed wont
Of sellers was to dowry those less fair
From the high tributes paid for lovely maids.

But there was one of chaste and perfect mould,
Whom all the villagers had grown to call
“The Queen of Babylon.” Imperial grace
Was in her mien; a passionate eloquence
Kindled her dusky eyes. From year to year,
In the rich promise of her sunny youth,
Her father had withheld her jealously,
With greedy hope of some rich purchaser;
And every year expectance had been rife,
For through the neighbouring towns and villages
The fame of her exceeding loveliness
Had spread, and many a youth stored gold and gems
For future claim, and said “She shall be mine!”

But Synariss with queenly scorn laughed at
Those feverish words that reached her ear betimes.
None knew her eyes were dark with a great love,
Which ripened in her heart like summer fruit,
Untold—yet *felt* by one whose passionate gaze
Had spoken all the passionate agony
Of hopeless hope. For what avails poor love
To weigh the scale 'gainst glittering gold and gems?

And when 'twas whispered far through Babylon
That beauteous Synariss would soon be sold,
With eager eyes gloating upon her face,
And counting up each smile as 'twere a thing
For merchandise, thus did her father speak :—

"The time is coming, nay ! has come, when thou
Must realise the price of which I've dreamed,
When thy ripe charms shall startle every eye
To long for thee, till the rich glow of all
Thy queenly beauty shall inflame, make mad
With throbs of fiercest passion every soul !
This time I've waited for—nay ! loathe me not
With those dark eyes—thou can'st not turn me back
From my fixed purpose now. Weep not ! No tears
Of thine can hinder me ! I hated her
Who bore thee, for her soul was false to me,
As false as hell ! Her love was pledged to one
Who was *my foe* ! I killed her for the hate
I bore him who had cursed her life and mine !
I killed her—and I swore to be avenged !

"Hast thou not seen how I have hated thee
Through all the years I've cherished thy fair form,
And treasured up thy queenly loveliness,
That I might one day list with rapture to thy cry
Of mortal anguish. Do not kneel to me !
In the great waste of life 'twere almost mirth
To see a misery as great as mine.
I joy to know thy spotless soul is built
Of such high stature ; joy to feel that thy
Few years of youth shall now grow old in pain.
Silence ! the scornful curve of thy proud lips
Is vain ! I have but lived for this, to wring
From thy pure soul the price of my wronged youth,
And my lost manhood. Go ! all Babylon
Will bring its gold and baubles to thy feet.
Laugh loud, ye Furies, till the price be mine !
Hate needs a heavy purse to pay its debt !"

Forth to the market-place was Synariss led,
With veiled face, and with a brand of shame
Upon her soul. The bright rich glow of youth
Had faded from her brow. Fierce anger burned
In every vein. The buzz and hum around
Smote on her heart with a great sense of wrong.
The market rang with joy ; the purchasers
Shouted aloud, "To-day comes Synariss !
The Queen of Babylon ! Fair Synariss !"
And the walls echoed back, "Fair Synariss !"

The bell rings suddenly ; the crier calls
Each lovely maid—but his loud voice is drowned
By the excited crowd, “Bring Synariss !
Queen Synariss !” And he who loves her well—
Leone, who can bring no gold or gems,
Waits with hushed voice and breathless eagerness
For her approach. “She comes ! Ah, yes ! She comes !”
Stately as Eastern Queen ; of perfect mien.
In form a Juno ! Burning eyes that seem
To scorch the snowy veil that covers her.
The cry goes up, “Unveil, fair Synariss !”
But she ne’er moves. The clamorous crowd pour forth
Their wild appeals. Yet all unheeding still
She stands unmoved before them like a Fate.
An agony of hope that makes him dumb
Beams in Leone’s face. See ! near the form
Of Synariss, in dark, tempestuous wrath,
Her father bends and hisses in her ear,
“Unveil ! or I will kill thee where thou standst !”
An instant more, and all the glittering gems
Of Babylon are raining at her feet.
The scales are heavy with the bullion
From eager hands. An instant more and gems
Priceless are hers ; the richest purchaser
Has seized her in his arms, crying with joy,
“Fair Synariss ! the Queen of Babylon
Is mine ! all mine !” Quick as a flash she flings
Her veil aside. Quick from her raven hair
She wrests a glittering poniard. “Take this !
Thou craven cur !” she cries ; “Take this, and know
Thy gems shall never buy *one* woman’s soul.”
“God !” ’tis her father’s voice. “Heaven, can it be ?
My foe ! my foe ! avenged ! avenged at last !
O, Synariss ! who hast avenged my wrong,
Forgive me ! see ! I kneel now at thy feet.
Thou dost not speak ? Then weep, that thy hot tears
May purge my very soul. Before high heaven
I vow to dedicate my life to thee.
Before these men of Babylon, I swear
No hand shall touch the hand of Synariss
If her own heart be mute. Leone ! speak
To her, she stretches out her hands to *thee*,
She calls to *thee*, Leone ! speak to her !”

Hushed into awe, the multitude
Fell down in that great market-place—and prayed.



The Amateur Club as a Stepping-Stone to the Stage.

BY B. W. FINDON.



HE mere mention of the word "amateur" has, as a rule, much the same effect on the delicate dramatic sensibilities of the old playgoer that the sharpening of a saw has on his teeth. He instantly calls to mind—but not to memory dear—a performance he attended at the pressing request of some particular friend. He has never forgotten it; he never will in this world. His one and only prayer is, that he may in the next. He remembers, as though 'twere yesterday, how he sat in silent sorrow watching the mutilation of a favourite play; heard his pet speeches spoken by the prompter; saw his pet scenes disfigured beyond recognition; and endured, in short, the agonies of "La Tosca" in the torture scene, with this difference, that *he* could raise no despairing, heartrending cry to save the object of *his* love from utter destruction and damnation. And after the curtain fell he congratulated his friend on a good all-round show. It was the last straw, but it had to be done. Everyone does it. The actors expect it of you. They feel hurt if you forget it, and very likely half decide not to ask you to their next performance.

And yet it is this much abused, and oftentimes, I think, wrongly abused personage—the amateur actor—whose cause I am about to advocate. Not that I am blind to his faults. On the contrary, I see them only too plainly, and will deal with them with that frankness, consideration, and care which a candid and faithful friend usually bestows on the object of his friendship and esteem.

The typical amateur, in his more unfavourable aspect, is a gentleman who commonly combines a profound ignorance of stage craft with an intense belief in his own histrionic ability. He despises a *coach*, and ignores the stage manager. He would, like Bottom, undertake to play, without the slightest hesitation, any, or for the matter of that, all the parts in a piece at a moment's notice. He is ready to roar you as terribly as the lion, as gently as a sucking dove, or as sweetly as a nightingale. Most people have seen him in one guise or another; and assuredly he, with his overweening vanity and self-conceit, his incapacity and total ineptitude for dramatic work, deserves neither sympathy nor encouragement. But there are amateurs *and* amateurs. There are those who are painstaking and earnest, who can bear being told of their faults and honestly strive to mend them; who study hard to give an intelligent reading of

their part ; who never shirk rehearsals ; who work well together, and whose end is accomplished if they succeed in giving a satisfactory and well-balanced performance. This class is fairly entitled to the good opinion and support of every true lover of the drama, and of every playgoer.

Why should the amateurs be treated and spoken of with contempt ? If, as it has been said, "imitation is the truest form of flattery," the professional certainly ought not to despise them ; he ought rather to admire them. It may be, however, that the professional actor dislikes flattery ; and it may be, on the other hand, his feelings are of a less lofty nature, and he is jealous of their well-meant and oftentimes creditable efforts. The regular patrons of the drama should not despise them because they are both worshippers at the same shrine, the only difference being that the one has more enthusiasm and tries to put in practice what the other only talks about.

It cannot, I venture to say, be denied that among the amateurs there are to be found men who possess the true dramatic instinct, and who only want practice and experience to prove themselves superior to three-fourths of the modern so-called actors. They have, in many cases, the opportunity of obtaining the necessary practice, and that they do not always make the most of their opportunities is much to be regretted. There is no reason why the amateurs should not be as capable as the professionals. If we turn to some of our national sports we find they excel in them, and if the actor would but give to the study of his favourite pursuit the time, patience, and perseverance which the cricketer, oarsman, or athlete gives to his, we should see an equally favourable result.

Then, again, consider the unfair treatment they so frequently experience at the hands of some of the professional critics, unless they happen to be titled nonentities, with a part in the Guards' Burlesque, in which case all the flowery adjectives in the English language are barely equal to the occasion. The critics, at regular first nights, judging by their notices, seldom or never hear the voice of the prompter, although heard plainly enough by the back row in the gallery, and hitches and waits they submit to with angelic sweetness ; but, let the same thing happen at an amateur performance, and then read their scathing criticisms ! No extenuating circumstances are taken into consideration, although the amateurs' performances are all first nights. In short, their praise is oftentimes as false and insincere towards the one, as their strictures are excessive and severe on the other.

The amateurs, it should not be forgotten, render great service to the stage. Not only are they ardent supporters of it themselves, but they also create a love for it among many who otherwise would probably never see a theatrical performance. There are thousands who, under the cloak of charity, have made their first practical acquaintance with stage plays at some amateur entertainment. They have, somewhat to their surprise, found the devil is not so black as he is

painted, and in time they are led to pay a visit to a high-class theatre, to witness a high-class production—"The Dead Heart," at the Lyceum, for instance! Later on you may find them chuckling over a farcical comedy—adapted from the French. By-and-bye, their tastes become more catholic, and they are tempted to enter the glittering portals of the Gaiety; to gaze with sparkling eyes upon the "sacred lamp of burlesque," to watch, in ecstatic pleasure, the bewitching evolutions of the vestal virgins who so gracefully pirouette upon the altar of that Terpsichorean Temple. Small beginnings have sometimes great ends.

But there is another and more important means by which the amateurs can be of service to both playgoers and play-actors. Mr. Irving has said "that he does not know where the actors of the future are to learn their business; that he is utterly at a loss to know how anyone who desires to become an actor can get the necessary training." These words, coming from such an authority, are surely sufficiently gloomy and depressing; for, to those who take more than a passing interest in the drama, and whose dearest wish it is to see on the stage artists capable of adequately and faithfully representing the creations of our great dramatists, the education and training of our young actors and actresses is a subject of paramount importance.

Perhaps I may be excused if I digress a little, and, leaving the amateurs, dwell for a few moments upon a state of affairs which so dismays and disheartens our leading tragedian; and after a brief and, I trust, discriminating description of the disease, I will state what I consider to be a practical remedy.

The actor of to-day starts his professional career under conditions totally different to the actor of a generation ago, and naturally we ask ourselves whether these altered conditions are favourable or otherwise. The answer must, without doubt, be in the negative. One has only to see our modern young man actor in a classical play to be convinced of the truth of this assertion. True, we have some good—I may even say great—actors and actresses; but how many rungs down the artistic ladder have we to descend ere we reach the level of what may be called our second rank. The explanation of this is neither difficult nor far to seek. Those who now are at the head of their profession have won their position by dint of hard work, incessant study, years of patient toil, and in the face of difficulties and trials, the bare suggestion of which would be sufficient to dishearten and dismay the majority of the ladies and gentlemen who now honour the public by occasionally appearing before them, and who rank luxurious clubs and fashionable "at homes" among the necessities of life.

As a member of one of the old stock companies, the young aspirant for histrionic honours had to adapt himself to every conceivable class of character. He had, comparatively speaking, little or no spare time, for there was always a rehearsal to attend, or a new part to study, and, in short, to use a sporting phrase, he was "always

in training." But how does our modern young man actor pass his time? He rises late; saunters down to his club, and devotes the most precious moments of his life to the consumption of mild cigarettes and seltzers and whiskies. He sneers at the ideal, and scoffs at honest toil. Lazy and listless, aimless and purposeless, he is tossed from wave to wave on the ocean of life like a water-logged vessel in mid-Atlantic, and, like the useless derelict, the sooner he sinks to the bottom the better for the stage and all connected with it.

To a young actor desirous of attaining proficiency in his art the *matinée* system offers golden opportunities; but it does not appear to strike him that it may be made a valuable means of education. Should he have a *matinée* engagement, he pockets his fee with an assumed air of indifference, and plays his part with an indifference that is not assumed. It has, to him, no artistic value whatever, for unfortunately he lacks the true artistic spirit. The painter, musician, and singer spend years in endeavouring to acquire a perfect knowledge of *their* art ere *they* venture to appear in public; but our young actor prefers to learn *his* at the playgoers' expense, and like an ignorant and unskilful dentist, he tortures and maddens his helpless victims.

That these assertions are founded on fact is proved by the doleful utterances we occasionally hear from a few of the more earnest among them. There are those who clamour for a State-aided school; there are others who say we must revert to the stock company system. But one would as surely fail in an artistic sense as the other would in a commercial. Provincial stock companies are things of the past, and cannot be revived. A State-aided school would quickly become fossilized, and produce nothing but dramatic dummies. Whatever is done must be done by the actors themselves, and it must be both self-contained and self-supporting. A step in the right direction was taken a few years ago when the Dramatic Students' Society was formed; but that collapsed through sheer inanition and bad management.

What, then, can be suggested that shall not only take the place of the old provincial training and remedy the evils of long runs, but shall also combine efficiency with independence. For our answer we need not look far. The means lie ready to hand only awaiting development. The future School of Dramatic Art is the amateur dramatic club. Possibly the young gentleman who has been six months in the profession will smile with disdain at the bare suggestion of associating with amateurs; but if he will, for a few moments, put aside his pride and superciliousness; substitute for it a little common sense; thoughtfully consider the following brief suggestions, he may probably come to the conclusion that the scheme—the outlines of which I will now give—is neither utterly ridiculous nor altogether beneath his notice:—

(1) The formation of a Grand Central Club, to which all amateur clubs shall have the right to be affiliated on payment of an annual subscription.

(2) A council to be elected annually, to which each amateur club in union with the Central Club shall send a duly appointed delegate.

(3) Managers of London theatres to be *ex-officio* members of the council.

(4) Representatives from the council to attend performances of affiliated clubs to judge of the talents and qualifications of their members and to report thereon.

(5) The formation of elocutionary, fencing and other classes under competent instructors.

(6) Four performances to be given annually at a West-end theatre, under the direction of an experienced stage manager.

The scheme, however, to succeed, must be initiated by professionals. It is for them to seek the co-operation of the amateurs. They need not fear the result. The leading clubs would, without doubt, give a generous and hearty response to their invitation, and the problem of how we shall train our actors of the future would soon receive a practical solution. The many advantages of such a club must be obvious to all. Anyone desirous of entering the profession would, in the first place, become a member of an amateur club; then, if he has talent, he will, in time, attract the attention of the central council; this will be followed by an invitation to appear in one of the big shows, which, in its turn, will in all probability lead to an engagement by a manager who has witnessed his efforts. If, on the contrary, the would-be actor has no qualifications for the stage, he would never get beyond the amateur ranks; the profession would be spared an incompetent member, and he, probably, a life of disappointment and despair. Thus the wheat would be separated from the chaff.

Again, in these days of long runs, the Club would offer to an actor engaged in some small part in a successful piece, opportunities for showing he was worthy of something better, of something worth the doing; and it would also counteract, in a measure, the deadening mental effect which a long run, like six months on the treadmill, must inevitably produce. Among the amateurs he would find men who devote themselves to the drama simply because they love it. Their enthusiasm and zeal would excite and stimulate his ambition, arouse his energies, and inspire him with a determination to excel and surpass his non-professional associates, and by this friendly rivalry, not only the actor, but also the public and the drama would benefit considerably.

But the club must, above all things, have the active support of the theatrical manager. It must be clearly and distinctly understood that he will regard it as his recruiting ground, and that it shall be to the stage what our great military schools are to the army. Immediately the young aspirant for histrionic honours realises this, and that it is a safe, sure, and inexpensive means of attaining the object of his ambition, he will eagerly avail himself of the advantages it offers. We shall then hear no more of State-aided schools, for a sound, healthy, and independent system will exist, whereby the actor of the future can be trained and educated; a system which will enable him to honourably enter a noble profession, instead of creeping in by stealth at the back door.



“My Luggage.”

BY HARRIETT JAY.

Author of “The Queen of Connaught,” &c., &c.



TWO minutes later and I should have missed the train. Indeed, as it was, it would most certainly have steamed off without me if I had not been particularly nimble upon my feet, for even as I was taking my ticket I heard the guard blowing his whistle; I rushed out on to the platform, clinging on to the man who had possession of my luggage, and imagining in some vague sort of way that my appearance would cause the train to wait. Whether or not it had that effect I do not know; I was only conscious of being seized and hurried along the platform, of being thrust into a carriage, and of having my luggage thrust in after me, of hearing the door shut with a bang, and of listening again to the shrill whistle of the guard as the train began to glide slowly out of the station.

For a minute or so I sat perfectly still upon the seat on which I had fallen, utterly unable to speak or look or move; the window near which I sat was open, a refreshing breeze blew upon my face, and by degrees it revived me. The loud thumping of my heart ceased, the spinning and whirling which had been going on in my head passed away, and I looked around me to ascertain if I was alone.

I was not alone. My sole companion, a gentleman, sat in a remote corner of the carriage, his legs stretched out and crossed, his head and face completely hidden by a newspaper, in which he was apparently so engrossed as to be quite unaware of my existence. My gaze rested upon him for a moment only, then it wandered to my luggage, which had been thrust so uncereemoniously into the carriage after me, as the train had steamed away. There it was, scattered about everywhere, on the seats, and on the floor; rugs and umbrellas, travelling bags, and even a moderately-sized portmanteau, which, in the ordinary course of things, would have been placed in the luggage van, but which, in answer to my cry, the dazed porter had shot into the compartment with the rest. It was certainly a goodly array, and it seemed to be incommoding my fellow passenger, who now shrank into a corner and put his feet on the opposite seat in order to avoid treading on it, so I commenced at once to move some of it out of his way. This I did very quietly in order to avoid disturbing him, but my caution was quite unnecessary, for during the whole of the time that I was so occupied, he never once moved, nor did he show

his face. When I had finished I settled myself in a corner as remote from him as possible, and took from my bag a novel, which I began to read. I was to descend at the next station, but as an hour must elapse before that next station could be reached, I arranged myself comfortably. I wrapped a great skin rug about my feet, and, resting my head comfortably on the cushions of the carriage, prepared to enjoy my book.

I had been reading for some little time when suddenly something compelled me to look up, and I turned my eyes to the place occupied by my companion. He had dropped his paper, and was now steadfastly regarding me. He was a middle-aged man, and tolerably handsome. He was tall, square-shouldered, broad-chested, with powerful arms and legs; his eyes were dark, his skin an olive brown, and his hair iron grey.

We regarded each other for a minute or so in silence, then, seeing that he made no attempt to speak, I looked at my portmanteau, which was lying on its side quite near to his feet, and remarked that I hoped it did not incommode him.

"Not in the least," he replied, never once taking his eyes from my face.

His steady and fixed gaze abashed me. I moved uneasily on my seat, turned half round, and instead of returning to the perusal of my book, I looked out of the carriage window, letting my eyes wander carelessly over the fields, hedges, and ditches, which seemed to be shooting rapidly past, but all the time I felt that the eyes of my companion were fixed upon me.

At last they forced me to turn round and look at him again. This time it was he who spoke.

"You nearly missed the train," he said. I assented, and was turning again towards the window, when he continued:

"Tell me, how did it happen?"

"How did what happen?" I asked, facing him again.

"How did this happen?" he said. "Why didn't you start in time?"

"I *did* start in time," I replied, "but our cab collided with a van and was disabled; we were compelled to get another. All this took up some time, and nearly caused us to miss the train."

"Us?" queried my mysterious companion. "You are alone!"

"I hope not," I replied. "My maid was with me on the platform, and I trust she is in the train somewhere; but really it was such a scramble to get in that I should not be the least surprised if——"

I stopped very suddenly, for my companion had evidently had enough of my explanation, and had returned, without the slightest ceremony, to the study of his paper. "An ill-bred boor," I remarked inwardly. "I will not open my lips to him again."

For some time there was silence. I read until my eyes ached, then I looked at the landscape, then I rested my head on the cushions and closed my eyes. I was fast falling into a slight dose when I was rudely awakened.

The train, the speed of which had been momentarily increasing,

was going along at express pace, and the carriage in which I sat rocked like a ship at sea. My companion, who had deserted his corner, was busily employed in examining my luggage, in scrutinizing my portmanteau, and feeling the weight of my various bags, a proceeding which astonished me not a little. Utterly at a loss what to say, I sat and silently watched his movements.

Presently he turned to me.

"Do you notice how the carriage is rocking?" he said, raising his voice so as to make himself heard, and holding on to the rack in order to prevent himself from being unceremoniously shot into my lap.

I replied that I did notice it, but that it was easily accounted for, as we were travelling at a great speed.

"It's not that at all," he replied. "It's the impedimenta."

"The impedimenta?"

"Yes, your luggage!" he replied in a still shriller tone. "There is too much of it; the carriage is over-weighted, and will very likely run off the line!"

I looked at my companion more carefully now, to discover, if possible, whether he was given to practical joking. The expression of his face was perfectly serious, but I observed now for the first time that there was an odd look in his eyes. What was it? I had never seen a look like it in any eyes before. I was still looking at him, still wondering in what spirit I should reply to his curious remark, when he spoke again.

"The luggage is *much* too heavy," he said in an injured tone. "It will cause an accident."

This was going a little too far.

"Excuse me, sir," I said stiffly, "but I think you are talking nonsense."

With this I turned away again as if to close the conversation, but my companion was not to be so easily put down. Finding that talking was of no avail, he resorted to action. He let down the window nearest to him, lifted my dressing bag from the rack, and deliberately threw it out on to the line.

This proceeding so astonished me that for a moment I could neither move nor speak. Then I saw him make for my Gladstone bag. In a moment I was up, and had laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"What are you doing?" I cried.

But in a moment, and without a word, he had shaken me off, and had seized my luckless bag. I flew to the window and shut it, then, placing my back against the door of the carriage, I faced him, and angrily repeated my question.

"What am I doing?" replied he in a perfectly unruffled tone. "I am going to throw out this bag."

"You are going to do nothing of the kind," I replied, hotly. "I object to having my property disposed of in this way. If your motive is to rob me, all I can say is that you go about your work in

a very clumsy fashion. Put down my bag, if you please, or I will pull the check string, have the train stopped, and give you into the custody of the guard."

"O, you will, will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will. I suppose you think, since we are alone, I am defenceless and bound to submit to any indignity you may put upon me, but let me tell you, sir, that though I am only a woman, I can defend myself!"

I spoke very bravely, but I was gradually growing hysterical; indeed, at the moment, I would gladly have given the half of all my worldly possessions to have found myself standing in safety on mother earth. I still stood blocking the window, and I kept my eyes fixed upon my companion, expecting to see him produce some deadly weapon. All he did, however, was to stand grasping my bag, and request me, in the most polite manner possible, to move aside in order that he might have the pleasure of casting it out.

This I refused to do, whereupon he calmly walked to the opposite window and let it down. Before he could cast out the bag, however, I had seized his arm.

"Are you intoxicated," I cried, "or mad?"

Scarcely had the words passed my lips when the bag was cast upon the floor of the carriage, and I felt the grip of a tiger upon both my arms. The face of the man, which was now close to mine, had suddenly become livid; the eyes, which had grown wild and bloodshot, glared into mine as he hissed at me.

"Mad? Yes, they all say I'm mad, and now you echo it. They have tried to kill me, and now you are trying to kill me by overloading the carriage. But I will cast all the things out; nothing shall remain, for I don't mean to be sacrificed."

So saying he released me, and seizing up my bag, cast it out upon the line without my being able to put out a hand to save it.

I don't think I am a coward, but the situation was one calculated to appal a braver woman than me. For a moment I felt as if my senses were deserting me, then by an effort I pulled myself together and set about thinking what I must do. I was afraid to look at my watch, but I calculated that it would be fully half-an-hour before my destination was reached. Should I pull the check string and stop the train? No; that was now an impossibility. My companion, having recovered his composure, had quietly returned to his corner, but I could see that he was watching me as a cat watches a mouse, and any attempt on my part to summon assistance, would, I felt sure, be dangerous. The only course open to me was to exhibit a composure equal to that of my companion, to fall in with his eccentricities, in fact, to ward off any further paroxysms of madness until our destination should be reached.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I quietly sat down to await the course of events. The train having slackened its speed, was now running along smoothly enough. My companion, who had now the appearance of being the most amiable, the most sane of men, had

re-settled himself in his corner, returned to his paper, and was deeply engrossed in the news.

I opened my book again, but not one word could I read, for my eyes, instead of remaining fixed upon the letterpress, wandered restlessly over the landscape ; then I took cursory glances at my companion's face. I found myself counting the minutes as they dragged wearily along, looking despairingly at the stations as we shot rapidly through them, and praying devoutly that my destination might soon be reached.

Had the train continued, as it then was, to go along smoothly and evenly, I doubt not but I should have reached my destination without further unpleasantness, for now that the rocking of the carriage had ceased, the mind of my companion seemed to be quite at rest. Unfortunately, however, we shot rapidly round a curve, the carriage was violently shaken, my companion dropped his paper, I dropped my book, and we stared at each other. This time he said nothing.

(To be continued.)



Annals of the Bath Stage.

BY WALTER CALVERT.

PART III.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—1700-1750.

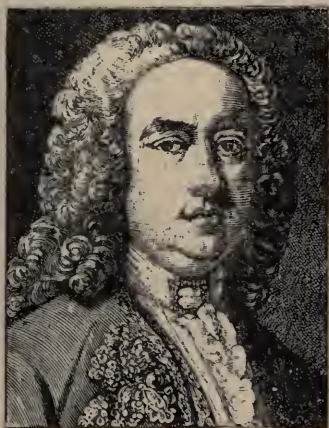


IN the opening of this century, Bath could not boast of any place of amusement, not even a ball-room. The Duke of Beaufort, however, became the patron of the city, and was looked upon as the first Master of the Ceremonies, in collecting the company together in a temporary booth on the Bowling Green, and on special occasions in the Town Hall. His Grace introduced a Captain Webster to preside over the assemblies ; but gaming became so much the rage among all ranks that it took the lead over every other species of amusement. Public attention was, no doubt, called to the city by the production of a play at Drury Lane in 1701, entitled, "The Bath ; or, The Western

Lass," written by D'Urfrey. The comedy itself was of no value. It justified Dryden's remark to a friend some years before, who had said, "Mr. D'Urfrey cannot write a worse piece." "If you knew my friend Tom as I do, you would know that he'll write many a worse piece." The first scene of the play is said to be in the King's Bath—that is, in a room adjoining to the Bath. The Sergeant of the Bath complains to Col. Hairbrain. The Colonel replies, "His bathing naked is very nauseous, 'tis true, but then he has guides for his example." To explain this, John Wood, the elder, tells us that at that period there were "sergeants to preside over the bath, who bear the rank of gentlemen," cloth-women, and bath guides, the rewards being honorary. The former attended and assisted the bathers; the latter supplying linen and accompanying them into the hot waters.

BEAU NASH.

According to the play-bills of Old Drury, we find in the season of 1703, as Queen Anne was at Bath, the company of that theatre performing in the western city until October. Her Majesty's sojourn naturally drew with it an influx of those persons who cannot exist without the excitement of the metropolis, and it is from this point the celebrity of *fashionable* Bath takes its start. At this juncture, the afterwards celebrated Richard Nash first visited the city, and was appointed successor to Captain Webster (who was killed in a duel in 1701) as M.C., an office for which he was admirably qualified by an elegant taste and uncommon vivacity.*



BEAU NASH.

From a painting by T. Hudson, 1740.

* Douglas Jerrold, in his three-act comedy entitled "Beau Nash" (produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1834) graphically describes the old Beau's character in the following dialogue, taken from the opening scene of the first act:—

WILTON: Is King Nash really the magnifico that rumour trumpets him?

DERBY: He is in Bath the despot of the mode; the Nero of the realm of skirts; the Tiberius of a silk stocking.

WIL.: And what may be his kingship's origin and history?

DER.: 'Tis said his father was a blower of glass; and they who best know Nash see in the son confirmation of the legend. 'Tis certain our monarch started in life in a red coat; changed it for a templar's suit of black; played and elbowed his way up the backstairs of fashion; came to our city—championed the virtue of the wells against the malice of a physician; drove the doctor from his post; founded the pump-room and assembly-house; mounted the throne of etiquette; put on her crown of peacock-plumes; and here he sits, Richard Nash, by the grace of impudence, King of Bath!

WIL.: And what is the creature's character?

DER.: 'Tis made up of equal patches of black and white; a moral chess-board; the moves once known, readily played upon.

THE FIRST BATH THEATRE.

The heroes of the Sock and Buskin soon became a permanent body, and performed in a playhouse which was built in 1705 on the site now occupied by the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, at the corner of Parsonage Lane. It was erected by a Mr. George Trim at a cost of £1,300, which sum, Wood tells us, was subscribed by persons of the highest rank, who permitted their coats of arms to be engraven on the inside of the house as a public testimony of their liberality towards it. Mainwaring, in his "Annals of Bath," tells us that this playhouse (*sic* 1730) was "the property of Widow Poore, and under the management of Hornby, a comedian. But as gaming was the prevailing rage at the time, the theatre met with very indifferent encouragement, and the performers were hardly able to support themselves. Lady Hawley afterwards became the purchaser of the property, but that did not mend the condition of the actors. The theatre was under her ladyship's ball-room, and the seats were placed one above the other, until they reached within four feet of the ceiling; there was only *one box*, placed above the door, which held four persons, and the price of admittance was half-a-crown to every part of the house. *Thirty pounds* was the receipt of the fullest house, and her ladyship was entitled to a third share of the profits, and one-fourth for the use of the scenes and dresses. The standing expense was £2 10s. per night, which included music, attendants, bills, and *tallow candles*; the *remainder* was divided among *twelve* performers." Under these circumstances it is not surprising that there is but little to record with regard to the plays presented on these boards, or the actors that represented the various characters in them. There are but few chronicles of the companies that visited Bath at this period. His Grace the Duke of Grafton's servants were acting in a play entitled, "Love at a Venture," in 1706, at "the new Theatre, Bath," and in the same year Steele's friend, Dick Escourt, of Beefsteak Club fame, was performing at this house. Every evening he entertained the audience with a variety of little catches and flights of humour that pleased all but his critics. When he impersonated his original character of Sergeant Kite in the "Recruiting Officer" at the above theatre, 16th September, the news of the victory gained by the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene reached Bath the same day, so he added to his song in the second act:—

"The noble Captain Prince Eugene
Has beaten French, Orleans, and Marsin,
And march'd up and relieved Turin
Over the hills and far away."

It is recorded that several persons of quality were present on this occasion. It was at this theatre that Garrick's first manager, Henry Giffard, made his first appearance in public in 1719, and here also that William Mynitt, according to Chetwood, "was solicited to add a promising member to the company of Bath, where there is a regular theatre and an audience as difficult to be pleased as that in London,

being generally persons of the highest rank that frequent those diversions in the capital."

The city, however, did not rely solely on the drama and gaming for its amusement, as Addison describes in an entertaining contribution to the *Spectator* (No. 179, Sept. 25th, 1711), a whistling match, which he, no doubt, witnessed when visiting his friend Tickell, in 1708, during the latter's residence in Bath.

"BATH UNMASKED" AND OTHER PLAYS.

In the spring season of 1725 the comedy of "Bath Unmasked" was produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It described Bath as made up of very unprincipled people, with a good lord to about a score of knaves and hussies. John Hippisley, who originated the character of Sir Captious Whiffle, took a conspicuous part in the Bath drama in after years. This play was the first, and not lucky essay of miserable Gabriel Odingsell, who, nine years later, in a fit of madness, hanged himself in his house at Westminster.

The same year Defoe visited Bath, and makes the following reference to the theatre in his "Tour Through Great Britain":—"In the afternoon there is generally a play—though the decorations are mean, and the performance accordingly—but it answers, for the company (presumably the audience) here make the play to say no more." A few years later, however, saw a change. Under Nash's influence the attractions of the city increased, and the drama, playing a secondary part to gambling, which took the foremost place in the amusement of Bath, soon began to bud.

In the spring season of 1728 Gay produced his most successful Beggar's Opera at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and it was received with greater applause than was ever known. This play, written in ridicule of the Italian Opera, was first offered to Cibber at Drury Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to John Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of making Gay rich and Rich gay. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread to all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty. Gay visited Bath in 1721.

At the time of its production in the former city, William Congreve was sojourning there for the benefit of the waters. He was much afflicted with gout, and in making a tour to Bath was unfortunately overturned in his chariot, by which it is supposed he sustained some inward bruise, which ultimately caused his death. §

THE SECOND BATH PLAYHOUSE.

The Act of Parliament inhibiting unlicensed playhouses was passed in the year 1737, and the Bath Theatre was closed and

§ In 1713 Gay brought a comedy, called "The Wife of Bath," upon the stage, but it received no applause. He printed it, however, and seventeen years after, having altered it, and, as he thought, adapted it more to the public taste, he offered it again to the town; but although he was flushed with the success of the Beggar's Opera, had the mortification to see it again rejected.—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

demolished and gave place to the Mineral Water Hospital, the building of which was commenced in 1738. Dramatic representations were transferred to a large apartment, fitted up for the purpose, under the Lower Assembly Rooms on the Terrace Walk (where the Literary and Scientific Institution now stands), and were conducted by one Mr. Simpson. Here Beau Nash presided, and the eccentric Mrs. Charke, disguised as a man and known as Mr. Brown, acted, according to her biography,† for some time as prompter. Performances were also given in a theatre in Kingsmead Street, which, in the playbills of that time, was termed "The New Theatre." As a matter of fact, it was nothing more than a room about twenty-five feet wide and fifty feet long, with a gallery at the end, opposite the stage. It was probably built about the year 1723. Notwithstanding the stricture of the law, the former of these houses, patronised by the poet Pope, continued unmolested for ten years after that period, though it had not received the sanction of the legislature.

QUIN'S RETIREMENT.

About this time James Quin was the greatest actor on the London stage, and continued to be so until David Garrick burst upon the town. Then began the battle between the old school and the new which ultimately terminated in the defeat of the former. But the old actor came well out of the fray, for in one year Rich paid him £1,000, the largest sum which had, until then, ever been given to any performer. The theatres at Bath could not have been in a very flourishing condition during the excitement in town, for we read of performances being held at the public inns in opposition to them. However, at the end of the year 1748 Quin took umbrage at Rich's behaviour, and retired in a fit of spleen and resentment to Bath, in disgust at Garrick's success, notwithstanding his being under engagements to that manager. Though Rich ought to have known that Quin never put up with any insult, and though he too late repented of what he had done, yet he thought by treating him with silent contempt, to make him submit to his own terms. On the other hand, Quin, whose generous heart began now to relent, having used his old acquaintance so cavalierly, resolved to sacrifice his resentment to his friendship, and wrote early the next season, hoping for a recall, a laconic epistle to Rich in these words—

"I am at Bath.—QUIN."

Rich thought this by no means a sufficient apology for his behaviour, and returned an answer, in almost as laconic though not quite so civil a manner—

"Stay there and be damned.—RICH."

This reply was the cause of Quin quitting the stage, for as he and Garrick did not agree well together whilst they continued rival actors, he could not brook submitting to his competitor in dramatic

† See "Queen of Trumps" (with portrait), *THE THEATRE*, July and August, 1880.

fame ; and as he now took a firm resolution of never engaging again with so insolent a blockhead, as he styled Rich for this answer, there was no theatrical door open for him, without he had turned opera singer.

Having thus been vanquished after arriving at the summit of his profession, he prudently retired from the stage, and settled at Bath,|| remarking that he did not know a better place for an old cock to



M^r. QUIN.

roost in. Here, if he did not add to his reputation as an actor, he avoided diminishing it as such, and never sullied it as a man. Being

|| Quin occasionally went to London to perform at special benefits. We find him playing the part of Othello at Covent Garden Theatre in 1749 for the benefit of the unhappy sufferers by the fire in Cornhill, which happened on the 26th March, 1748 ; but his last appearance as a regular actor was on the 20th of May, 1751, as Horatio in "The Fair Penitent." From his retirement to 1753 he annually went to town to play Sir John Falstaff, for the benefit of his old friend and companion, Lacy Ryan. On the last occasion the gentry and nobility of Bath gave him one hundred guineas, and desired him to send them down tickets to that amount. In the succeeding year (1754) Ryan again requested him to repeat the performance. The veteran actor, having lost two of his front teeth, was compelled to decline the task, and wrote the following comic epistle upon the occasion :—"My dear Friend,—There is no person on earth whom I would sooner serve than Ryan ; but, by God, I will whistle Falstaff for no man. I have willed you a thousand pounds. If you want money you may have it at once and save my executors trouble.—JAMES QUIN."

ironically complimented by a nobleman upon his happy retreat, Quin replied, "Look ye, my lord, perhaps 'tis a sinecure your lordship would not accept of, but I can assure you I gave up £1,400 a year for it."

When he first settled in Bath he was charged exorbitantly for everything, and at the end of the week complained to Beau Nash, who had invited him thither as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon-vivant*. Beau Nash replied, "They have acted by you on truly christian principles." "How so?" said Quin. "Why," resumed Nash, "you were a stranger, and they took you in." "Aye," rejoined Quin, "but they have fleeced me instead of clothing me."

It is alleged that, as Nash grew old, Quin wrote a letter to a certain nobleman in which he expressed a wish to supplant the old Beau as M.C., a subject to which the author of Blaydon's "Life of Quin" devotes a whole chapter.

(To be continued.)



Our Play=Box.

"ART AND LOVE."

Comedy, in one act, by A. W. DUBOURG.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, June 24th, 1890.

Harry	MR. SIDNEY H. BASING.	Mr. Jackson.. .. .	MR. ARTHUR STIRLING.
Lucy	Miss WALLIS.	Servant	MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY.

The exception almost proves the rule that once a woman has tasted of the fruits or even the bitters of the stage, though circumstances may compel her to leave it, she always looks back upon her desertion of the mimic art with regret, and finds it difficult to settle down in the new life she has chosen; even marriage makes no difference in this. This is the theme Mr. Dubourg has chosen in "Art and Love," which he calls "a sketch of artist life," and for which he takes as a motto a line written by Pauline Viardot, *Je suis femme, et je suis artiste*. Lucy appears much attached to her husband, a man in comfortable circumstances, her only unhappiness being that her former calling as an actress is a tabooed subject with him and his family, and that she must not recognize any of her old friends who were kind to her when she was a struggling girl. Among these is Mr. Jackson, an old actor, who by his care and teaching made of her a talented artist. Meeting her by accident, the old man promptly upbraids her with her coldness and neglect; she explains away her apparent ingratitude. A sudden

reverse of fortune comes to her husband, and she is able by the exercise of her talent, not only to support him, but his parents, who had scarcely forgiven their son's union with a "mummer." Mr. Dubourg treated us to some of those high-flown sentiments and grandiloquent words which are more frequently heard on the stage than off, but Miss Wallis made them almost acceptable by the womanly charm she threw into them. Mr. Arthur Stirling was fitly a comedian of the old school, and Mr. Herbert-Basing did a good deal with a thankless part. Miss Wallis received an enthusiastic call. On the same afternoon was produced for the first time

"PUNCHINELLO."

A new one act play, by DR. DABBS.

Oliver Retherdon ..	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Roly Reverle	Mr. WEBSTER.
Lord Reverle	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Nina	Miss ROBINS.

In vigorous and smoothly flowing blank verse Dr. Dabbs has told a plaintive story. A fair girl, a poor columbine, gives her heart to a young gallant of the court of Charles II, only to find that he meant to dishonour her. Nina is consumptive, and she sinks under the discovery, dying in the arms of Oliver Retherton, a clown, who has secretly loved and watched over her, and done his best to guard her from all temptation. Miss Robins played most sympathetically as Nina; she appeared so pure and trusting a woman, and gently faded away when her heart was broken. Mr. Vernon, too, was excellent in the character of a man of high degree, who has donned the motley to escape political persecution. Mr. Bassett Roe was earnest and spoke his lines admirably, and Mr. Webster's serenade showed him possessed of much taste and feeling in singing. Dr. Dabbs's play was thoroughly appreciated.

"NANCY AND COMPANY."

Comedy, in four acts (based upon a German piece), by AUGUSTIN DALY.
 Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Tuesday, June 24th, 1890.

Mr Ebenezer Griffing ..	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Julius	Mr. WILL SAMPSON.
Kiefe O'Kiefe	Mr. JOHN DREW.	Mrs. Huldah Dangery ..	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Capt. Paul Rensseler, ..	Mr. EUGENE ORMOND.	Oriana	Miss EDITH CRANE.
U.S.A.		Daisy Griffing	Miss ISABEL IRVING.
Young Mr. Sikes	Mr. FREDERICK BOND.	Betsy	Miss KUTTY CHEATHAM.
Stockslo		Nancy Brasher	Miss ADA REHAN.
Tipple Brasher	Mr. BURR MACKINTOSH.		

Mr. Daly's version of Julius Rosen's "Halbe Dichter" was first seen in London at the Strand, July 7, 1886. It was then, as now, not considered one of the best pieces in this talented company's *répertoire*. For all that, thanks to the way in which they play into each other's hands, and the clever drawing of at least two of the characters, the skit, though thin, is very amusing. Ebenezer Griffing is an old gentleman, who, though very partial to a pretty face (as exemplified by his accepting photographs of the "new girl" Betsy, the fascinating help in his household, brilliantly played by Miss Cheatham), poses as a strict moralist. He is watching over the doings of Kiefe O'Kiefe to see whether he is worthy to mate with Oriana. Judge of old Griffing's confirmation of his own dogma that "no men reform" when O'Kiefe is carried off by Nancy Brasher to her hotel, where she has given herself out as Mrs. O'Kiefe. The fact is she has written a play, and O'Kiefe has collaborated with her, and she is seized with a desire to be present at its first performance. Naturally she should go under the protection of her good-natured

husband Tippy (very naturally played by Mr. Burr Mackintosh), but she has told him nothing of her writing and insists that O'Kiefe shall keep the secret until after the opening representation, when, if a success, he may tell all. Complications of every sort arise, which are cleared away by the fortunate reception of the joint work. Miss Ada Rehan, who had been the life and soul throughout, when the announcement came gave us one of those exquisite touches that so mark her capabilities. The success assured, it flashes upon Nancy how badly she has behaved to her devoted, honest, and blundering husband, and the agony she must have caused his loving heart when he thought she had run away from him, and her burst of grief and self-condemnation was so heartfelt as to deeply touch her audience. Mr. James Lewis, Mr. John Drew, and Mrs. Gilbert were excellent in their original parts. Mr. Frederick Bond was very amusing as the "dude." Stockslow, with an inane chuckle. Two new recruits (at least as far as their appearance in London is concerned) were Miss Edith Crane and Miss Isabel Irving, both very pretty and engaging actresses. "Nancy and Co." had a fortnight's run out of the short period the Daly Company is to be with us.

"YOUR WIFE."

Farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French by JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.
First produced at the St. James's Theatre, Thursday, June 26th, 1890.

Jack Daryl	Mr. A. BOURCHIER.	Amy	Miss EDITH CHESTER.
Tom Verity	Mr. ERNEST LAWFORD.	Lucy	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Appleton Crabbe.. ..	Mr. EVERILL.	Josephine	Miss A. DAIROLLES.
Arminius Pappenberg	Mr. H. DE LANGE.		

If not the actual play of "Prête Moi tu Femme," by Maurice Desvallieres, the idea has been often used for production in English, sometimes for better sometimes for worse. Mr. Justin McCarthy was only able to accomplish the latter, for he exhausted himself in the first act, and gave us nothing fresh or particularly enlivening in the last two. We have only the old story of a scapegrace, Jack Daryl, who, in order that he may obtain the necessary supplies from a suspicious uncle, Appleton Crabbe, passes himself off, by letter, as a husband and father. Uncle Crabbe, unexpectedly returning from Africa with the reputation of an explorer (cheaply earned, by-the-way, for he is a bit of a humbug), insists on seeing Mrs. Daryl and her offspring. In his dilemma, Jack borrows Amy, the wife of his friend Tom Verity, who, rather simple and very good-natured, lends himself to the deception until his sluggish temperament is roused to jealousy by the attentions which, as every married man should do, Jack pays to Amy. Jack, being really but secretly engaged to Lucy, Crabbe's daughter, the old gentleman is much scandalised by noticing that their heads are often a great deal too close together. Josephine, Mrs. Verity's *bonne*, who has charge of the supposititious baby, finds in Arminius Pappenberg (Mr. H. de Lange) a former lover, who had deserted her, and who is also supposed to be a second Stanley, equally without foundation. These two did all that was possible to redeem the shortcomings of the play itself, and were very successful. Mr. Arthur Bouchier will improve, no doubt, but to my mind he did not shine in what may be called a "Wyndham" part. Miss Chester and Miss Irish were neither of them light enough. Mr. Everill was thoroughly amusing, and Mr. Ernest Lawford was not only droll, but humorous; a little more experience,

and he will do great things in this line. "Your Wife" was preceded on the same evening by

"OLD FRIENDS."

Play, in one act, by Lady VIOLET GREVILLE.

Dick Fitzroy	Mr. L. CAUTLEY.	Alice	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Captain Mowbray, R.N.	Mr. G. FARQUHAR.	Dolly	Miss MARIE ILLINGTON.

In one sense Lady Greville's very pretty, but rather sad, play reminds one of "Barbara" and other productions in which an elder sister sacrifices herself to secure the happiness of a younger. For ten long years Alice has waited for Dick Fitzroy. When he returns he sees in Dolly the reproduction of the picture of the love he has carried in his breast, whilst the original has from waiting and anxiety somewhat faded. She is the sweeter and the better woman, but with love's blindness he does not see this, and so transfers his affections, and his suit is accepted by the madcap Dolly, and certainly too easily by the peppery father (Captain Mowbray). All the characters were excellently played, and materially helped to secure the call awarded to the authoress. Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who commenced his managerial career with these two plays, has certainly engaged a good company, but the question arises whether he has utilised their talents to the best advantage in his first piece.

"CYRENE."

"Dramatic Fancy," in three acts, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Friday afternoon, June 27th, 1890.

Fantea	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.	Drega	Mr. P. J. KIRWAN.
Moretus	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.	Cyrene	Miss MARION TERRY.
Brancho	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Ciprissa	Miss LILIAN HINGSTON.
Zembra	Mr. JOHN CARTER.	Nina	Miss CLARA JECKS.
Gustrell	Mr. F. HAMILTON KNIGHT.		

Mr. Calmour has certainly enhanced his reputation as a poet and a dramatist by his latest work. One could not but feel interested in the development of his story, or refrain from admiring the strength and beauty of most of his lines. The weakness of the whole lay principally in the characters of Zembra, Gustrell, and Nina, which had little or scarce any bearing on the play itself, and to make them of real consequence they require to be considerably strengthened. Due credit, however, must be given to Mr. Carter, the alchymist Zembra, who lauds the potentiality of the gold he worships and to the discovery of which he devotes his life, and to Gustrell his pupil (Mr. F. Hamilton Knight), who wearied of the fruitless search after wealth, turns his attention to the more congenial occupation of making love in a bright and airy way to the equally coquettish Nina (Miss Clara Jecks). Mr. Calmour, it was understood, wished to portray in "Cyrene" the conflict between the angels of good and evil that is ever raging in a man's breast. His heroine has nursed back to moral and physical health the barbarian prince Fantea; he has been stricken with blindness, but longs for a description of the woman he has learnt to love. She in a sportive mood, draws a picture of her designing foster sister Ciprissa. Moretus the physician restores to Fantea his sight, and the prince believing Ciprissa to be his love, weds her, coldly repulsing Cyrene. Learning of the wickedness of Ciprissa, who has taken Brancho for her paramour, Cyrene allows herself to be reported dead, and returns in the garb of her brother Sebastian to be near to comfort Fantea. Her gentleness wins him back again to nobler thoughts, for he has almost relapsed into his former state of savagery. The anxiety and furious passion have, however, once more rendered him sightless. His troubles are not increased by

this, but lessened, for he will have Cyrene to guide him in the future, who reveals herself in her own character when Ciprissa is struck dead by Brancho, through revenge for a slight put upon him. The author was fortunate in securing Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Henry Neville, the one for her tender womanliness, the other for his impassioned and true delivery. Mr. Arthur Stirling, too, though a little ponderous, understood the value of his lines. Mr. Edmund Gurney did good service as the vengeful gipsy, and that Mr. Kirwan should acquit himself well was only to be expected, esteemed as he is as an elocutionist. The surprise of the afternoon, however, was the rendering of the character of Ciprissa by Miss Lilian Hingston, a young and unknown actress, who took up the part at the very shortest notice (owing to Miss Vane's illness), and who exhibited a power and subtlety that were greatly to be admired, and which promised great things in the future. The incidental music composed by Mr. Crook, and a dance arranged by Miss Sylvia Grey (the latter encored) were characteristic and graceful. "Karl's" designs for the dresses were tastefully carried out by Messrs. Nathan. Mr. Neville announced in reply to repeated calls that Mr. Calmour was too nervous to appear.

"PAPA'S HONEYMOON."

Comedy, in three acts, by SILVAIN MAYER and W. B. TARPEY.
First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Saturday afternoon, June 28th, 1890.

Benjamin Bush	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.	Arthur Hall	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.
Annette	Miss H. FORSYTH.	Joseph Sniffle	Mr. J. T. GRAHAM.
Ida	Miss ANGELA CUDMORE.	Walter Emden	Mr. L. HEWSON.
Agnes	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.	Martin	Mr. S. VALENTINE.
Lucy	Miss MABEL HARDINGE.	Caroline	Miss E. VINING.
Amelia Clutterbuck ..	Miss M. A. VICTOR.		

We have, on more than one occasion, seen considerable fun extracted from the predicament in which an elderly and uxorious widower is placed, when he marries again and keeps the secret of his second nuptials from his family. This is what happens to Mr. Benjamin Bush. He marries Annette, and she insists on the union being kept secret lest she should jeopardise a certain legacy that may come to her. She is therefore introduced by her husband as a governess and companion that he has engaged for his three daughters Ida, Agnes, and Lucy. They treat her in a very *de-haut-en-bas* fashion; his deceased wife's sister, Amelia Clutterbuck in an even more cavalier manner. Arthur Hale, a former lover of her's, who fancies that he is still engaged to her, to keep her in good humour flirts with her, clandestinely, for he is afraid that she will betray their connection which would militate against his success with Ida to whom he is now engaged. Miss Clutterbuck is much incensed at his attentions to Annette, but not so much as at the frequent meetings she comes across between her brother-in-law and the fascinating newcomer. Played briskly all this would have been very amusing and if done in one act; but spun out to three; it was only a repetition of the same incidents relieved occasionally by the humours of Mr. Joseph Sniffle (a character that was well played), who is a very simple and unsophisticated gentleman who has come into a little property and therefore thinks it incumbent on himself to find a wife at once. His desire is gratified at last by Lucy, who accepts him, Agnes pairing off with Walter Emden, and the opportune death of Annette's guardian permitting her to announce her marriage. Mr. Blakeley can scarcely help being funny, and as on him fell the burden of the play, he caused considerable laughter. Miss Forsyth and the other young ladies in the cast had really little more to do than to look pretty; in this they

were bound to acquit themselves well, and so far as they could strengthen the characters they did so. Miss Victor played very drolly one of those gushing ladies of a certain age for which she is so often cast. Mr. Valentine and Miss Vining did well as a pair of highly moral servants whose sensibilities are shocked at the goings on of their elderly master. The comedy may be original, but it has a suspiciously French flavor, particularly in one incident which might easily have been left out.

"VERA."

"A Russian Story" (told in four acts), by Mr. ELLIS SMITH.

First produced at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, July 1, 1890.

Baron Alexis	Mr. EDMUND GURNEY.	Aloski	Mr. E. D. SHALLARD.
Leon D'Arblay	Mr. CECIL M. YORK.	Isadora	Miss V. THORNYCROFT.
Feodor Shapiroff	Mr. ALFRED B. CROSS.	Madame Petrolsky ..	Miss THERESE MAYER.
General Vladimir	Mr. ROYDON ERLYNNE.	Narska	Miss EDITH DIXEY.
Count Olgoff	Mr. J. A. BENTHAM.	Messenger from the } Palace	Mr. F. LAKE.
Capt. Burimitz	Mr. A. NEWARK.	Vera de Savloff	MME. DE NAUCAZE.
Petrovitch	Mr. F. SHELLEY.		
Orloff	Mr. L. SHELTON.		

The production of this play caused some little sensation, as it had been rumoured that it was the work of Mr. Oscar Wilde under a *nom-de-plume*, though this proved to be but a rumour. Whoever the author may have been he could not be complimented, for a more crude, sketchy piece had not been seen for some time. Its greatest merit was its brevity, for it only played one and three quarter hours. The author shows us "Russian life" under its most debased aspect. Vera we can infer to have been a favourite of the Czar, and though the mother of a grown up son is still an *intriguante*. She has deserted her son Feodor when he was a baby; he returns to Russia on his attaining manhood to assert his claims to his estates. His papers are stolen by Leon D'Arblay, who endeavours to pass himself off as the rightful Shapiroff. To further his ends he makes love to Vera, who accepts his pretended affection and is eventually horrified to find, as she imagines for a time, that she has permitted the addresses of her own son, an unpleasant feature in any play, and too much dwelt on in this. An intriguing minister of police, Baron Alexis, who to revenge a slight put upon him by Vera, tries to get everybody sent to Siberia, and some rather good love scenes between Isadora and Feodor (well played by the representatives) make up a disagreeable story. Madame de Naucaze should have chosen a better play for her re-appearance in London; the actress did more than justice to her character, a repulsive one in itself, and should be capable of great things, her handsome stage presence fitting her well for many parts. Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. Cecil M. York helped the play to some extent.

"FAZIO."

Tragedy, in five acts, by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN.

Revived at the Strand Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, July 1, 1890.

Duke of Florence	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Piero	Mr. C. MILTON.
Gonsalvo	Mr. T. BLACKLOCK.	Theodore	Mr. K. GRAN.
Aurio	Mr. HAROLD EDEN.	Antonio	Mr. F. JACQUES.
Fazio	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Blanca	Miss CLAIRE IVANOWA.
Bartoldo	Mr. JOHN CARTER.	Aldabella	Mrs. BENNETT.
Philario	Mr. A. COURTENAY.	Clara	Miss HENRIETTA CROSS.
Falsetto	Mr. O. BARNETT.		

As it is some thirteen years since Miss Bateman revived Dean Milman's interesting though sombre tragedy, it is well to give the full cast. On the occasion mentioned Mr. E. H. Brooke was the Fazio, Miss Pauncefort Aldabella, Mr. T. Mead Bartoldo, Mr. Beaumont Duke of Florence, and Mr. Pinero Gonsalvo. Without

obtaining the author's permission, he having printed and published the work in 1815, "Fazio" was first produced at the Bath Theatre in January, 1818. Miss Somerville (Mrs. Bunn) was the heroine, and Conway Fazio. It was played at the Surrey Theatre, and on February 5 of the same year Miss O'Neil appeared in it as Bianca at Covent Garden to Charles Kemble's Fazio and Mrs. Faucit's Aldabella. Miss Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in England as Bianca in 1845. The tragedy was revived at Sadler's Wells in 1847, with Laura Addison as Bianca, and in 1853 with Miss Glynn, and Marston as Fazio. Madame Ristori, one of the most famous representatives of the hapless wife, appeared at the Lyceum in 1857. With Miss Wallis Bianca is a very favourite character, and Miss Anderson also included it in her provincial *répertoire*. It is a part that requires very considerable power. Bianca is neglected by her husband for the proud and vicious Aldabella; to drag him from the arms of her rival, Bianca gives him up to justice as the murderer of Bartoldo. Too late she discovers that she has compassed his death, and in an agony of love and remorse dies. It is seldom that an actress with the comparatively little experience possessed by Miss Claire Ivanowa has come so triumphantly through such an ordeal as this young lady did. Her London *débüt* promises well, but though her performance was undoubtedly a great one under the circumstances, she has much to learn in the control of her voice, in graduating the expression of her emotions, and also to convey a reality into her assumed feelings. I shall look forward to her next appearance with great interest, for with the abilities she possesses, and great natural advantages Miss Ivanowa should prove a valuable recruit to the stage. Mrs. Bennett was not the Aldabella that the author intended; she was cold in her passion for Fazio, and undignified for her high position, Mr. Lewis Waller will be quoted in the future as one of the best young actors of his time for his earnest and correct delivery. Mr. Julian Cross was dignified as the Duke, and Mr. John Carter good as Bartoldo. Miss Henrietta Cross pleased as Clara.

"ILLUSION."

Original play, in three acts, by PIERRE LE CLERCQ.
First produced at the Strand Theatre, Thursday afternoon, July 3rd, 1890.

The Earl of Bramber	Mr. L. D'ORSAY.	Mr. Atterberry	Mr. F. GROVE.
Hon. Fred Slawson ..	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.	Bob	Mr. C. RAMSEY.
Count de Buel	Mr. IVAN WATSON.	Page	Master BROOKE.
Mr. Eyres Higginson	Mr. G. FOSS.	Madame Blanche Faneuse—"La Faneuse"	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Mr. Lullworth	Mr. W. H. VERNON.	Matilda	Miss LOUISE GOURLAY.
John Revellin	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Una Revellin	Miss MARION LEA.
Joseph Revellin	Mr. H. ARNCLIFFE.		

There was so much to interest one in Mr. Le Clercq's first play, "A Love Story," that it was generally hoped that this, his later production, would exceed the former in beauty and power. We were doomed to disappointment, for "Illusion" is infinitely more artificial, and has only real strength in its last act. We have that frequent weakness of concealment, whereby a man wrecks his own life and that of his wife for no adequate motive. We have a husband, after an absence of only seven days, not being recognised by his wife, and we go over and over the same ground of a woman first believing and then distrusting her husband, though she vows she will not credit anything to his disparagement. Una has eloped with John Revellin to escape a marriage with Mr. Eyres Higginson, a rich and elderly suitor, that her father, Mr. Lullworth, a selfish, brutal scamp, wishes to force upon her. Finding that she has foiled

his designs, and is married, Lullworth revenges himself by plainly telling his daughter that all the time her husband is pretending such devotion to her, he is still enthralled by a notorious courtesan, "La Faneuse," with the result that he separates the Revellins. John has to sail for America, but induces his brother Joseph to take his place. A collision occurs, and John is supposed to have been drowned. He remains in hiding for a week, and then visits his wife in the character of Joseph, and she actually does not recognise him, though he assumes no disguise whatever! Presently he reveals himself, and she believes his protestations of innocence, and promises to be patient until he can explain. Her father, however, is anxious to induce her to obtain a divorce, and presently informs her that John Revellin is actually at the house of her fancied rival. Una follows him there, and in the grounds she poses as one of the statutes, and then overhears the interview between her husband and La Faneuse. From it she learns that La Faneuse is the wife of Lullworth, and her own mother, who when she left her home deserted her child; that Revellin has been trying to reform her, and persuade her to leave the life of infamy she has been leading. La Faneuse has always retained a love for the memory of Una—has constantly kept herself informed of her doings, and when she hears that she is to be married to Revellin, puts herself in communication with him. In a really exquisite scene she confesses the horrors of her past misspent existence, and vows to amend it. She parts with all her wealth, and determines to enter a religious house, and live a life of expiation. In this scene Miss Rose Leclercq completely held the house by her pathetic rendering of the shame and remorse of the repentant woman, and gave a most perfect touch of nature in lowering the veil before she ventured to kiss the pure lips of her child, lest her own sullied ones should bring contamination by their actual touch. Miss Marion Lea was spasmodic and hysterical; allowances, however, must be made for her nervousness, for she gave the *matinée*, and the character was a difficult one, but it was only occasionally we had a glimpse of that of which the young actress is capable. Mr. Lewis Waller did his best with a very thankless part, and redeemed much that was weak in it. Mr. W. H. Vernon was to the life an unprincipled selfish creature, whose only object in existence is his own pleasure and gratification. Mr. Ivan Watson was excellent as a fire-eating madly-jealous Frenchman. Miss Louise Gourlay very clever as a waiting-maid; Mr. C. Ramsay amusing as a cockney serving lad; and Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay well represented an old *roué*. The other parts were capably filled. The dialogue was often very good, and the moments of interest induced the audience to call for the author, but he did not appear. The play was excellently staged.

"THE SOLICITOR."

Original farce, in three acts, by J. H. DARNLEY.

First produced in London at Toole's Theatre, Thursday, July 3, 1890.

Gilbert Brandon ..	Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR,	Peter Flagan (alias	} Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.
Colonel Sterndale ..	Mr. F. KAYE.	Percy Fitzgerald)	
Captain Midhurst ..	{ Mr. GRAHAM WENT-	Baxter ..	Mr. FRED BURTON.
	WORTH.	Mrs. Brandon ..	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Lieutenant Arlington	Mr. A. B. FRANCIS.	Mrs. Sterndale ..	Miss RUTH RUTLAND.
Private Manners ..	{ Mr. LAWRENCE	Mrs. Midhurst ..	{ Miss BLANCHE
	D'ORSAY.		WOLSELEY.
Hobson ..	Mr. HENRY W. BRAME.	Mary Kingston ..	Miss CLARA ELLISON.
		Bella ..	Miss DELIA CARLYLE

Improbable beyond the dream of possibility, but intensely amusing, is this piece—one that sets you laughing from start to finish, and strange

to say, that has a third act which is very nearly as strong and funny as its two preceding ones. Mr. Darnley is consistent ; he scarcely attempts the development of any plot. He sets certain characters before you, gets them into all sorts of ridiculous situations, and lets you laugh at them, and keeps you laughing so persistently that you do not stop to consider that such things could scarcely happen, and all the fun is harmless. The Solicitor, Gilbert Brandon, evidently mixes in the best society, and so he dines with a crack regiment. After mess he accepts a bet that he will not drive a hansom ; he mounts the cab, and is hailed by a lady—his own wife. He drives her to her destination, and has the satisfaction of seeing her kissed there by a soldier. His next fare is a pair of burglars, who make him take them with their “swag” to Shepherd’s Bush. There he leaves the cab, which he has driven off without the owner’s knowledge, to take care of itself. He is engaged by Mary Kingston, the daughter of the real cabman, to defend her father, who has been arrested on a charge of being in complicity with the burglars. She is lodging at the house to which he drove his wife, and there he witnesses an interview between his wife and the soldier again, and also with Peter Flagan, a swell mobster, with whom Mrs. Brandon is endeavouring to negotiate for the recovery of her diamonds, stolen from her when she was on her way to pawn them and raise money to pay her milliner’s bills, &c. Colonel Sterndale and Captain Midhurst, the one an old and the other a younger Lothario, have been smitten by Mary Kingston’s good looks, and both come to the house on the excuse of helping her in her trouble, and are followed and discovered by their wives. And so the cleverly contrived whimsicalities go on, brought to a climax in the third act, when everybody determines to get divorced, the only comfortable ones being Private Manners, who turns out to be Mrs. Brandon’s brother, and who carries off pretty Mary Kingston, and Lieutenant Arlington, a cheery young sub, who laughs at them all round, commanding officer included. The piece was excellently cast. Mr. Tresahar entered completely into the spirit of his part, and gave a very clever rendering of the unhappy lawyer, driven almost crazy by the result of his foolish escapade, the discovery of which would ruin him ; and also by his suspicions of his better half’s conduct. Miss Susie Vaughan, too, is a thorough comedy actress, and considerably helped the play. Mr. F. Kaye was droll, but I should have thought more of him had he been a little less like Gregory Bell in the “Bungalow.” Mr. Henry Bedford’s sketch of Peter Flagan, the burglar, alias Percy Fitzgerald, was original and highly diverting, so naturally was it played. Miss Clara Ellison was bright and unaffected, and Messrs. Graham Wentworth and Francis (the latter more particularly) smart in their respective characters. Mr. Darnley has scored another success, and Miss Violet Melnotte has opened her campaign here most auspiciously. Mr. Fred. W. Broughton’s comedietta “The Bailiff” was played as a first piece, and went uncommonly well, thanks to Mr. Henry Bedford’s very genial yet racy acting as Benjamin Grattan.

“SOWING AND REAPING.”

Comedy, in two acts, by C. VERNON.

First placed in the evening bill at the Criterion, Saturday, July 5, 1890.

Harry Grahame	Mr. C. WYNDHAM.	John	Mr. F. EMERY.
Joseph Shenston	Mr. GEO. GIDDENS.	Mrs. Sampson Paley..	Miss E. LEYSHON.
Mr. Sampson Paley	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.	Mrs. Charity Smith ..	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Dick Hobbs	Mr. S. VALENTINE.	Mrs. Watkins	Miss EMILY VINING.
Robert.. ..	Mr. C. EDMONDS.	Julia	Miss MARY MOORE.

Although “Sowing and Reaping” was first produced on June 5 at a *matinée*, and has since been played for another charity, the presence of the critic was not invited on either occasion, and we must therefore look on July 5 as its first public performance. We must take the author’s announcement that it is a “new” comedy (it was called a “proverb” on its initial production), though something very like it was seen at the Lyceum a good many years ago, otherwise I should say that its main interest had been suggested by the “Profligate” and “A Pair of Spectacles,” which rolled together and treated in a lighter vein, have resulted in, for the most part, pure comedy with a good dash of farce in the second act. Harry Grahame has devoted his life to amorous intrigue; he is at the opening laying siege to Mrs. Sampson Paley, the virtuous wife of a kind-hearted trusting husband, whose motto in life is “love and confidence.” Joseph Shenston, who is in love with Julia, is made Grahame’s innocent tool. He believes that his friend is no more than a braggart, but is at heart really a sound right-thinking fellow, and when Grahame, to throw him off the scent, declares that *he* is in love with Julia, Shenston takes him at his word, unselfishly gives Julia up and brings about a public declaration and Grahame’s acceptance. True love revenges itself on Grahame in the second act. He has become devoted to his wife, but is devoured by the pangs of jealousy. From his own former experiences he constantly dreads that Julia is unfaithful to him. He conjures up love messages in a bouquet and *billet-doux* concealed in the present of a brace of birds; suspects his old friend Shenston, and brings matters to a climax by feeling persuaded that a signal given by a humble follower to his own cook is for a rendezvous between his wife and an admirer. As he constantly says “I understand all that; I’ve done it myself.” Finding himself altogether in the wrong and that he is blessed with one of the purest and loveliest wives possible, let us hope that he learns and teaches a lesson to all reformed rakes and suspicious husbands. Mr. Charles Wyndham has just that light and airy touch that carries off the baseness of an intriguer and makes his conduct amusing, and in the later portion his belief that he was being deceived was so really and earnestly conveyed as to constitute thoroughly good acting, at the same time being highly relished by the audience who are in the secret of his mistake. On Mr. Wyndham falls the burden of the play. Mr. Geo. Giddens acts capitally as the simple hearted genuine bookworm. Mr. Blakeley is droll as usual, but is not quite cut out for the cheery middle-aged husband whose honest, truthful nature would disarm any attacks upon his household honour. Mr. Valentine was comic as the servant’s sweetheart, who is looked upon by Grahame as love’s messenger. Miss Victor is a kindly creature with a woman’s love for the last word, and Miss Mary Moore as the new made and suspected wife, and Miss Leyshon as the elder wife who has to guard herself against the rake’s advances, were both pleasing. The play was a success and would be a greater one if the second act were curtailed. “Delicate Ground,” with Mr. Wyndham as Citizen Sangfroid, Mr. George Giddens as Alphonse de Grandier, and Miss Mary Moore as Pauline, was given on the same

evening in a thoroughly capable manner, and Miss F. Frances played brightly as Rose Petal in Arthur Mathison's farce "The Wall of China."

"SWEET NANCY."

Comedy in three acts, founded by ROBERT BUCHANAN, by express arrangement with the novelist and her publishers, on Miss RHODA BROUGHTON's famous story "Nancy."

First performed at the Lyric Theatre, Saturday, July 12, 1890.

Sir Roger Tempest	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.	Robert Grey (called Bobby, aged 17)	Mr. C. M. HALLARD.
Frank Musgrave	Mr. BUCKLAW.	James Grey (called the Brat, aged 14)	Master WALTER HIGHLAND.
Mr. Grey	{ Mr. ERNEST HEN- DIE.	Teresa Grey (called Tow- tow, aged 12)	Miss B. FERRAR.
Mrs. Grey	Miss ETHEL HOPE.	Mrs. Huntley	Miss FRANCES IVOR.
Barbara Grey (aged 25) ..	Miss HARRIETT JAY.	Mrs. Henry V. Esmond	Mr. SMITHSON.
Algernon Grey (aged 20) {	Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND.	Pendleton	Mr. A. R. BENNETT.
Nancy Grey (aged 19) ..	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.	Footman	

Not having read Miss Broughton's novel, I cannot say how much Mr. Buchanan is indebted to her book, nor how far he has varied the incidents, but can only treat on his work as a comedy, and am sorry to have to say that he has just missed writing a very good one. His first act was delightful in its freshness; the second was interesting but wanted cutting down; the third became tiresome, for we all knew what *was* coming, but were kept going round and round the catastrophe and explanation without advancing on our way. At least a third of the last act could be spared; the play could then be made to wind up crisply. The events come about quite naturally, and the conduct of all the characters is explicable but that of our heroine, Nancy, who sits munchance under a dreadful accusation, and allows herself to be thought guilty by a husband to whom she is really attached, merely from an overstrained sense of honour towards her sister. And the plague of it is that were she to explain at once, her sister would suffer in no one's estimation, for it is only that she has perhaps too readily given her heart to a contemptible scoundrel. Nancy, as will be seen by the programme, is one of a large family, of all of whom she is very fond, except, perhaps, of her father, who is a tyrannous old humbug. He has made up his mind that one of his daughters shall marry his rich middle-aged friend, Sir Roger Tempest, a noble fellow, whose thoughts turn to Nancy. In a charming scene he proposes and is accepted, for the girl *likes* him and thinks of the benefits she will be able to confer on her brothers and sisters. Three months after, we find her married, very happy, for she has everything she can desire and has become really attached to Sir Roger—the only cloud on their domestic bliss is her husband's familiarity with Mrs. Huntley, "a grass widow." They call each other by their Christian names, and are certainly on the best of terms; but this is explained by the fact that she is the wife of one of Sir Roger's oldest friends and brother officers, who has entrusted her to his comrade whilst he is abroad. Sir Roger is ordered on foreign service, and has to leave to take up a command. Nancy feels the separation deeply, and is delighted when, after a year's absence, a telegram arrives announcing Sir Roger's immediate return. Frank Musgrave has been constantly about the house on the assumable pretext that he is attached to Barbara. This is, however, only a cloak to hide his designs on Nancy, for whom he feels a mad passion. When he learns of Sir Roger's approaching coming, Musgrave declares his love for Nancy. She at first takes his words as conveying a proposal for Barbara, but when she understands them as addressed to herself, she bursts into a fit of hysterical weeping, for

she knows how her sister loves him, and as he is leaning over her still pleading his cause, they are discovered by Mrs. Huntley and Algernon, who is over head and ears in love with the heartless coquette who has led him into even more than a flirtation. Sir Roger returns and almost immediately hears from Mrs. Huntley, who hates Nancy, the very worst account of her conduct during his absence. He will scarcely believe evil of the woman he loves, but naturally asks for an explanation. This Nancy will not give, but retaliates on Mrs. Huntley's character for her open encouragement of Algernon, and insists on being brought face to face with her. Mrs. Huntley justifies her statements and there seems but little hope of a reconciliation, when Barbara, who becomes aware of the sufferings Nancy is undergoing for her sake, fetches Musgrave, who actually before Sir Roger and Barbara admits his base conduct and acquits Nancy of ever having looked on him otherwise than as her husband's friend, and acknowledges how badly he has treated Barbara. And so the curtain falls on the reconciliation. Mr. Henry Neville represented completely the noble loving nature of a man who cannot but see the danger of having married a girl so much his junior, but who is determined to win her entire love by his devotion. Miss Annie Hughes surprised every one by the strength she displayed. She was known to possess great pathos, but to mingle with it the brightness of a thoroughly ingenuous girl, full of life and spirits, and later to exhibit the woman's nature so truthfully, was a great triumph for a young actress, who really carries the play almost entirely on her shoulders. Miss Harriett Jay was a very sweet brave girl as Barbara; but I am inclined to think that the love of the sisters would have been sufficiently apparent without quite so much embracing and twining of arms about each other. Mr. Buckland did well in a very repulsive part; and Mr. Henry V. Esmond deserves the greatest praise for his acting of a youth, just at that age when he fancies he thoroughly understands the world and is made a victim to "calf love." Mr. Ernest Hendrie was quaint and amusing. Miss Frances Ivor was a little too supercilious in her manner. Miss Blanche Ferrar was delightful as the tomboy, Tow-Tow. On the fall of the curtain, there were some expressions of disapproval of the piece, but all in the "cast" were enthusiastically called at the end of each act. "An Old Maid's Wooing," which preceded, is by Arnold Goldsworthy and E. B. Norman, and is a pretty idea, but one that has been used several times before. Hester Grayson (Miss Ethel Hope) is placidly drifting into becoming "an old maid," when the even current of her life is disturbed by proposals from the rich squire, Henry Higgins (Mr. E. Hendrie), and the poor clergyman, the Rev. Jas. Braithwaite (Mr. E. B. Norman)—the latter offering himself and being accepted, when he learns that his lady-love has dismissed his wealthy rival. A lighter vein of comedy is introduced into the more poetic vein in the loves of Naomi Wild (a little serving maid, remarkably well played by Miss Blanche Ferrar) and George Gammon, a young poacher, effectively rendered by Mr. Henry Bayntun. Mr. Hendrie threw much kindly feeling into the part of the disappointed squire.

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”

SHAKESPEARE'S comedy, in five acts.

Performed by AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS, at the Lyceum Theatre, Tuesday evening, July 15, 1890.

The Duke, living in } Mr. CHARLES WHEAT-	Den's	Mr. R. NISBETT.
Banishment } LEIGH.	Touchstone	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.
Frederick, his brother } Mr. BOND.	Corin	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
and Usurper of his }	Silvius	Mr. FREDERICK BOND.
Dominions	William	Mr. EDWARD WILKS.
Amiens	Two Pages of the {	Miss FLORENCE CONRON.
Jacques	Duke, who sing ..	Miss LOUISE SMITH.
A Lord	A person representing {	Miss KITTY CHEATHAM.
Le Beau	Hymen	Miss ADELAIDE PRINCE.
Charles	Celia	Miss EDITH CRANE.
Oliver	Phebe	Miss ISABEL IRVING.
Jacques	Audrey	Miss ADA REHAN.
Orlando	Rosalind	
Adam		

The very effective representation given by the above talented company of "The Taming of the Shrew," and Miss Ada Rehan's striking impersonation of Katherine, could but arouse the greatest interest as to the manner in which this favoured actress would acquit herself as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Miss Rehan simply took the house by storm. There was a royal dignity in the opening scenes, to be followed by a poetic, scholarly, and most womanly assumption in the forest scenes. It was, perhaps, exuberant in the flow of high spirits, but then the exuberance was so graceful, so eminently feminine, that if Miss Rehan was not always the Rosalind we had pictured to ourselves that Shakespeare drew, we forgave the actress's novel conception of the character in our delight at the confidence and boldness with which it was carried out. Miss Rehan looked admirable in her drab-coloured male attire, with a ruby-coloured cloak and her brown hose. Her Rosalind will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and they will always remember with pleasure the exquisite delivery of Shakespeare's lines. Mr. John Drew was a gallant Orlando, but entered, perhaps, a little too gaily and lightly into the wayward humour of Ganymede to woo him. The Celia of Miss Adelaide Prince was very charming, but Miss Isabel Irving was a commonplace Audrey. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh most worthily represented the banished Duke; and had Mr. George Clarke not taken his speeches quite so slowly his Jacques would have been admirable. Mr. James Lewis, though quaint, was not the Touchstone of Shakespeare. In Mr. Bosworth, as Charles, the wrestler, we had one who not only looked and acted the character well, but who could speak the lines set down for him—an essential that is too often lost sight of in casting the play. The only other unsatisfactory performances were those of Mr. Charles Fisher as Adam, who was indistinct in his utterance, and too feeble to fulfil the requirement of the text "Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;" and the Corin of Mr. Charles Leclercq, of whom we expected better things. Though admissible, the speaking the name of Rosalind throughout with the final syllable long, as in "wynd," rather jarred upon the ear, as did an occasional American intonation. Mr. Daly has given us a very pure version of the play (restoring to the first Lord his rightful lines). He has also retained the charming song sung by the two pages, "In the Spring-time," as charmingly rendered; and we have also the masque of Hymen, as done lately (but infinitely better in this case) at the St. James's. Mr. Macauley sang delightfully as Amiens, and was supported by a thoroughly efficient chorus. The orchestra, too, embellished the whole by its valuable aid. Of the scenery and general arrangement it is impossible to speak too highly, and Mr. Augustin Daly had his reward in the enthusiastic reception accorded him when he came before the curtain.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Musical-Box.

Musical Silhouettes.

No. 4.—THE EMINENT PIANIST.



HERE are two things that the Eminent Pianist, to be counted as anything at all, should not fail to cultivate. They are eccentricity and his hair. The more extravagant he is in both of these respects the more popularity and admiration will he command. Why the former should stand him in good stead, those who know anything of the world will at once realise; as for the second, it is beyond the power of any ordinary human to explain.

To succeed in society, the Eminent Pianist should first of all lay in his stock in trade. This ought to consist of some affectation, a certain amount of apparent nervous sensibility, a large quantity of impertinence (only to be used when absolutely necessary), and a clean-shaven physiognomy, combined with a delicate constitution, as exemplified by a couple of white effeminate hands, with very long fingers, and an unquenchable conceit; this will enable him to start anywhere and anyhow as an Eminent Pianist.

If he can proclaim himself a pupil of So-and-So, it will be of enormous advantage to him. His hearers will then be able to trace the influence of the *maestro* on his style and technique, which will give them satisfaction in their own eyes and him importance. It will not be necessary to state publicly when and where the lessons from the *maestro* were administered, of how many they consisted, nor allude to their most immediate result. The result that is of the greatest concern to the Eminent Pianist is that they will probably, aided by other adjuncts, give him the *entrée* to musical society, and bring down upon him the envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness of all other Eminent Pianists.

Having built his reputation, the Eminent Pianist will take unto himself pupils, and settling down in a London suburb, marry and be forgotten. Or else, which is more probable, he will, by the aid of some enterprising *entrepreneur*, appear before the public, and cover himself with glory and distinction by giving a pianoforte recital. If he chooses this, he takes care to come out with a sudden blare of paragraphic trumpets, and to come out, moreover, with a secret romance tacked on to his name—a love story, or a tragic one, whichever best suits his complexion and his features. He is, of course, the

idol of the hour, ladies adore him, vie with each other in luring him to their social "at-homes," and profess an admiration for his personal beauty much more sincere than their delight in his performance.

Thus he will attain eminence ; and having made himself a name and a reputation, he will take the earliest opportunity of going, with both, to America to earn that which he, being a sensible man, much prefers—dollars.

Those who have enjoyed the favour of society and are fully aware of the value to be attached to it, look on, and haply are amused at the Eminent Pianist's success. Time was when they, too, were eminent ; but it was long ago. They now are married, or grey, or old, or staid, or wise. This one is a perfect player, but seldom is heard in public ; that one is too much occupied with teaching. A new social epoch has arisen and demands new hypocrisies to charm it, even as a new disease calls for new remedies.

In due course, the Eminent Pianist comes home with dollars and experience, of both of which he makes good use. But time has flown ; a new Eminent Pianist, unheard of last year, is on his music-stool, performing his feats, and playing his sonatas and symphonies. For him, alack, there are deaf ears and scant welcome. There is nothing for him to do but join the band of onlookers, which, sooner or later he does, and probably, in course of time, turns amateur musical critic.

His criticisms are always bitter, but they are bitterest when a new-comer essays to tread in the path *he* once trod ; and in which he has left no footprints, however faint, to remind the world he, too, was once an Eminent Pianist.

SE MIBREVE.

The last Philharmonic Society's concert took place on June 28, when Mr. F. H. Cowen received an enthusiastic farewell for the season, which has proved, according to report, a most satisfactorily successful one. Supposing the Society were to set, next season, one night apart for the performance of works of English composers only. As an experiment, it is worth thinking of, Mr. Cowen.

Mr. Bond Andrews' benefit concert took place on June 25, at 18, Penny-wern Road, Earl's Court, by the kind permission of Mrs. M. B. Lucas.

Mr. Isidore De Lara gave a concert at Princes Hall on July 3 ; but as I did not happen to be present, I don't know anything about it. I understand that Mr. De Lara is now going in for something higher than ballad-writing and ballad-singing. Whatever this gains him, I am afraid it will lose him many of his devoted lady adherents, to whose rapturous delight he has so long contributed. Yet, stay ! Can it be that he intends to become missionary, and work for their conversion also, to Art ?

As yet the concert "tide" shows only a slight sign of ebbing ; but by the time this is in print, it will have fairly turned, and there will be plenty who will say "for this relief, much thanks." The last Richter on July 14, Madame Patti's farewell (for the season) on July 16, in a measure set the word *finis* to the long chapter.

Next year let the R.I.O. be rechristened the Royal Polyglot Opera, by all means. It seems quite reasonable, when one hears almost as much of French

Opera as of Italian. Certes, whether Italian Opera be dead or not, it is no longer a craze ; its worshippers are beginning to allow a certain modicum of merit in works that have not "borne the battle and the breeze" of a generation or two.

Of recent years there certainly has been a revival of interest in English Opera, to which the "Carl Rosa" have contributed considerable weight. At the same time, it cannot be ignored that much has also been done by numerous lesser companies, who, by touring the provinces, familiarise the public with much that once was held to be caviare to the general indeed. Of these, may at once be cited Mr. J. W. Turner's company, and that of Mr. Arthur Rousbey, himself a scion of the "Carl Rosa" house. I saw a performance of "The Rose of Castille" by the latter artist's company at Brighton recently, and was very pleased with the excellent care and judgment shown. Granted that the opera is worn out, though it was among those to have been revived at Drury Lane this season ; but Mr. Rousbey's company was small and distinctly good, and almost made one forget the well-nigh impossible plot, and the somewhat commonplace simplicity of the music. Still, there was a certain charm about the performance. I like Mr. Rousbey's voice very much indeed, and he uses it artistically. I should like to have seen "Figaro," which was put on the night before.

I went to the French Exhibition to hear the "French" band. The first thing I heard was a trashy gavotte by an English composer ; the next was a selection from a "Gaiety" burlesque. Why is there not a small French orchestra there, playing the music of France, opera light and serious, of which there is surely enough ? But I suppose these things must be as they are. The comic side of the question comes in when one recollects that our own Grenadiers' and Coldstreams' Bands so seldom play English music. After all, it is a proof of our splendid international reciprocity !

Farewell to "Ruy Blas," at the Gaiety. I most fervently hope and trust that the next Farren and Leslie burlesque may be less American. A theatre possessing Herr Meyer Lutz for conductor of orchestra need not cross the Atlantic for its music, if it occasionally has to for its jokes and business. When I think of "Ruy Blas," I recollect, with regret, Stephens and Yardley's "Little Jack Sheppard," with Nellie Farren an inimitable Jack, Leslie as Wild, and David James as Blueskin ; and some delightful music from the pens of still living and waiting English composers.

Some of these composers have operas that have long waited the chance of production. But I see none of them announced for the coming season. France, principally, blocks their way. The little sudden impulse given to English music by the extraordinary success of "Dorothy" has, I very much fear, died out. I cannot but think that there are English musicians capable of writing comic opera if they had any prospect held out to them of their works ever appearing before the British public. I don't mean Anglicised foreigners, but native Englishmen, who do not soar too high, and do not try to write symphonies before they are out of Academical leading-strings.

Farewell also, I believe, to "Marjorie," which has enjoyed more popularity than anyone at first gave it credit for being strong enough to gain. As for reasons for this being so, I have some of my own, but intend to keep them to myself. Musically speaking, Mr. Slaughter's next opera ought to be a much better work.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From METZLER & Co. : "The Fishers," a cantata, written by Henry Rose, composed by J. M. Coward. There is nothing absolutely novel in the "book" of Mr. Coward's cantata, the three scenes to which it is written being laid respectively on land, at sea, and on the beach, to where the fishermen return safe home at last. Neither, perhaps, is there any great novelty in Mr. Coward's music. But as an entirety "The Fishers" is a work of much charm and merit

from beginning to end. Mr. Coward does not attempt too lofty a musical flight—not so lofty a one as his qualities would permit him to attain, for which he is much to be praised. From the bold and well-marked opening prelude to the bright *finale*, every line speaks the musician in well-chosen phrases and scholarly manner. Sometimes the “book,” we must confess, descends to bathos, but the music is admirable for its simplicity and appropriateness throughout the work.

From RICORDI & Co.: “Lovelight” (G. H. Newcombe and Thos. Hutchinson), a somewhat commonplace song, passable but of a most ordinary type, words and music. “Back to the Old Love” (Clifton Bingham and F. Paolo Tosti). Mournful but expressive, though not one of the Signor’s best songs.



Our Amateurs' Play=Box.

With the growth of civilization and the higher culture of women, there has been a gradual diminution in the virulence of that essentially feminine plague, the Confession Book! It is necessary to revert to this social scourge of former days, however, to point a moral and adorn a tale! In those blottesque pages, as Mr. Ruskin would call them, there was this question invariably put:—“If not yourself, who would you be?” The answer generally told a good deal. The school-boy, dreaming of the army, chose Lord Wolseley or General Gordon. In the names of Adelaide Proctor or Sister Dora one read the young girl just confirmed, with her pretty head full of unworldly aspirations and high ideals. But the favourite reply would be, according to the sex of the victim, the Prince or Princess of Wales. Snobbery no doubt had much to do with it; but over and above all that, the desire most probably was for a life of ease and elegance, free from any sordid cares or exhausting duties. And that brings us to the tale. On the 23rd of June, at Esher, under the patronage of the Duchess of Albany, who had kindly consented to be present, a performance was given of “Still Waters Run Deep.” Let every envious democrat who cons these notes think of that and shudder. Not to sit in critical judgment, with a view to appearing in print! Not to sell time and experience and one’s command of English! But for pleasure, a verbal cloak for charitable duty, to sit through “Still Waters” once again! Who would be a “Royalty”! What the Duchess thought and said, the ‘umble commoner, who writes, does not pretend to know. But he soothes himself with the reflection that the credit of the amateur stage was nobly sustained, and that in the judgment even of so practised a playgoer as Her Royal Highness must be, recollections of the Criterion and St. James’s were not bound to assert themselves. Mr. Sansbury is always virile, solid, and in love with his work. The amateur Lewis Waller he should be called. His Mildmay is full of honest colour and quiet force, and would be called good in any company. Mr. Bonault fits Hawkesley like a glove. He understands that very raffish individual and carries out his views with much incisiveness and dramatic effect. Mrs. J. L. Shine makes a youthful and a pretty Mrs. Mildmay, impulsive enough to account for a great deal, yet sincere enough to leave us free from misgivings about her future—a clever piece of acting. Mrs. Newton Phillips gives a fresh and wholesome reading of Mrs. Sternhold, womanly and sympathetic before everything; and the antiquated humours of good old Mr. Potter are safe in the hands of Mr. Williams, an actor who is wasted on such a thankless part as this.

Mr. Royston Keith drew a large house at Kilburn on the 26th June, but his programme was so full of professional items that to extract the amateur element is almost as difficult as getting a periwinkle out with a pin. Mr.

Herbert Harraden must be mentioned as one who not so very long ago was an amateur, but when he has been complimented on the remarkable humour and clever satire of his *Corney Grain* sketch, nothing shall delay the review of the *bona-fide* amateurs who took part in the entertainment. "Elaine," a new play by the giver of the feast, was, so to speak, new wine in an old bottle. The flavour was quite palatable, however, and the guests evidently considered it a most satisfactory beverage. Whether Mr. Keith has read or seen "Society," "Sunset," "By the Sea," and half-a-dozen other more or less popular plays, does not very much matter. "Elaine" resembles them all, here a little and there a little, as the nursery books have it; but then all pieces now-a-days resemble each other to a considerable extent, so that is not to be accounted much of a fault. Mr. Keith might have chosen a less hackneyed subject though, even if like so many of our original dramatic thinkers, he had been forced to take a trip to Paris for a histrionic germ. His language is so appropriate, occasionally even pointed and of some wisdom, and his characters are drawn with so much feeling for stage presentation, that regret becomes almost sorrow at the play's want of something in motive or treatment to distinguish it from its innumerable predecessors. A traveller and his long deserted lassie, with a mysterious child in all innocence adopted by the sweet Elaine, are the prominent figures in this half hour exposition of misunderstanding, recrimination, and reconciliation. Not in themselves different from a hundred such, they were handled with tact and thought by Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Keith, who interested everyone in their fortunes and made pretty well all that could be made out of their scenes of affection and of doubt. Miss Sinclair, whose talent is not quite fairly employed in playing mammas, even of youthful marriageable daughters, was clever as usual; and a promising stage child was discovered in Miss Bessie Thompson. Mr. Keith must try again and avoid if he can snaring us with the pitfall of misunderstanding. We know that pitfall so well!

The last month has been a rare one for Mr. Gilbert, in the matter of patronage by the amateurs. It has been one continuous bout of "Pygmalion and Galatea." There might indeed be a Grecian revival booming from the dead set every club and coterie has made at this pseudo-classic, modern-antique comedy. Had June been baking hot, the reason would have suggested itself to what the evening papers, in criticising their political opponents, haughtily term "the meanest capacity." But the skies having throughout the month adopted their November garb, it is not easy to suggest an explanation for this epidemic of chiton-mania. Even a tailor or a dressmaker, anxious to dispose of a stock of ivory and brickdust cashmere, would hesitate in such weather to recommend it as "excellent seasonable wear." Reason or no reason, though, there the fact is; and as a fact it must be faced. First in the field were a scratch cast at the Ladbroke Hall, on the 1st and 2nd July. The play was reverently treated by these actors, who seemed to have their heart in their work and more respect for their author than is usually found among amateurs, or for the matter of that professionals either. We were not perhaps hypnotised into a condition of belief in the surroundings being those of ancient Athens or the people being genuine Greeks; but then Mr. Gilbert has done his best to dissipate any such delusion, and even the cleverest actors are sorely put to it to lend an air of possibility to the play. Miss Mary Campbell looked very sweet as Galatea, wore her draperies with grace, and reproduced some of the prettiest of Flaxman's "Iliad" attitudes. Her comedy scenes were played with charmingly delicate humour, womanliness was the chief virtue (an inestimable one) of her rendering, and, if the sombre side was shirked, it was not owing to want of sincerity but only to lack of courage. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor loud, high notes appalling passion! Mrs. Frank Campbell erred in not studying jealous fury from life, but with the exception of the curse episode, her treatment of Cynisca was impressive, classical, and natural. Mr. Hainsworth looked Pygmalion admirably; had he spoken with as much variety and feeling as Mr. Graves (a most artistic Leucippe) the result would have been surprising. Mr. Homan and Miss Syers-Jones had an easy task as Chrysos and Daphne. The make-up and the words are always enough to play these parts. And a line must be given for the winning manner of Myrine.

Another and a better world, of Greece, was launched into the limited space behind the footlights, at the same temple of Thespis, within a week. Mr.

Trollope had the guidance of these actors, and his experience in direction and suggestion was noticeable everywhere. The mounting was, on the whole, more appropriate, the stage business was accomplished without dragging and drawing, and the general arrangement of the scene bore testimony to a practised eye for the useful if conventional "stage effect." The raw material, if one may use the term without incurring displeasure, to be moulded into artistic shape under the skilful fingers of the stage manager, was also of better quality; so there was little to wonder at in the comparatively satisfactory level attained by Mr. Trollope's painstaking flock. Mrs. Ernest Renton has not the physique for Galatea, who must either be the massive statuesque woman of the Mrs. Kendal, Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Langtry type, or a willowy slender girl such as Miss Fortescue or Miss Marion Terry makes her. But height and flexibility are indispensable. Mrs. Renton, too, is more at home in the domestic pathos of a Lucy Chetwynd than in the declamatory weeping and wailing of a classical heroine. Still, she fought gallantly against these defects of nature and of temperament; utilised her valuable method, simple as a Reichenberg's, with great effect in the comedy scenes, and gave such a careful and intelligent reading of the character as to a large extent disarmed criticism. There was nothing inspired about her work, nothing specially poetical; but it was womanly and delightfully human, with a true ring of feeling in it. Miss Kathleen Teltek has not yet learned how to let herself go; and a restrained Cynisca is an anomaly. There is marked promise in all she does, and this study was no exception; but Cynisca is a trying part and needs great experience. Mr. Montgomerie has much to commend him as a hero. He is fearless, frank, and bold. If he would put more variety not only into his tones, but also into his method of speaking, he would take rank among the few good Pygmalions. Mr. Colley Salter and Mrs. Lennox Browne are in their element as the burlesque art patron and his vulgar wife. Not a point is neglected, and the full force of knowledge and talent is applied to drive each point home. Miss Dredge and Mr. Gordon Young have but little chance of acting as Leucippe and the maiden of the Athenian Mayfair, but they speak verse prettily, and that is a virtue not to be despised.

Tried at Bedford Park some week or two earlier, Dr. John Todhunter's "Sicilian Idyll" attained the dignity of a London performance on the 1st July. Guinea stalls and well-known faces, delay in beginning, and indiscriminate applause, all bespoke the solemnity and the fashionableness of the occasion. In some measure these honours were not undeserved. The play itself, slight and wanting in dramatic force and cohesion as it is, has such grace and elegance in thought and language to commend it, that the production for this one reason only must have been worthy of attention. The labours of Mr. Baldry, Mr. Paget, and Mr. Selby who were responsible for the beautiful scene, tasteful costumes, and appropriate music, also deserve mention; and the care bestowed upon the work, though much of it was misdirected, and some was conceived in an utterly wrong spirit, set an example in thoughtfulness few clubs could afford to despise. With more spirit, more distinction, more knowledge, among the actors, there would indeed have been little to find fault with; and the author's somewhat dangerous step, in entrusting a poetical novelty to amateurs, might well have won approval. As it was, the setting was sumptuous; there was a feast for the eye wherever one looked (and, *à propos*, the primitive dresses of the shepherds might be so fashioned as to restrict our acquaintance with their anatomy within the customary bounds), dances and songs were prettily rendered, the smooth melodious lines were very welcome, and it was only in the assumption of character that the effort was unsatisfactory. Mr. Marras spoke a prologue with refreshing vigour, if with too great a tendency to hurry it; but he was the only male player to throw energy and dramatic intention into his part. Mr. Paget and Mr. Cecil Crofton looked the love-lorn heroes admirably; but looking is not acting. There was a venerable old gentleman who sold *Echoes* in the Strand some years since (a French refugee nobleman by repute), who could have looked the prophet Moses to perfection, but I much doubt if he could have realised the character in a stage play. Miss Lily Linfield, resembling Miss Letty Lind in more than her initials, danced with fairy grace and bewitching *abandon*, and within narrow limits acted with befitting vivacity. And Miss Florence Farr, with handsome presence and genuine intensity, made the most trying scenes the greatest success. But a reconsideration of the cast must precede any intended revival.

Nothing could be more suitable for a ladies' college than Tennyson's "Princess," and the pupils of the famous Cheltenham institution acquitted themselves well of a difficult task, despite the awful obstacles of impetuous romantic youths and stalwart Amazons, all of necessity to be supplied by cultured members of the weaker sex, who are not usually associated with massive frames or impulsive temperaments. The opportunity for a pretty display was too good to be lost, and regarded as a spectacle, the production was a huge success. Dainty gowns of every hue made the "sweet girl graduates" of the Princess Ida's University a captivating crowd. And what the acting wanted in conviction and in emotional power was largely atoned for by the personal grace and charm of the players. Mr. Gilbert's treatment of the story suggested too many improvements to escape imitation; so with special music composed by Mr. Arthur Somerville, the introduction of several of the lyrics, a delightful minuet, and such-like additions, a very effective play was built up. Miss Hart had sufficient stage instinct to desire to be herself, idealised. Her Princess was above all things a woman, and though the verse was hurried, and ignorance of stagecraft flung away numberless delicate effects, the outlines of the character were true and sympathetic, and even tinged with poetry. Miss Hartley, as the Prince, wore her unaccustomed dress with ease, and, so far as her girl's nature would permit her, threw herself heartily into the spirit of the character. The lover was, of course, a little epicene, but in London we are used to this style of *jeune premier*, so there was really nothing to jar upon one's feelings, and Miss Hartley might also have been a popular young actor for all the traces of her sex observable. Miss Dawson was the prim and prudish Lady Blanche, and played the stern dame cleverly. The merriest of foils was Miss Herbert, a Melissa of whom Miss Millett or Miss Hughes might almost have been envious, so girlish, natural, and tender was she. Miss Chute was hardly less successful as the Lady Psyche, and with the Misses M. and C. Evans lightly tripping through the parts of Cyril and Florian, and the King's lines spoken with firmness and force, the play may be said to have had justice done to it. Managers and agents might do worse than seek recruits among the comedians and romancists in the classic groves of the Old Wells Theatre, Cheltenham.

How fast the world moves. Only a dozen years ago and "New Men and Old Acres" was still a play so nearly up to date as to be worthy of a revival under Mr. Hare at the Court, with the strongest cast that could be got together. And now! oh, the flatness and weariness of it! what fossils the jokes seem, how crude the construction, and how old-fashioned the characters. Even Lilian's slang, once one of the chief attractions of the "comedy," sounds antediluvian, and in these days of "booms" and "corners," what abject idiots are the rascally millionaire financiers of Tom Taylor's imagination. Perhaps it was the air of survival, perhaps it was the nervousness of the several *débutantes*, or perhaps it was the reaction caused by Taylor and Dubourg after a spell of Ibsen, but the charity boom in "New Men" at St. George's Hall on July 5 was not exhilarating. Two actors there were who kept on pulling the chestnuts—jokes and all!—out of the fire; but it was a tedious business when these excellent comedians were not busy. For once, I think, I would have approved Mr. Arthur Roberts' method, and if Mr. Quintin and Mr. Trollope had gagged the whole play, to the complete exclusion of several of the leading characters, I should have smiled forgivingly. Mr. Fladgate is the best Brown the amateurs have. He looks it and plays it capitally, but Brown cannot lighten a scene against the will of everyone else; and with a monotonous heroine and a humourless mamma-in-law, the hero is badly handicapped. Miss Hylda Gorst had not the experience and confidence for Lilian, a very difficult part; but her acting was that of a clever girl, if not a clever actress. Mrs. Macauley, with a few lessons from a dramatic Mr. Turveydrop, in one act, and a dozen from Mr. Hermann Vezin in another, would have been capital as Lady Vavasour, and when Mr. Spence has subdued his jerkiness in movement, there will be no fault to find with his very naturally spoken county magnate. Miss Henderson a little overdid the vulgarity of Mrs. Bunter, but that no doubt was owing to a feeling that the play was flat and wanted lifting. Without her, and Mr. Quintin and Mr. Trollope, what should we have done for amusement? Kindly amusement, I mean!



Our Omnibus=Box.

On Saturday evening, the 19th of July, the final performance of "The Village Priest," prior to the closing of the house and Mr. Tree's provincial tour, took place at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Tree's announcement that he will reserve Monday evenings for productions of plays other than the one which is running, and that where possible the plays shall be new works by English authors, is fraught with even greater importance than at first meets the eye. In fact, the variety of interests affected makes a consideration of the results of this bold stroke of policy anything but a simple task. The first question that obviously arises is, "How is the enterprising manager going to make it pay?" Mr. Tree has acquired a reputation for elaborate and costly mounting which he is hardly likely to imperil by slovenly or cheap work now. No doubt, if the new essays strike the public fancy, he will add them to the repertory of which he speaks, but the expense of a new production carried out with Mr. Tree's usual thoroughness is no joke. One failure would involve an outlay from which, to say nothing of a repetition of it, a manager might well shrink without any exaggerated sense of prudence. And then, we all know how difficult it is, even with the ripest, most artistic, and most practical judgment, to select a piece that shall hit the public taste, especially where a young and untried author or a new and unconventional subject is concerned. But the matter of expense does not by any means end here. To give up to what may prove a failure a single night in each week which would otherwise be devoted to a running play drawing large sums night after night, materially swells the possible total of loss, even if we exclude the superstitious notion so often and so disastrously exemplified in practice, that a break in the run involves a fatal break in the luck. However, in this case, the break will be so short and so regular that the continual announcement of a new programme will further advertise the theatre and keep the public regularly on the *qui vive*; and to this consideration Mr. Tree, who is a shrewd man of business as well as a highly versatile actor, is probably fully alive.

In fact, there is no reason to suppose that in the new departure the Haymarket manager is going to be less successful than he has hitherto been during a short management which has certainly not been marked by timidity. No step that he could have taken would be better calculated to confirm his authority in the position he has assumed in the recent revival of the old actor-manager controversy. Whether the scheme result in loss or profit to himself the public must be the gainers, and not the public alone. Mr. Tree will have shown that, without disregarding the business side of his profession, he has a genuine regard for the artistic welfare of his audiences, whose gratitude he will have earned by putting so broadly conceived a plan for their benefit into practical shape. He will have done much if he only determines the question whether we really have young vigorous dramatic blood among us; and he will have done no little to remove that abounding curse of long runs, the wooden monotony bred in actors by month after month's repetition of the same part. And then, think what hitherto unknown gifts and graces may be revealed in young actors and actresses where they are allowed to try their powers in, say, twenty-five or thirty new parts a year, instead of one or two. In short, we believe, as we hope, that Mr. Tree's very boldness may be the highest assurance of its true prudence. He has now a strong and enthusiastic following; but there is no reason why by the exercise of an enterprising and intelligent policy such as he is just entering upon, his connection should not be doubled or trebled. This thing is certain, that if the Haymarket manager again brings to bear the same amount of the skill, foresight, liberality, and judgment that have hitherto characterised his rule, the public will be culpably negligent if it fails to respond in such a way as to make the new venture a triumphant success.

When will audiences begin to understand the relative positions they hold with managers and actors? The unfortunate misconception in the public mind was forcibly exemplified on the occasion of the Marlowe Memorial Fund *matinée* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, when the name of Mrs. John Wood, a manageress usually very popular, was assailed with a storm of hisses. Momentary irritation was no doubt excusable, since through what might at first have appeared an arbitrary intervention, Mr. Herbert Waring was prevented from undertaking a part in Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new monologue, Mr. Willard at the last moment being called upon to read it. Perhaps we may say, without the least intention of disparaging Mr. Waring's undoubted powers, that an accident that gave the public on such an occasion rather more of Mr. Willard's always acceptable presence on the stage than they had been led to anticipate, was not such a terrible misfortune after all, but the fact remains that a particular actor had promised to fill a particular part and failed to do so, because his manager, availing herself of a right Mr. Waring did not call in question, refused him permission to appear. Whose fault was it? The audience, by their hisses, seemed to favour the idea that Mrs. John Wood was to blame, but is this really so? Certain London managers, on certain more or less sufficient grounds, have thought proper to do a thing they have an unquestionable right to do, *i.e.*, to insist that the members of their respective companies shall not have the privilege of appearing at *matinées* without the managerial permission first obtained. The engagement of an actor is a matter of pure business, and an actor having given an undertaking, should be called upon to fulfil it like any other party to a contract. It is no business of his or the public's what his employer's grounds for making the rule may be, though in the case of this particular regulation, it is by no means certain that it is not directly in the public interest. The *matinée* system has been hailed with delight as a means of relieving actors of the monotony of long runs, and giving them opportunities of extending their narrowly limited *répertoires*, and generally widening their artistic and educational experience. But there is another side to the question. If an actor has a trying part to play in the evening, and is engaged until five or half-past five, or even six, in a morning performance that may be not less exacting, can he be said to so do his duty to his regular manager if he turns up after a rapidly-gulped meal and a hasty change, probably fagged and harassed and still excited, from his previous work? The chances are that in the evening his freshness will be gone, his attention will be distracted, so that the second performance, for which the manager should have the first call on his best energies, will be but a perfunctory thing. Who then can blame the manager if, either on his own behalf or in the interest of the public (and in this case the causes are common to both manager and public), he puts his foot down and insists upon having what both he and his patrons have paid for? How it was that Mr. Waring did not apply earlier for the permission that was not accorded does not concern us now. The audience knew no more than we do, and their hasty condemnation of Mrs. John Wood must have arisen, as we suggested before, from a complete misappreciation of the relative rights and interests of public, managers, and actors.

M. Got, the *doyen* of the French stage, has been at particular pains to prove that the art in which he excelled is not one that requires any particular intellectual ability in its professors. We hope that no one will be rude enough to point out to so venerable a representative of the actor's calling, the logical result of the statement as applied to himself. He might be tempted to answer that he is the exception proving the existence of the rule. But we cannot think for a moment that the veteran French actor seriously believes what he says. What he probably means is that over-sensibility may mar an actor's effects, and insensibility prove a sort of negative advantage; in fact, his use of the word "confidence," in that connection, is almost conclusive; but that is a very old and much debated point, and quite a different thing from saying that intellect is a drawback rather than a help to histrionic success. His statement that he knows many sculptors and painters of real talent who, outside their own line, are as foolish as geese, has nothing to do with it. The most it proves is that they have a faculty of concentrating all their powers on their one pursuit. This may bespeak a narrow but decidedly not a weak intellect.

Mr. Irving was not less happy than usual in his remarks on the influence of art at the meeting in support of a Fine Art Gallery for South London on the 18th of July. His plea for something to "take people out of the joyless humdrum of their daily existence" was conceived in a broad spirit of appreciation of the arts he does not profess, and of sympathy with those whom "a hard lot surrounds with very unlovely things and denies them a glimpse of treasures which are enjoyed by their more fortunate fellows." His references to "the human race, which consists entirely of ratepayers," in their opposition to state-aided art, were also refreshingly humorous, and the whole speech is well worth reading for its own sake.

Miss Eleanor Leyshon, the subject of our first photograph, was for a considerable time a member of one of the best amateur dramatic clubs, "The Strolling Players." It was whilst with them that the young lady gained that experience which taught her to act sufficiently well to attract the attention of the late Mr. John Clayton. He at once engaged Miss Leyshon, who may be said to have commenced her professional career under his auspices, August 5, 1887, and played on tour with him or his companies most successfully such parts as Charlotte, Salome, &c., in his farcical comedies. Mr. Clayton's lamented death brought the engagement to a close, and Miss Leyshon then played *ingenue* parts at *matinées* and made her London *début* at the Princess's, as Rebecca, in "Midnight, or the Wood Carver of Bruges," May 24, 1888, and then graduated during the summer in a good school on tour with the Conway Comedy Company, playing in most of the old English comedies. As merit is not invariably and at once recognized by managers, the young actress was for some time out of a regular engagement, but was not idle, for she "created" the *rôles* of Ethel Bartlett in "See-Saw" (Terry's, Feb. 22, 1889); Sybil Hardwicke in "The Bookmaker" (Terry's, March, 19, 1889); the title *role*, or rather Queenie, in H. W. Williamson's "My Queenie" (Vaudeville, April 9, 1889); Henriette in "Esther Sandraz" (Prince of Wales's, June 11, 1889). During Miss Leyshon's engagement at the St. James's under Mr. Rutland Barrington's management, she appeared as Mrs. Helmsley in "A Patron Saint" (October 17, 1888); and played the title *role* so well in "Sweet Lavender" with Mr. Terry at Brighton (March 21, 1889) that it would have secured her the engagement to continue to play the part in London but for Miss Blanche Horlock's recovery. In October, 1889, Miss Leyshon became a member of Mr. Charles Wyndham's company, and accompanied it to America, where she appeared as Mrs. Torrington in "The Headless Man," Mrs. Graythorne in "Pink Dominoes," Blanche in "Ours," and since her return has played at the Criterion as Fanny in "Trying It On," and as Constance Neville in "She Stoops to Conquer," and is now appearing in "Sowing and Reaping" as Mrs. Sampson Paley, a part in which she is highly commended for her grace and ingenuousness. Miss Leyshon has just declined the renewal of her engagement with Mr. Wyndham. Unaided by any theatrical interest, Miss Leyshon has steadily made her way in her profession, and has in it every prospect of a bright career.

Miss Edith Woodworth has several times been seen as Gilberte in "Frou-Frou," a performance of which was given at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday afternoon, July 10, in aid of "The Buttercup and Daisy Fund." Miss Woodworth had not improved by her absence from the stage, and we should scarcely mention the performance but that Mr. Arthur Bouchier, evidently determined to try a round of characters, appeared very capably as the old *roué* Brigard; and Miss Gertrude Kingston was very womanly and pure as Louise, Mr. Henry Neville excellent as the weak but adoring Henry Sartorys, and Miss Fanny Brough clever as the Baronne de Cambri. It has been remarked of late that Mr. Fred Terry is getting rather "stagey," and inclined to pose; this was very noticeable in his *Comte de Valreas*. Miss Edith Chester was the Pauline; Mr. Forbes Dawson was a fair Piton, a little too much inclined to low comedy; and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar was Mr. Gilbert Farquhar as the Baron de Cambri.

Messrs. Willard and Lart kindly gave the use of the Shaftesbury Theatre on the afternoon of Friday, July 4, for a performance in aid of the Marlowe Memorial, which is to be erected at Canterbury, his native place, and where he was



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MISS ELEANOR LEYSMON.

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow."

—ROMEO & JULIET, Act II, Sc 2.



educated. The *matinée* was an interesting one, as there were three novelties, in addition to recitations by Miss Maude Millett and Mr. George Giddens, a song by Mr. Ben Davies, a violincello solo by Mr. Van Biene, and a dance by Miss Letty Lind. Besides these, Mr. Willard gave, with the greatest success, a costume recital of "A Last Confession," a powerful and intensely pathetic poem by Dante Gabrielle Rossetti; and the Avenue Company kept the house in a roar with the second act of "Dr. Bill." Mr. W. L. Courtney's one-act play on the hero of the afternoon, entitled "Kit Marlowe," is not without literary merit, but is devoid of incident until the dramatist is stabbed to death by Francis Archer, landlord of the Red Lion, Deptford, one of Marlowe's favourite haunts. Archer resents Nan's love for Marlowe, and kills him out of jealousy, poor Kit regretting in his dying moments that he will not live to see the fruition of his hopes to become one of the mighty writers of the age. Mr. Arthur Bouchier had evidently studied the character of the roystering, thoughtless, yet poetic, Marlowe, and his death scene was worthy of praise. Miss Annie Irish made much of the part of Nan. There was also played, for the first time in England, "Miss Hoyden's Husband," Augustin Daly's version of Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough." Though ingeniously embodying in one act the principal features of the wooing of Miss Hoyden, the piece is much weakened by all the other characters being made so much subservient to hers. Nor is there anything very brilliant in the manner in which the dialogue was fitted together. Miss Rehan has been seen to much greater advantage than as Miss Hoyden. Her continuing to nurse her doll after her suitor had arrived was certainly out of place. As to the other parts they could reflect but little credit on the very best exponents. The concluding piece was a new duologue by Justin Huntly McCarthy, entitled "Vanity of Vanities," and contained infinitely more plot than is generally bestowed on such short pieces. The Princess Nicholas is an English woman who has allowed ambition to stifle her love for Morris Hastings. So she marries a prince and wrecks her lover's life. Her husband dies, but all that wealth and station can give her do not make her happy. The two meet after five years, she, *blasé* and so weary of the world that she has determined on committing suicide. He, on his part, is quite willing to give up an existence that has no value for him, so he says he will die with her, but, before doing so, he once more pours out his love for her. This gives her her one desire, and so they come together again, determined to lead better and purer lives, and not to live for themselves alone. "Vanity of Vanities" is well written, but gives one the idea of an adaptation, from the French sentiment that pervades it. Unfortunately, Mr. Herbert Waring was unable to appear as Morris Hastings, but Mr. Willard read his part admirably, and, notwithstanding this disadvantage, Miss May Whitty gave a most expressive rendering of the outwardly worldly Princess Nicholas.

"The Best People," described as a new original comedy, was produced at the Globe Theatre on Monday afternoon, July 14, when Mrs. Fairfax, an actress of some reputation in the past, made her last appearance in public. As to the play itself (the author of which was unannounced), there is no occasion to speak, for it will certainly not be seen again. One of its many absurdities was a young married woman disguising herself, singing before and being accepted by the public as a noted prima donna, and being made love to by her own husband for days together in that character without his recognising her as his own wife! Miss Essex Dane was good as the supposed singer, and Miss Adrienne Dairolles as the real one. Mr. John Le Hay proved himself as usual an excellent comedian, possessing dry humour, as Pat, a faithful and inventive Irish page boy.

Mr. Augustin Daly's company appeared at the Lyceum this season six times in "The Taming of the Shrew," commencing Tuesday evening, July 8. Miss Ada Rehan once more established her claim to be the best Katharine that we have seen for years, and Mr. Drew, great as was his former success as Petruchio, has improved his interpretation of the character, for he has toned down certain effects that were a little too demonstrative. (It will be remembered that Shakespeare's comedy was given by the Daly Company in May, 1888, at the Lyceum, and a full notice of their performance appeared in the July number of THE THEATRE of that year.) There are not very many important changes in the cast, excepting that Mr. Charles Wheatleigh now played Christopher Sly

with much unction, that Mr. George Ormond was most acceptable as Vincentio, Mr. Will Sampson amusing as the page, and that Miss Edith Crane was a charming and very sweet Bianca. Sir Henry Bishop's song, "Should he up-braid," was exquisitely sung by Miss Kitty Cheatham. The very favorable comments passed on the scenery on the original production of the play by Mr. Daly, may be emphatically confirmed—nothing could have been more beautiful than the various stage pictures.

Mdme. Sarah Bernhardt has once more been amongst us, and appeared at Her Majesty's on Monday evening, June 23, as Jeanne D'Arc in M. Jules Barbier's "*Drame Légende*" of that name. It was only in the first act, however, that the great actress had a complete opportunity of holding her audience—the rest is, for the most part, pageant, and the characters that support the Maid of Orleans are but insignificant. M. Barbier's work is not dramatic, it is poetic, for his close adherence to historical truth has cramped his endeavours. M. Gounod's music adds great charm to the performance. During her stay in London, Mdme. Bernhardt appeared in "*La Dame aux Camélias*," "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*," and "*La Tosca*," and had lost none of her attraction in the various characters.

The recitals of "*Macbeth*" by Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, at the St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of June 25 and July 16, were well attended, and were thoroughly appreciated. The time occupied was just two hours on each occasion. The murder and the witches' scenes created the greatest enthusiasm, and considerable surprise was expressed at the lasting power of Mr. Irving, who, after the arduous task of representing almost all the characters but one, and keeping them so marvellously distinct, could throw such vigour into the closing scene with Macduff. From June 30 to July 5, Mr. Irving and his company appeared before crowded and enthusiastic audiences at the Grand, Islington, in "*The Bells*," and during the succeeding week in "*Louis XI.*" at the same theatre. The only regret was that Miss Terry was not included in either of the casts.

"*Elaine*," a daintily written and pretty one-act play, by Mr. Royston Keith, was produced for the first time at Kilburn Town Hall on June 26. The author, who himself took the part of his hero, Jack Steele, tells of the young fellow being engaged to Elaine Gwyn. He has to go abroad, and is supposed to be lost in shipwreck. Nothing is heard about him for eight years, when a letter, announcing his return, arrives. Elaine has gone blind, and has adopted a little girl, Muriel (cleverly played by Miss Bessie Thompson), and teaches her to call her mother. Muriel thinks that on account of her blindness she should release Jack from his engagement, and he, knowing that she is not married, yet thinks that Muriel is her child. The misconceptions are cleared away through the little girl. The part of Elaine was sympathetically filled by Mrs. Thompson.

The Alhambra is crowded nightly to witness the new ballet "*Salandra*," invented by Signor Casati, and set to Mons. Jacobi's most tuneful music. Signora Legnani is the *Première Danseuse Assoluta*, supported by Mlle. Marie, Signor De Vincent and the *corps-de-ballet*, for which this theatre is now so famous. The dresses by M. and Mdme. Alias are in perfect taste, and are from designs by H. Gray. The scenery, too, is very beautiful. The variety entertainment is well selected and free from anything like vulgarity; and there is another very bright ballet, "*Zanetta*," to wind up with, so that Mr. Charles Morton may be congratulated on the excellent programme he provides.

Mr. Fred Horner's tenancy of Toole's Theatre came to an end on Thursday, June 26, and "*The Bungalow*" was played for the last time in a scene of much enthusiasm, the popular manager being heartily greeted on his appearing at the end of the evening.—The Adelphi closed its doors on July 12 with the "*Green Bushes*," and will re-open on August 2 with the new Irish drama by Messrs. G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, which, as at present intended, is to be entitled "*The English Rose*."—"A Village Priest" was played for the 103rd time on Saturday, July 12. Mr. Beerbohm Tree was compelled to close his theatre in consequence of touring engagements already made, but will re-open it on



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GROUP FROM "JUDAH."

MISS OLGA BRANDON & MR. WILLARD.

"I love you! I love you!"

—JUDAH, Act II.

October 2, and renew the hitherto prosperous run of Mr. Sydney Grundy's play.—Mr. Augustus Harris has engaged a very strong cast for his autumn production, which, it is said, is to be entitled "A Million of Money," and which he has written in collaboration with Mr. Henry Pettitt. Mr. Charles Warner returns from Australia to take part in it.

Saturday, July 19, saw the last performance at the Gaiety by the Farren-Leslie Company of "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué," which has been running for ten months with great success. Mr. Leslie, in a speech, stated that on the termination of his engagement with Mr. Edwards, he would swell the list of actor-managers.

Portraits of Miss Olga Brandon and of Mr. Willard have so recently appeared in THE THEATRE that in referring to our character portrait of them from "Judah" that appears in this issue, it is unnecessary for us to do more than record briefly the powerful impersonation of the hero that has added one more artistic triumph to the rôle of Mr. Willard's successes, and the touching performance of Miss Brandon in the part of Vashiti Dethic, a performance which has revealed to us new capacities of the highest possible value and promise in this young actress.

Mr. F. Ramson Buckley draws our attention to a misstatement in the June issue of THE THEATRE (Omnibus Box), wherein Mr. Leigh, M.A., is reported to have appeared to great advantage as Edward III., in an abstract from a play of that name, given under the title of "The King and the Countess." Mr. Buckley was himself the clever exponent of the character.

Want of space will prevent our being able to do more than to announce the production of "A Gold Mine" at the Gaiety, and the qualified success achieved by Mr. Nat Goodwin, who made his first appearance in England, Monday, July 21. The piece itself is of the poorest; but Messrs. William Farren, Charles Glenny, Harry Eversfield, Frank Wood, Eric Thorne, with Misses Kate Forsyth, Carlotta Leclercq, and Jennie McNulty, give the best interpretation possible of it.

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from June 20, 1890, to July 17, 1890.

(Revivals are marked thus*).

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| June 23 | "Jeanne d'Arc," drame-légende in three parts and six tableaux, by Jules Barbier. Music by Ch. Gounod. |
| " 23 | "Salandra," ballet, by Signor Casati. Music by Jacobi. Alhambra. |
| " 23 | "Dangers of London," melodrama, by F. A. Scudamore. Surrey. (first time in London). |
| " 23 | "Work and Wages," drama in five acts, by William Bourne (first time in London). Pavilion. |
| " 24 | "Art and Love," comedy in one act, by A. W. Dubourg. <i>Matinée</i> . Avenue. |
| " 24 | "Punchinello," one-act play, by Dr. Dabbs. <i>Matinée</i> . Avenue. |
| " 24* | "Nancy and Co.," comedy in four acts, adapted by Augustin Daly, from the German "Halbdichter" of Julius Rosen. Lyceum. |
| " 26 | "Your Wife," farcical comedy in three acts, adapted by Justin McCarthy, from Maurice Desvallières "Prête Moi ta Femme." St. James's. |
| " 26 | "Old Friends," comédietta, by Lady Violet Greville. St. James's. |
| " 26 | "Elaine," one-act play, by Royston Keith. Kilburn Town Hall. |
| " 27 | "Cyrene," dramatic fancy in three acts, by Alfred C. Calmour. <i>Matinée</i> . Avenue. |
| " 28 | "Papa's Honeymoon," three-act farcical comedy, by Sylvani Mayer and W. B. Tarpey. <i>Matinée</i> . Criterion. |
| " 30 | "The Cloven Foot," play, dramatized by Jeanette Steer and F. Mouillot from E. Braddon's novel (first time in London). Pavilion. |
| July 1 | "Vera," drama in four acts, by Mr. Ellis Smith. <i>Matinée</i> . Globe. |
| " 1 ^o | "Fazio," five-act tragedy, by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman. <i>Matinée</i> . Strand. |

- July 1* "A Sicilian Idyll," play, in two acts, by Professor John Todhunter. St. George's Hall.
- " 3 "Illusion," original play, in three acts, by Pierre Le Clercq. *Matinée*. Strand.
- " 3 "The Solicitor," original farce, in three acts, by J. H. Darnley (first time in London). Toole's.
- " 4 "Kit Marlowe," play, in one act, by W. L. Courtney. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- " 4 "Miss Hoyer's Husband," play, in one act, founded by Augustin Daly on Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough" (first time in England). *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- " 4 "Vanity of Vanities," duologue, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- " 4^o "Adrienne Lecouvreur," five act drama, by Scribe and Legouvé. (French plays. M^{me}. Bernhardt.) Her Majesty's.
- " 5 "Sowing and Reaping," comedy, in two acts, by C. Vernon (placed in the evening bill). Criterion.
- " 5^o "La Dame aux Camelias," five-act drama, by Alexandre Dumas, fils. (French plays. M^{me}. Bernhardt.) Her Majesty's.
- " 8 "Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare's comedy, represented by the Daly Company. Lyceum.
- " 9^o "La Tosca," five-act drama, by Victorien Sardou. (French plays. M^{me}. Bernhardt.) Her Majesty's.
- " 12 "Sweet Nancy," three act comedy, by Robert Buchanan. Lyric.
- " 12 "An Old Maid's Wooing," one act play, by Arnold Goldsworthy and A. B. Norman. Lyric.
- " 12 "His Little Mania," farce (author unannounced). Athenæum Hall.
- " 15 "As You Like It," Shakespeare's comedy, in five acts, represented by the Daly Company. Lyceum.
- " 16 "Cosi Fan Tutte," comic opera by Mozart (performed by Pupils of the Royal College of Music. *Matinée*. Savoy.
- " 17 "How Dreams Come True," sketch by Dr. John Todhunter. Grosvenor Gallery.

In the Provinces from June 16, 1890, to July 14, 1890.

- June 30 "Daughters," comedy in three acts, by T. G. Warren and Willie Edouin. T.R., Portsmouth.
- July 3 "A Young Pretender," farcical comedy, by Barton White. Sanger's Amphitheatre, Ramsgate.
- " 10 "The Working Man," drama, by H. Hardy. Colosseum, Oldham.
- " 14 "Round the Ring," "dramatic romance of circus life," in four acts, by Paul Merritt. The Royal, Hull.

In Paris, from June 18, 1890, to July 12, 1890.

- June 20^o "La Fille de l'Air," operetta, in three acts, by Cogniard and Raymond. New couplets by Armand Liorat. New music by M. Laconée. Folies-Dramatiques.
- July 12 "Orient-Express," spectacular play, in four acts, by Paul Burain. Chatelet.



THE THEATRE.



Why Are We Playgoers ?

BY MARIE CORBETT KILBURN.



WHY do we go to the play ? We do go. Day by day the theatres multiply and the playgoing public increases. The stage is a staple topic of conversation at our dinner and tea tables ; it fills columns of our newspapers ; it is one of the most prominent features of the life of the day.

Of course, it is denounced by an ever diminishing section of society as a hotbed of unwholesome excitement and social corruption, while a scarcely larger contingent asserts its claim to be considered as a lofty ethical and moral influence.

Perhaps most of us are content to defend it from the lower standpoint of the necessity for recreation ; more especially in these degenerate dramatic days, when farce and burlesque count the larger following, and comedy and tragedy are somewhat at a discount. They have a strong minority ; they can afford to wait. The higher forms of drama will always triumph in the end, but there are wide lacunæ now and then, when a blank of *ennui* lies over the stage, when the "sotie," the farce, and the ballet reign supreme, and audiences have reached that last dismal deep when social tradition compels them where they are neither stirred nor amused, where laughter is almost as socially inadmissible as tears. They are bored because they come to be bored, to pass an evening with the least possible amount of mental strain. The houses which cater for such a public may be vicious or purely vacuous ; they are in any case not entitled to be considered seriously as the abode of the Drama,—with a big D,—but may be classed with music-halls and variety shows.

Otherwise, be it the better kind of farce or tragedy, Burnand or Shakespearé, they are not so dissimilar in their *raison d'être*, in their grip on the public.

And often as the use of the stage is understated, or overstated, she does still serve some better cause than merely to amuse. In her youth she did the Church some useful service, for in the Middle

Ages it was the Church who waged war with nature and tried to crush out the natural emotions of mankind, till, finding them too strong for her, she called in the Drama's aid to appease the cravings which she could not preach down, preferring to supply the need rather than to lose the *clientèle*.

Now it is society which represses all show of passion or feeling under her velvet mask. The nineteenth century is an age at once cynical and prosaic; an age which discounts all nobleness of motive, and is apt to discredit any act of heroism which breaks the even tenor of its calm respectability. It is quite as fearful of rising above, as of falling below, the level of average public opinion—rather afraid of the unusual than of the vicious, and, in what it considers subversive of all moral order, rather concerned after all with the order than the morality.

An age "frigid, decorous, alarmed," as Lord Beaconsfield termed it, and yet an age which, stripped of its modern trappings, is merely human after all; not devoid of the elements of tragedy and comedy, not incapable of hearty laughter, not insensible to the common bond of suffering and sorrow which binds its units together. But it is an age of repression, whose highest heroism is not apparent, consisting, as it most frequently does, in suffering behind a smile, crushing down all appearance of agony, and playing an unruffled part before the world. Society insists on, yet wearies of, this conventionality. To satisfy the emotional and imaginative side of our natures becomes a craving which music and the theatre best satisfy in all over-civilized communities, whether of modern England or ancient Greece. They lift the veil and, by showing the throbbing of the great human heart beneath, ease the sense of unreality which oppresses our civilization. The Spartan boy is too often held up for our admiration and imitation. A whole generation of Spartan boys has a depressing influence on the world, and, on the whole, it is perhaps more wholesome to hunt the fox and kill him in the open. In an age of license, the stage may be the ringleader of the roysterers; in an age of artificial repression it is the touchstone of feeling and emotion.

Schiller, in his "Aesthetische Erziehung," urges the need of cultivating the capacity for feeling. "Ausbildung des Empfindungsvermögen ist also das dringenderest bedürfniss der Zeit." Nowadays, the want is probably still more pressing, and we must own the stage as a most potent instrument to this end. For since every faculty may become atrophied and drop off by constant disuse if we concentrate our attention on the material aspects of life, our imaginative and reflective powers must suffer.

Nor, while urging the necessity that the drama must be a power of "light and leading," must we lose sight of the fact that what public opinion makes it, that it will be. It is the public after all that creates the laws of tastes, though it has not the knowledge to formulate its code, and the public just now worships *respectability*—an excellent servant, but a bad master. For we should be respectable because we are good, and not good because we are respectable. And

I own to having a lurking feeling of satisfaction sometimes in seeing our smug society shaken into sympathy with a storm of passion which outrages all etiquettes and drives Mrs. Grundy behind her fan. For society is selfish and very often outraged because a thing is inconvenient, and unusual, and disturbing, though it may be heroic and chivalrous, and noble (words which are growing to have a strangely archaic ring about them, which are almost "bad form," and yet which, in this connection, I cannot do without). No doubt such episodes are common enough in the world round us, but we ignore them. We touch the other lives with which we come in contact at one point only. We receive an impression from them, but cannot realise them as a whole. The charm of the stage is that it completes the picture and lays bare the hidden springs. The present social tone engenders uniformity. A transatlantic phrase best expresses our modern ideal, "our level best." That is what we are coming to. We are smoothing out all the inequalities, and filling up the deficiencies; but we do not see that we are pulling down all the heights—we are losing some of the miserable deeps it is true, but we are paying for them with the loss of lofty heroism and sublime genius.

Nor does the new realistic school tend at all—or, if at all, very little—to satisfy the real needs of the time. Its professed aim is to show us life as it is; but its tendency at the moment is certainly to show only the worst side of our modern civilization. No doubt it is wholesome for us all to have our vices and our follies held up to us from time to time in all their unadorned ugliness; but, nevertheless, it is in the main the true mission of all art to seek for beauty. True realism, which dwells only on the nasty, is spurious; yet that is distinctly the failing of the naturalists of to-day. In their reaction from the tendency of a finikin school, which suppressed all that might jar on an emasculated taste, and which made the "cheek of the young person" the touchstone of excellence in art, they have gone clean over to the other swing of the pendulum.

Setting aside the larger issues of the question, the microscopical delineation of every detail of our lives cannot be defended as either entertaining or wholesome. There is much in every life history which would be petty, sordid, and cramping, were our minds to dwell on it; but, happily, we are able to develop a large degree of automatic facility in the mere routine of existence, and the mind is left free to occupy itself in other ways. Even where this trivial scrupulosity has the element of prettiness, it is poor art; it is like a pretty room—it pleases your taste, but you see how it is all arranged and the effect produced. It is less healthful than a free landscape, where your soul may roam more freely in the larger air, where every day you may discover new beauties, and where even defects seem more tolerable, because there is more room for them. In a wide champaign the eye seldom takes in squalid details.

That is what we want on the stage—a school which shall give us a wide, breezy, healthful view of life, seeing it as a whole, yet with the true artist's power of selection of what is suitable for his purpose, and nice sense of proportion and artistic composition.

But above all things let us beware of monstrosities. Some modern specimens of attenuated wit and overgrown vice can be said to appeal to no loftier instincts than do the living skeleton and the fat woman at a country fair.



“My Luggage.”

BY HARRIETT JAY.

(*Authoress of “The Queen of Connaught,” &c.*)

PART II.



AFTER gazing at me for a moment he turned away, and I saw his eyes wander to my luckless portmanteau. Guessing the thought that was passing through his brain, I rose, left my corner, and sat down opposite to him.

“I am very sorry I spoke as I did just now,” I said in as calm a voice as I could, “but I was so concerned at losing my bags—and I—I really thought you were a robber! I see my mistake now, and apologise.”

I paused trembling, not knowing how my speech would be received. To my intense relief he replied :

“Ladies have strange fancies ; but you see now, don't you, that by casting out those bags, I probably saved your life ?”

“Probably,” I repeated, for want of something better to say.

“You agree with me, don't you, that it's much better to lose a little luggage than to lose one's life.”

“Certainly I do.”

“Then permit me,” he continued, taking hold of my portmanteau, “to be of some slight service to you again.”

“Why what are you going to do now ?”

“I am going to throw out this portmanteau !”

“But why ?”

“Because the carriage is still too heavily laden ; don't you feel the oscillation ?”

I replied that I did, but that I attributed it to the increased speed at which we were travelling.

“That is what you said before,” he continued gravely, “but you know nothing of the laws of gravitation.”

Again he made a movement towards my portmanteau, and again I stopped him.

"Must this go?" I said.

He replied that it must.

"But wouldn't anything else do as well—there is your luggage for instance?"

He replied that he had none, and on glancing round the carriage I perceived that he was right. It was all mine; he had not even a hand-bag that would hold a clean collar.

"Well," I continued, "there are plenty of other things without this portmanteau. There are my other two bags, there are my rugs, there are the carriage cushions; take them all if you like—take anything but this!"

"But why?" he asked.

"Because this is of the utmost value to me."

"Madam," he replied gravely, "it is the heaviest."

"Decidedly it is the heaviest," I said, "but if all these other things were disposed of, perhaps the weight of this one would not matter so much after all."

This argument seemed to carry conviction with it; at any rate, he was appeased for a time. Abandoning my portmanteau, he turned his attention to my two remaining bags, which had been safely tucked away in the rack. First one, then the other, was lifted down and thrown out of the window; the cushions of the carriage followed, then my rugs, until the carriage became a positive wreck, and nothing was left but my portmanteau, which still lay upon the floor. This work had not been accomplished without considerable difficulty, for so rapid was the pace at which we were travelling, and so violent were the vibrations of the carriage, that my companion could scarcely keep his feet. However, his work of destruction was completed at last, and when all was over he sat down to gaze at the result. Every available light article had been thrown out, but the carriage shook as violently as before. Again he turned his eyes upon my portmanteau.

"You see I was right," he said, "that portmanteau will certainly have to go."

I was growing desperate. Determined not to lose this last remnant of my property without a struggle, I used every persuasive means in my power; to no purpose, however. When once my companion had got an idea, he stuck to it with pertinacity. He had resolved to cast the portmanteau out, and nothing I could say or do would alter his determination. At last a brilliant idea struck me.

"Why," I said, "it is much too big. You couldn't possibly get that through the window!"

This idea had evidently not occurred to him. He saw in a moment that I was right; but his fertile imagination was not without resource.

"We will open it," he said, "and throw out the things singly."

This at first I positively refused to agree to; but at length, seeing that my persistence was beginning to re-arouse his fury, I reluctantly

handed him my keys and sat down with a sigh of resignation to watch his final task of destruction.

He took the keys, unlocked the portmanteau, and lifted the lid ; then he paused, and gazed with a curious expression at the various articles of apparel which met his gaze.

First there was a wig—a closely-cropped boy's wig, which was neatly folded and lay flat from the pressure of the portmanteau lid ; next came a dress coat, then a waistcoat, then a pair of black trousers. Each of these articles my companion carefully lifted out ; then he turned to me with a very puzzled expression on his face.

"Do these things belong to *you*, madam ?" he asked.

"They do," I replied ; "but before this evening, I suppose they will belong to some person or persons unknown."

"I mean," he continued in a hesitating kind of way, "do you *wear* them ?"

"Of course I have worn them ; but if you carry out your present intention, I shall probably wear them no more."

Then it was that brilliant idea number two came into my head, and once more I experienced a kind of relief. After all, my sole object now was to gain time. If I could only manage to keep my companion in conversation until the train reached its destination, all further evil might be avoided ; if not—I trembled to think what further wild idea might enter the man's brain.

The speed of the train seemed to increase with every mile we travelled, and the vibration of the carriage was by this time really alarming. Sitting upon the uncushioned seat, I was rocked violently from side to side ; while my companion, who was kneeling upon the floor before my open portmanteau, and gazing abstractedly at the curious mixture of garments which it contained, had some difficulty in keeping himself from sprawling on the floor. Suddenly he began to collect some of the things together, a proceeding which I hastened to stop.

"Will you listen to me for one moment ?" I said, stretching out my hand and laying it lightly on his shoulder.

He turned towards me at once, and I continued :

"I told you the contents of that portmanteau were of great value to me, that was why I asked you to leave it till the last. Now you understand the reason, don't you ?"

He shook his head.

"I certainly do not. They seem to be an extraordinary collection of articles to belong to a lady."

I laughed rather hysterically, I am afraid, as I replied :

"Yes, to a stranger they must look odd, but the fact is, I am an actress."

"An actress ?"

"Yes. I am to appear to-night at Mumford, and," I added falteringly, "I am to wear those clothes."

"Indeed !"

He seemed to be becoming interested ; my spirits rose a little, and I said :

"It is not a regular engagement—in fact, it is not an engagement at all ; I am simply to appear to-night in a part I have played a good deal in London. The piece is to be done at the Theatre Royal, with all the original London cast, and as I am one of them, and since it is to be for the benefit of a very old friend of mine, I have come down. I believe it will be a very great affair. If you throw these things out of the window, I don't know what will happen, as I shall not be able to appear at all."

I paused, and my companion, without one word of comment, commenced to collect my wardrobe together and roll it into a bundle.

"What *are* you going to do ?" I asked.

"I am going to cast these things out."

"What, after all I have told you ? You will bring a terrible calamity upon my friend !"

"I cannot help that," he said.

As he spoke I looked at him in wonder. What terrible change had come over him ? He rose to his feet for a moment and faced me, fixing his eyes upon my face. As he did so, a horrible feeling of fear came over me, for I felt that the look in his face meant murder. To this day I can never understand how it was that I managed to keep my senses, but I did. I glanced instinctively towards the check string, and he saw the look.

"If you touch *that*," he said, "I will kill you."

He cast out of the window every article which the portmanteau had contained ; then he turned to me.

"Now, madam," he said, "it is your turn."

"My turn ?" I cried.

"Yes," he continued. "I am going to cast *you* out now."

"Good heavens !" I cried, making a brave effort to choke down my fear. "Do you still think the carriage is overloaded ?"

"I do."

"In that case it is *you* who should go out," I continued desperately. "You are very much taller than I am, and twice as heavy."

This view of the case seemed by no means pleasing to my travelling companion. He himself had evidently no wish to join the majority, though he had made up his mind to send me there. Nevertheless, I continued to argue the matter in order to gain time. How long the argument lasted I don't know ; I only dimly remember saying the wildest things. I have a recollection of the horror which overcame me as I saw the face of my companion becoming once more disturbed by mad fury. I saw him come towards me with outstretched hands, as if about to grapple with me ; then suddenly the train slackened its speed, the engine whistled shrilly, and I knew that we were nearing the station. I fell back on to the seat, and for the first time in my life I fainted.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in the waiting-room of the station, surrounded by an eager and interested crowd. My first feeling was one of astonishment at finding myself alive, then I thought of my companion, and asked quickly :

"Where is he?"

"Oh, he's taken," was the reply.

"Taken?"

"Yes miss, and he'll be sent back to the asylum by the next train. He only escaped this morning, and they telegraphed his description at once. And now, miss, what has he done to you, and what can we do for you?"

I gave a brief account of what had occurred, and asked them to recover for me, if possible, my lost luggage; then, having ascertained that my maid had been left behind in London, and feeling sure that she would follow by the next train, I got into a cab and drove at once to the hotel, where rooms had been ordered for me. The rooms were ready, and dinner was awaiting me. Before sitting down to it, however, I despatched a message to my old friend, the manager of the Theatre Royal, asking him to come to me at once. I had got half through my dinner when he walked into the room.

"Anything the matter?" he asked, looking anxiously into my face.

"Yes, I am sorry to say there is a good deal the matter," I replied. "I shan't be able to play to-night."

"Not play to-night? In heaven's name why?"

"For the best of reasons, I have no wardrobe." Whereupon I gave him a description of what had occurred in the train.

"The madman," I said, "is by this time on his way back to the asylum, but my clothes are scattered in various places down the line. What am I to do? If I were going to play any ordinary part, I might manage; but to wear boy's clothes which have not been specially made for me, is quite out of the question."

Without another word, my friend rose and left me. Half-an-hour later, I received a little note.

"Dear Kitty," he wrote, "It's all right. I've postponed the benefit. *Dormez bien*, and don't dream of the madman. I'll look round in the morning.

—"CHARLES MAYLAND."

In the morning I was awakened by my maid bringing in my tea and the papers. I sipped my tea, opened the paper, and turned to the advertisement of the Theatre Royal. I found that the benefit had been postponed "in consequence of an alarming accident to Miss Katherine Fane;" while in another part of the paper, I found a long and very flowery description of my adventure with the lunatic, an account winding up with the announcement "that I was at present suffering from nervous prostration, but that I hoped to be able to appear in a few days."

On going down to breakfast, I found my old friend awaiting me.

"I've fixed the benefit for this day week," he said, "and you don't move out of Mumford till it's over. This first adventure has done us good; a second one might have a contrary effect, so, as you are here, you will remain here till it's all over."

And I *did* stay, and a very pleasant week I had on the whole, though before it came to an end, I was a good deal worried by being

stared at wherever I went by an excited and eager crowd, for, thanks to the marvellous advertising powers of Mr. Mayland, my adventure was soon pretty well known, and I became as great an object of interest as Marwood was when he came down to execute his labours in the gaol. At length the night of the benefit arrived. As I was making my way to my dressing-room, I met Mr. Mayland, who informed me, with a beaming smile, that the house was magnificent. He was in particularly good spirits, so also was I, for my missing luggage had been recovered, very little, if any, the worse for its adventure. The evening passed off splendidly; the house was packed from floor to ceiling, and the piece never went better. When all was over, Mr. Mayland invited the members of the company to his room, where we found some champagne. Someone proposed the manager's health, but Mayland laughingly said:

"I propose the health of a much more important person. Here is to our friend and benefactor, THE MADMAN."



In and Out of Shakespeare.

By the Author of "Shakespeare Diversions."

III.—ORLANDO IN ARDEN.



THAT which Coleridge terms the "mournful alienation of brotherly love," occasioned by the law of primogeniture in noble families—or rather by the unnecessary distinctions grafted on it, and this in children of the same stock—is almost a commonplace in our early plays. The Orlando and Oliver of "As You Like It," have their analogues in "The Scornful Lady" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in "The Brothers" of James Shirely (1626), where Francisco tells Fernando, resenting his claims as senior, that, there being no inequality in their blood, the law of nature meant they should be equal:

It was first tyranny, then partial custom,
 Made you more capable of land. Would you
 Be lord of us because you are first-born,
 And make our souls your tenants too? When I've
 Named you my elder brother, I exclude
 All servitude.

Orlando, in the first scene of "As You Like It," begins to "mutiny against this servitude." Oliver keeps him "rustically" at home, without advantage of education or society. Oliver's horses are bred better. Oliver feeds Orlando in common with his hinds; systematically, and of malice aforethought, snubs, degrades, and humiliates him. Is it not time Orlando *vel* Rolando should play the Roland to this Oliver?

At any rate, it is time that the younger brother should quit the old roof-tree, and seek a sheltering retreat under the shade of melancholy boughs, and in what he calls, on first acquaintance, the "desert inaccessible" of Arden.

His first experiences in the forest are of a forbidding sort. Old Adam, his faithful fellow traveller, has fallen by the wayside, fainting for food; and Orlando rushes in upon the feasting foresters, with his sword drawn, and the rude cry, from his impetuous young heart, doubtful how it may be taken, "Forbear, and eat no more!" Adam shall be fed before any more of those viands be consumed. *His* necessity shall know no law. But he has lighted on gentlemen, on gentle men. No need of force to move them to gentleness. Speak they so gently? What can the hot youth do, himself of gentle birth, but blush and hide his sword?

There is a flavour, but only a rough one, of this scene in the menacing questioners and defiant answerers in Scott's "Lord of the Isles :"—

"How say you if, to wreak the scorn
 That pays our kindness harsh return,
 We should refuse to share our meal?"
 "Then say we that our swords are steel,
 And our vows bind us not to fast
 Where gold or force may buy repast!"

So again, in Sir Walter's "Monastery," young Glendinning plays Orlando's part of peremptory demand, forgetting the *suaviter* of appeal in the *fortiter* of exigent need. "There is no time to expound anything," said Halbert; "I tell thee a man's life is at stake, and thou must come to aid him, or I will carry thee by force." Frederick, in "Lovers' Vows," translated from Kotzebue by Mrs. Inchbald—which, if not remembered for any merit of its own, or for Mrs. Inchbald's sake, is yet safe from absolute oblivion so long as there are readers of incomparable Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park,"—the soldier son in that translated piece all but opens it by his clamour for relief at the ale-house door—relief, not for Frederick himself, but for his fainting mother, sunk fainting along the roadside, like octogenarian Adam. The landlord is disposed to demur and delay, and indisposed to deal with so strange a customer; but a bottle of wine Frederick

will have—enforcing the order, literally an order, with the monitory menace, “And be quick about it, or I’ll smash every window in your house !”

Crabbe’s “Hall of Justice” opens with the vagrant’s avowal before the magistrate, that a criminal she is, if crime it be to seize tempting food for her starving child :

“My crime!—this sick’ning child to feed,
I seized the food, your witness saw ;
I know your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law.”

The atmosphere of Arden, and Elizabethan accents, will be partially regained, if we turn from Crabbe’s unadorned realism to “The Sea Voyage” of Beaumont and Fletcher, and note how like in tone to Orlando’s plea *ad misericordiam* is that pathetically enforced by Sebastian : “If ever you have look’d on better days, if ever,” etc., for thus the noble Portuguese delivers himself :—

“If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts, . . .
If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,
Or suffer’d in yourselves the least afflictions,
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,
Have mercy on our miseries.”

And his pleadings, like Orlando’s, strike home ; nor is either Sebastian in the first act, or Albert in the second, sent empty away. Albert’s entreaty to the Countess is couched in terms to assure her that, Orlando like, ’tis not for himself he begs thus beseechingly ; and to others he afterwards appeals in the same strain :—

“Though ’twill appear a wonder, one near starved
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer—I left in yonder desert
A virgin almost pined . . . I deeply vow’d
Not to taste food or rest, if Fortune brought it me,
Till I blessed her with my return.”

* * * * *

Not long has Orlando been in Arden, a welcome guest, ere he begins to carve the name of his mistress on its tree trunks, and to festoon them with copies of verses by her fair image inspired. Anon he has to listen to banter from her saucy lips about a man that haunts the forest, and abuses the young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks—a man that hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; “all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind.” So rallies him his “unexpressive she,” in the guise of Ganymede. Yet are the carvings dear to her as to himself were those of Mopsus or of Gallus in Virgil.

The rind of every plant her name shall know,
And as the rind extends, the love shall grow.

Thomson’s Damon is for fancying a proud Lycoris (such as the Virgilian eclogue assigns to Gallus) in his Musidora. But nothing of the kind. Musidora not only reads his verses, but approvingly

and assentingly answers them. Tasso's Erminia used often, while her flock lay under the greenwood shade, to make songs and sonnets to her knight, "And them engraved in bark of beech and bays," as Fairfax alliteratively Englished it. The story of the shepherdess, Marcela, related to Don Quixote by the goat-herd Pedro, includes mention of some two dozen of tall beeches near her dwelling, not one of which but has her name engraven on its smooth bark. The Don himself, in his moody self-questionings anent Dulcinea, half repents molesting trees that never did him harm, but goes on barking and carving on them all the same. And even in the penultimate chapter of his strange eventful history, and on the eve of his fatal sickness, we find the emaciated knight heartily assenting to his companions' plan of severally cutting on the bark of every tree they come near the name of the shepherdess beloved by each.

Prior's Henry—a Henry that at once suggests Emma—sets to work with a will (and a knife) at a spreading beech in a verdant glade, and joys to see the "tender mark" grow with the year and widen with the bark. Justice Woodcock ("Love in a Village") desires to know if Rosina has a hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils his worship's trees by engraving true-lovers' knots upon them, with your horn and buck-handled knives. The action of time on the carving, the course of bark, is a theme after "Ingoldsby's" own heart :—

Ay, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
We carved our initials, though not very lately,
We think in the great eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, lost is the G which proclaim'd Georgiana,
Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all askew ;
And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

No doubt there might be deciphered other such Q's from all quarters. But the Ingoldsby carver is confessedly given to change, and is no more proof against time than initial G's are, in wood-carving. He is not "Faithful for Ever," like the hero of the poem so entitled, who can refer back a whole decade with a clear conscience, and invite his mistress to share in that retrospectivere view : *ecce signum !*

Upon a beech he bids her mark where, ten years since, he carved her name ;
It grows there with the growing bark, and in his heart it grows the same.

It is in analogy rather with Mr. Barham's strain than with Mr. Coventry Patmore's, that an American bard records the result of revisiting in middle life the gray old birch whereon he had whittled his schoolboy name, remembering how small his shadow fell, as he painfully reached and wrote a sign for futurity ; and now, stooping a little, he discovered but a half-healed, curious wound—an ancient scar in the bark, but no initial of his. Hood is more "punny" than pathetic—he could be both in one—when he details the unavailing cuttings and carvings, the "love's labours lost" of hapless John in "Bianca's Dream :"—

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park,
 Bianca haunted in--that where she came,
 Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
 The twisted cypher of her maiden name.
 Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark :
 No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
 Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
 In trees, like wooden dolls in embryo.

The late Dr. George Wilson was fond of stopping to gaze, in the Museum of Kew Gardens, at what he called a "strange and touching memorial" of the fidelity with which a living tree will preserve, and perpetuate by reproduction, the record confided to it. On the inner *liber*, or book-bark, someone a century or more ago had carved two letters of the alphabet, with the date attached. Long since the carver has died into dust, but the tree, faithful to its charge, has not only preserved the letters unharmed, but, as if they were dear to the Hamadryad who dwelt in its branches, has slowly drawn a veil of bark over the inscription, and made a copy of the letters in relief on this cover. There are tree trunks as well as airy voices that mysteriously syllable men's names.



Pit and Gallery Wit.



HE patrons of the drama are pre-eminent for their humour, a humour which is frequently remarkable for its originality, its spontaneousness, and often for its severity. Although, as a rule, it will not bear transcribing, there is much that has been recorded. Many a dull paragraph and uninteresting chapter relating to stage history has been enlivened by the saying of a gallery god or a wag in the pit, which oftentimes, nevertheless, loses in print half of its racy flavour.

It is said that,

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
 Then every grin so merry draws it out."

If this be the case, the play-going public, in these times of long faces and melancholy sorrowings, are undoubtedly indebted to those wits who by their harmless squibs help us to while away a long interval, maybe ; who reprimand the actor when in error ; who relieve the anxiety of the manager when a scene does not work right, or a

spectator misbehaves himself. An impromptu often restores order, and produces a broad grin of satisfaction on the general countenance.

During the performance of the opera of "Africa," in 1697, an impudent fellow kept singing in the pit, and so loudly that he annoyed all his neighbours. One of them, a Gascon, less patient than the rest, stood up and exclaimed, "Turn out the fool—the wretched singer—the noisy block-head!" and so on. "Is it to me, sir," said the singer, turning to him, "that you speak?" "Oh, not at all," said the Gascon, "it is to these rascally singers on the stage, who won't let us hear you."

When Thomson's tragedy of "Sophonisba" was brought out at Drury Lane, there was only one weak line in it, which a wag in the pit caused the poet to correct immediately. The hero pathetically exclaims:

"Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh!"

The pittance immediately, in the same tone of voice as the actor's echoed:

"Oh! Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, oh!"

Sophocles' tragedy of "Antigone" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, once, with Mendelssohn's music, and the "gods" were greatly pleased, and, according to their custom, called for the author. "Bring out Sapherclaze!" they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead two thousand years and more, and could not well come. Thereat a voice shouted from the gallery, "Then chuck us out his mummy!"

On one of the first nights of the opera of "Cymon," at Drury Lane, a dissatisfied critic, when Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act,

"Torn from me! torn from me! Which way did they take her?"

immediately sang, in the exact time of the air, to the astonishment of the audience,

"Why, towards Long Acre, towards Long Acre!"

Vernon was for the moment stunned; but, recovering himself, he sang in rejoinder,

"Ho! ho! did they so? Then I'll overtake her! I'll soon overtake her!"

and precipitately ran off amid the plaudits of the whole house.

The celebrated Baron, in the part of Agamemnon, pronouncing the opening verse in a very low voice, the pit began to call out "Louder, louder!" The actor, with great coolness, replied, "If I spoke it louder I should speak it worse," and continued his part.

In "Sancho Panza," a comedy in three acts, by Dufreni, the Duke says, at the beginning of the third act, "I begin to get tired of Sancho." "So do I," said a wag in the pit, taking his hat and walking out. This sealed the fate of the piece.

The actor Beaubourg, who was extremely ugly, was playing the part of Mithridates, in Racine's play, when Madame Lecouvreur, who played

that of Monime, said, "Ah, sire, you change countenance." A wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so; don't stop him."

When John Reeve was playing Bombastes at Bristol, upon being stabbed by Artixomus, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and, appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, is it?" A bald-headed gentleman, who, probably, took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom Reeve directed his glance, replied, "Really sir, I cannot say, for I don't fence."

Davies, in his history of the stage, gives an illustration of Quin's acting. When Lothario gave Horatio the challenge, instead of accepting it instantly, with the determined and unembarrassed bow of superior bravery, Quin made a long pause, and dragged out the words:

"I'll meet thee there!"

in such a manner as to make it appear absolutely ludicrous. He paused so long before he spoke, that somebody, it was said, called out from the gallery, "Why don't you tell the little gentleman whether you'll meet him or not?"

In the early display of Garrick's powers at Drury Lane, a tragedy was brought forth, in which he sustained the character of an aged king. Though there was nothing remarkably brilliant in the play, it proceeded without opposition till the fifth act, in which the dying monarch bequeaths his kingdom to his two sons, in this line—

"And now between you I bequeath my crown."

When a wicked wit in the pit exclaimed:

"Ye Gods! he's given them half-a-crown a-piece!"

This threw the house into such a comic convulsion, that not another word of the piece could be uttered.

An amusing incident, illustrative of the force of stage illusion, is reported from Leicester, where, at the Opera House, a female pittance so thoroughly realised the scene in "The Lights o' London," in which Armitage charges his son with having attempted to murder him, as to be induced to put the mistaken parent right by the public statement, "It was them two at the back who did it."

During a performance of "Othello," at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Birmingham, recently, in the bed-chamber scene in the last act, where Othello, in his wild despair, is in the act of taking the life of his wife, an old lady in the pit broke the stillness of the tragic scene, and caused a good deal of amusement at an inopportune moment by making a dash towards the stage, exclaiming, "Oh, you wretch!"

Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury. When he came to the line,—

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

someone in the pit called out, "Wouldn't a donkey suit you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter, "please come round to the stage door."

A novel unrehearsed incident was introduced into the play of "Sophia," at the Theatre Royal, Oldham, some time ago. Tom Jones, in the person of Mr. M. Brodie, as usual said to Sophia Weston (Miss Maude Millett), "I have nothing left to offer you—not even the hope of better days to come;" but, in saying so, he reckoned without his landlady. That very realistic and emotional person was in the circle, and her lodger's pathos was too much for her. "Never heed, lad," she sang out at the top of a very shrill voice. "Thee has gotten a real good sooper waiting at home; thee bring t'wench wi'thee."

The following cause for thankfulness is given in *Harper's Magazine*: "In the Theatre Royal, Dublin, when the Italian Company came to play "Faust," the actor who took the part of Mephistopheles, neglected to try the size of the trap-door by which he was supposed to descend into the infernal regions. His figure, which 'he had not lost, but which had gone *before*,' was too large for the opening, and at the supreme moment, he discovered that he could not get down above his waist. To heighten the awkwardness of the situation, and to relieve the strained feelings of the audience, one of the gods in the gallery, in a rich Irish brogue, exclaimed, "Begorra! hell's full."

The old Coburg Theatre, under the management of Glossop and others, enjoyed an unenviable celebrity for attention to anything but "words, phrases, and grammar." On one occasion the scenes stuck in the grooves, and the gods were much offended at beholding the halves of a house with an interstice of a yard or so between them; at length a sweep called out, "We don't expect no good grammar here, but hang it, you *might* close the scenes."

A tall man stood up in the middle of the pit of a London theatre. There was a general cry of "Sit down! turn him out!" But it was all in vain; he retained his position. "Leave him alone, poor fellow," said a man in a strong voice; "he is a tailor resting himself."

When there was great distress in Staffordshire, Henry Russell gave a performance in aid of the sufferers. He took his seat at the piano—a local musician named Simpson being at his side—and struck up the chorus of his song:

"There's a good time coming, boys;
Wait a little longer!"

At the words, "Wait a little longer," an emaciated man rose in the centre of the pit, and called out, "Master 'Ursall, can yer fix th' toime?" "Shoot oop!" bawled Simpson from the platform; "he'll wroite to yer."

The same singer was once warbling the "Gambler's Wife," when having come to the part descriptive of the dying wife listening with strained hearing for the footfall of her husband, a woman jumped up in the pit, and shaking her fist at Mr. Russell, shouted, "Wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

Braham's father's name was Abraham; by his odd figure and face he had gained the nickname of "Abe Punch." One night Braham

acted in the "Siege of Belgrade," a piece in which, as the hero, he is supposed to be inquiring for his father. The scene represented an inn. The great tenor entered, with a bundle slung to a stick on his shoulder: "I have been traversing this desolate country for days with no friend to cheer me. (Sits). I am weary—yet no rest, no food, scarcely life—oh! heaven, pity me. Shall I ever realise my hopes? (Knocks on the table). What ho, there, house! (Knocks again). Will no one come?" (Enter Landlord). "I beg pardon, sir, but—(starts)—I know that face (aside), What can I do for you, sir? Shall it be supper." Braham: "Gracious heaven! 'tis he—the voice—the look—the (with calmness)—yes, I want food." Landlord: "Tell me what brings one so young as thou appearest to be through this dangerous forest?" Braham: "I *will*. For days, for months, oh! for years, I have been in search of my father." Landlord: "Your father!" Braham: "Yes! my father. 'Tis strange—but that voice—that look—that figure—tell me—that *you* are my father." Landlord: "No, I tell thee no; I am *not* thy father." Braham: "Heaven protect me! Who, tell me, *who is my father?*" Scarcely had Braham put this question when a little Jew stood up in an excited manner in the midst of a densely crowded pit and exclaimed, "I knowed yer farder vell. His name vas Abey Punch!" The performance was suspended for some minutes in the roars of laughter that followed this revelation.

In a provincial theatre, where "Macbeth" was being recently played by a clever man, who was also a very great favourite with his audience, in the banquet scene he had delivered his words to the ghost of Banquo, "Hence, hence, hence!" when he dropped on his knee, covering his face with his robe, and shuddering convulsively. Just as the applause was over, a youth in the gallery, carried away by the intensity of the acting, cried out, "It's all right now, Wilkins, *he's gone!*"

Grimaldi was once hissed at Sadler's Wells after singing his celebrated comic song of "Tippitywitchet," and he appealed to the audience. He had nodded, he said, frowned, sneezed, choked, gaped, cried, grinned, grimaced, and hiccoughed; he had done all that could be done by brow, chin, cheeks, eyes, nose, and mouth—and what more did they want? "Why," yawned a languid voice from the pit, "we want a new feature!"

Somewhere about the year 1847 Charles Webb was playing an engagement at the old Chatham Theatre, New York. He had at that time become quite a favourite in the larger cities of the Union, and to the ordinary playgoer he was equal to the very best in histrionic ability. During the New York engagement he became quite intimate with a great-hearted young fish-dealer doing business in Washington Market. Charley had gone out in Shapleigh's boat several times on fishing and ducking excursions, and in other ways their friendship had become cemented. The fish-dealer was a genius in more ways than one. In his younger days he had belonged to a juvenile dramatic company; and now, in his manhood, since making Webb's

acquaintance, he had been behind the curtain during rehearsal, and had really fancied that he would "dearly love to appear just once." Webb became satisfied that Shapleigh could act, and was willing to please him; and it so happened that an opportunity presented itself which had not been anticipated. The night of Charley's benefit had been fixed, on which occasion he was to enact the character of Hamlet. The actor who had been set apart for the character of Polonius was unexpectedly called away, in which emergency Webb sought his friend at Washington Market, and asked him if he would help him. Shapleigh was only too glad to do it. The eventful night came, and a front box had been reserved for Shapleigh's wife and little daughter, and other relatives and friends. The house was filled—packed from pit-railing to gallery bulkhead, with every bit of standing-room occupied. The play commenced, and all went well, the beneficiary receiving round after round of cheering applause on his entrance; and it was the same with the kind friend who had "so magnanimously volunteered his valuable services." The first act went off smoothly. In the second act, scene second, Polonius is on the stage, with king and queen, when to them enters Hamlet, reading from a book. King and queen are unceremoniously hustled out of the way. Then Polonius to Hamlet: "How does my good lord Hamlet?" Hamlet: "Well, God-a-mercy." Polonius: "Do you know me, my lord?" Hamlet: "Excellent well. You are a fishmonger." Hearing this, the indignation of Shapleigh's wife was aroused; and, forgetting all else but the direct insult offered to her husband, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard in every part of the house. "Well, it ain't very pretty of you, Mr. Webb, after Tom has been so good to you, to go showing him up in public in that fashion. I'd have you know that a fishmonger, as you call 'em, is as good as an actor any day!" It had all been uttered at a breath, and had increased in feeling and vigour as she went on. For a moment after she had ceased, a wondering silence fell upon the house. That moment was caught by Shapleigh, whose wits had not forsaken him, and, looking up towards his wife's box, he said, with an assuring nod, "It's all right, Bessie. It's so in the book." And then, the secret out, the house "came down."

On the last occasion Kean played Louis XI. in Edinburgh, at the Theatre Royal, after the attendants had proclaimed, "The King is dead," a devout Irishman exclaimed, "And may the Lord have mercy on his guilty sowl!" as for the moment he thought that the scene was real. Equally trying to the actor's serenity must have been the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: "O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of: "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe."



Love, Is It Well With Thee ?

BY W. S. SMITH-TYLER.



LOVE, is it well with thee these many years,
Since from my life you passed away in tears,
For sake of those lost days, dear, answer me,
Love, is it well with thee ?

See through the earth the flowers begin to start,
Spring in the world, but winter in the heart !
Deaf are mine ears to all Spring's melody,
Listening, love, for thee.

Lo, like a sinking ship, the sun goes down,
In waves of light above the meadows brown,
Flooding with crimson glow the restless sea,
That flows 'twixt you and me.

What have we gained or lost since last we met ?
Only the sadness of divine regret,
The longing for the days that may not be,
Again, for you and me.

But when, at last, each storm-rent sail is furled,
In that still harbour of the unseen world,
We two will meet and I will say to thee
"*'Tis, well,* for you and me."



Annals of the Bath Stage.

BY WALTER CALVERT.

PART IV.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (*continued*).



HE inconvenience of "Mr. Simpson's theatre" under the old Assembly Rooms as time grew apace, was great, both in point of situation and dimensions; and it suggested to the manager of the rooms, John Hippisley, the idea of attempting a new one upon a larger scale and in a better place. Accordingly in November, 1747, he digested his plan and submitted his proposals to the public, which, owing to his death at this time, met with little encouragement, till the owner of the existing inconvenient play-room engaged never again to let it for dramatic purposes, on condition that a new and commodious theatre were built.

One John Palmer, an eminent brewer and tallow chandler of the city, conceiving that an edifice of this nature would be much to its advantage, prevailed on nine other of the citizens to unite with him in a subscription for that purpose, and issued in March, 1748, an elaborate advertisement, embodying a scheme which was ultimately carried into execution, but not in accordance with the promise given, which was that the building should be begun when fifteen out of twenty shares of £50 apiece had been subscribed, for the theatre was not built for some time afterwards. It was, however, ultimately erected in Orchard Street, and opened about the commencement of the season of 1750, and subsequently became the nursery for the metropolitan theatres and the scene of some of the greatest triumphs of the English stage.

FOOTE'S FIRST PLAY.

After Foote had opened the Haymarket Theatre in 1747 with some very humorous imitations of well-known individuals, thereby discovering where his strength lay, he wrote several two-act farces. The satire of his first published piece, "The Knights," was the result of a visit to Bath. He had, some years previously, in one of the Oxford vacations, visited the city, whose gaieties and theatrical tastes must have consorted with his humour, and in writing his first piece he must have drawn the characters from persons with whom he met during his sojourn in Bath. One of the two leading characters

in the above play is a country politician and news-hunter, Sir Gregory Gazette, who is hoaxed with the information that there are in London 150 newspapers published in a week ! A more striking oddity is Sir Penurious Trifle,—Foote, like all spendthrifts, was ever hardest upon misers—who is shaved by his barber once a fortnight for the year's growth of his own hair and his daughter's ; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather's ; his male servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and tailor ; and his maid takes in needlework from the neighbours, the proceeds being paid to Sir Penurious, who, to give her more time with his daughter, scours the rooms and makes the beds. He is fond of a story, which he has no sooner heard than he repeats. He continues to lead up to the following story, on replying to a remark that he looks well, "heartily as an oak"—when follows a rigmarole which "will make you die with laughing"; he heard it in a coffee-house at Bath. It is very long, this, being only its close—an admirable specimen of the sort of story-telling in which Foote excelled, though its effect must be happier upon an audience than a reader :—

"Lord Tom told us the story ; made us die with laughing ; it cost me eightpence, though I had breakfast at home : so, you Knight, when Noll died, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the north, brought him back : you, the Cavaliers, you have heard of them ; they were friends to the Stewarts, what did they do ? 'Gad, you Dick, but they put up Charles in a sign, the royal oak ; you have seen such signs at country ale-houses : so, 'Gad, you, what does a puritan do, the puritans were friends to Noll, but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy bush, and underneath he writes, 'This is not the royal oak : ' you have seen writings under signs, you Knight ; upon this, says the royalists, 'Gad this must not be ; so, you, what do they do, but, 'Gad, they prosecuted the poor puritan ; but they made him change his sign, though ; and, you Dick, how do you think he changed ? 'Gad, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes, 'This is not the owl in the ivy-bush.' It made us all die with laughing."

Sir Penurious was played by Foote himself, who, his biographer Cooke tells us, dressed it after a certain gentleman in the West of England, whose peculiarities Foote closely took off with indescribable humour ; and he owned to having copied both the miser and the newsmonger from persons he had met with in his summer expedition.*

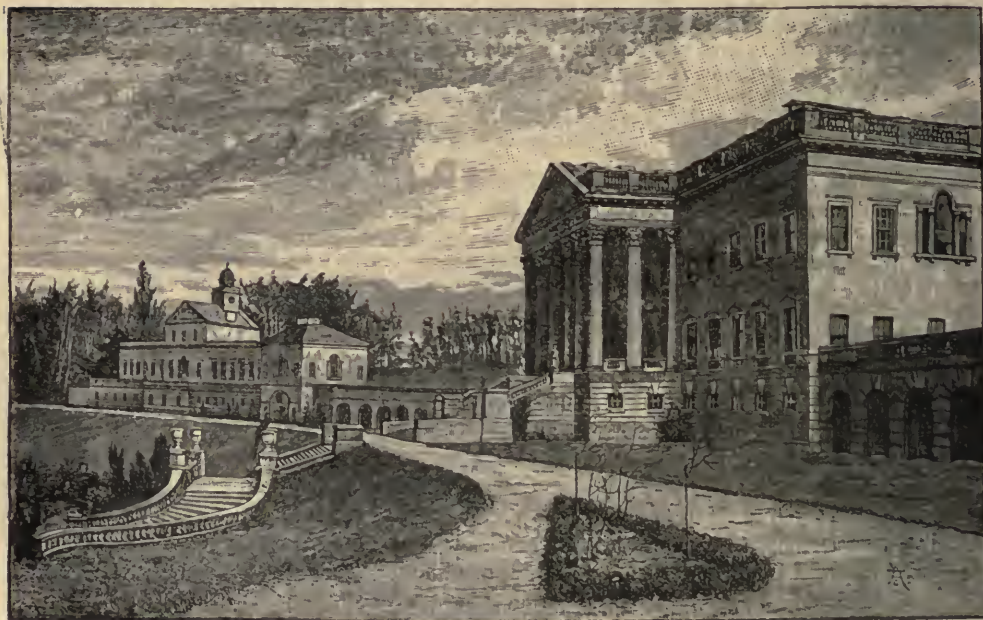
* Foote was a constant visitor to Bath, and many are the anecdotes which refer to his sojourns. With the £4,000 he made of the "Devil upon Two Sticks," he visited Bath and lost it all at play to a company of blacklegs, so that the "Devil" was well revenged for the liberties which had been taken with his individuality. On one occasion Foote met the celebrated gambler Baron B—, well-known by the name of "The left-handed baron," who a short time before had been detected in secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment throwing him out of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they had been playing. The Baron loudly complained of this usage, and asked Foote what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case : never play so high again as long as you live."—A Bath physician confided to the actor that he had a mind to publish a volume of poems, "but," he added, "I have so many irons in the fire I don't know what to do." "Then take my advice," rejoined Foote, "and let your poems keep company with the rest of your irons."—The first female historian, Mrs. Macauley, who wrote a sensible History of England at her residence in Bath, was less fortunate in the title of a pamphlet which she also published, entitled "Loose Thoughts." The infelicitous choice was objected to in the presence of Foote, who drily observed that he did not see any objection to it, for the sooner Mrs. Macauley got rid of her loose thoughts the better.—*Anecdotes of Bath.*

MRS. SHERIDAN'S "JOURNEY TO BATH."

In 1749, Francis Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brinsley, wrote the lively comedy of the "Journey to Bath," which was neither published nor acted. The holograph original of this play was presented to the British Museum in 1864, where it is now to be seen by referring to No. 25,975. It is said in Moore's "Life of Sheridan" that this play was the source of her son's "Rivals." On comparing the two, the only likeness to be found is in the characters of Mrs. Surface and Mrs. Tryfoot. The former is one who keeps a lodging-house at Bath, who is a scandal-monger, but hates scandal; Sheridan used both name and the character in his later and more brilliant comedy. The character of Mrs. Tryfoot, a citizen's widow, seems to have been the forerunner of Mrs. Malaprop. The scene of both pieces is laid at Bath, and here the similarity ends. Mrs. Sheridan was as blind as her husband to the cleverness of her younger son; dying when he was fifteen, she had not the pleasure of being undeceived, as her husband was, when the boy, who had been dubbed an impenetrable dunce, became the most admired dramatist of his time.

PRIOR PARK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

If Dante and the great divines and painters "made" Florence, so the single-minded, noble-hearted Ralph Allen may be said to have



PRIOR PARK.

"made" Bath. He was a man who did more for the permanent prosperity of the city than any other of the worthies of the last cen-

tury. Possessed of a most benevolent disposition, Allen's celebrity in a great measure rests upon the fact of his intimacy with and unostentatious acts of kindness towards men, who, at the outset of their career, needed a friend, and who, by their talents and exertions, subsequently became both good and great. Having accumulated a vast fortune from the invention of a system of cross-posts, by which the government ultimately gained £20,000 per annum, he erected, in 1743, in the neighbourhood of Bath, the stately mansion of Prior Park, and here he entertained the wits and *literati* of the age, among whom may be mentioned Garrick, Graves, Fielding, Pitt, Pope, Quin, Smollett, Sterne, Walpole, Wood, Warburton*, and the eccentric Princess Amelia.

Amidst this constellation of friends, Pope shone the distinguished star; he had become intimate with Allen from the personal advances of the latter, in consequence of an esteem he had conceived for him on reading the surreptitious edition of his letters in 1734. In the "Epilogue to the Satires," published in 1738, Pope thus spoke of his friend :

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Allen had for a neighbour Sarah Fielding,† the authoress of "David Simple," "Lives of Cleopatra and Octavia," "History of Ophelia" (2 vols.), and other works. Whenever her brother Henry Fielding visited Bath they were constant visitors at Prior Park. Henry wrote the greater part of his novel "Tom Jones" during his residence in Bath, and the principal scenes in the book are described as occurring at Claverton, and his patron Allen was the prototype of Squire Allworthy of the tale. The novelist dedicated "Amelia" to this worthy man. Bishop Hurd, in a letter to Balguy, describes meeting Fielding at Allen's residence, whom he calls "a poor, emaciated, worn-out rake, whose gout and infirmities have got the better even of his buffoonery." The dramatist, or rather novelist, for on the whole his genius was much better suited to the writing of novels than plays, of which he wrote twenty-six, had vitality enough, however, to last four years after this opinion was passed upon him.

* Being one day at dinner with Allen, Pope had a letter put into his hand by one of the footmen. The poet on reading it shook his head. "What occasions your perplexity?" said Allen. "A Lincolnshire Clergyman," said he, "to whom I am much obliged, writes me a word that he will be with me in a few days at Twickenham." "If that be all, Mr. Pope, request him to come to us; my carriage shall meet him at Chippenham, and bring him hither." The plan was approved by Pope, and the invitation accepted by Warburton. The clergyman had defended Pope's fine poem "The Essay of Man," from the attacks of a French critic, and this led to an acquaintance with the poet. It is curious to notify on what a trifling accident his destiny depended. In consequence of his visit to Allen's residence, he became Bishop of Gloucester, the husband of Allen's niece, in whose right he succeeded to the bulk of Allen's property. At Prior Park he produced some of those profound literary labours, which will be an ornament to the English language as long as they exist. His voluminous correspondence with the English Roscius, dated from Bath, is given in Boaden's "Life and Correspondence of David Garrick." (2 vols.)

† Sarah Fielding died in Bathwick Street, 1763, and was buried in Charcombe Churchyard. There is a tablet to her memory in the Abbey with an inaccurately dated epitaph written by Bishop John Hoadley.

When Warburton projected his edition of Shakespeare, the matter was mentioned in the green-room. "He had better," growled Quin, "stick to his own Bible, and leave ours to us !"

Quin occasionally visited Prior Park, where he met Bishop Warburton, whom he scorched by the fire of his wit. The prelate, in his talk with Quin before the company, always addressed him in such a way as to remind him that he was but a player ; and as some accounts say, took opportunities of admonishing him on his luxury and looseness of life.

One evening, however, with much apparent civility, he requested Quin, whom he should never see on the stage, to give him a specimen of his acting, in presence of a large number of guests, in Ralph Allen's drawing room. Quin replied carelessly that plays were then almost out of his head, but that he believed he could repeat a few verses of "Venice Preserved," and standing up declaimed, *ore rotundo*, the passage in which occur the lines

"Honest men
Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
Repose and fatten."

As he pronounced the words "honest men" and "knaves," he directed his looks so pointedly towards Allen and Warburton, that none of the hearers could mistake the intended application. Warburton never afterwards asked the actor for a specimen of his skill.

The dignity of the profession by which he worked such magic was dear to him. On a similar occasion at Bath, a nobleman who enjoyed his wit said to him, "What a pity it is, Mr. Quin, that you are an actor !" "An actor !" exclaimed James, "why what would you have me be—a Lord ?"

The following occurrence between the prelate and the player, also took place at Prior Park, as told by Walpole. "The saucy priest," says he, "was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative. Quin said, 'Pray, my lord, spare me ; you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a Republican and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles I* might be justified.' 'Aye,' said Warburton, 'by what law ?' Quin replied, 'By all the laws that he had left them.' The Bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all regicides came to violent ends—a lie, but no matter, 'I would not advise your lordship,' said Quin, 'to make use of that inference ; for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.' There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard."

Allen was a patron of the Bath drama, and frequently went to the play with his distinguished guests, and even visited the miserable little theatre in Kingsmead Street, which was honoured on one occasion by the presence of Royalty.

* Quin used to say that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on the 30th of January. (King Charles's Martyrdom, 1730.)

"July 16, 1750.—Thursday in the evening their Royal Highnesses (the prince and princess of Wales) drank Tea at Ralph Allen's Esq.; and afterwards went to the play, and saw the Tragedy of *Tamerlane* performed by Mr. Sinnett's Company, at the command of Lady Augusta."

The new theatre, no doubt, proved the death blow of the above play-room, and we lose sight of the latter after about August, 1751, in which month we read that "a company of comedians" was at the theatre; and they were announced on a particular date to appear in "Richard the Third," when the part of the King was "to be attempted by Mr. Cartwright."

(To be continued).



Our Play-Box.

"A GOLD MINE."

Original comedy, in three acts, by BRANDER MATTHEWS and GEORGE H. JESSOP.

Produced for the first time in England at the Gaiety Theatre, Monday evening, July 21, 1890.

Silas K. Woolcott ..	Mr. NAT C. GOODWIN.	Julius Krebs	Mr. FRANK WOOD.
Sir Everard Foxwood, ..	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.	Wilson	Mr. ERIC THORNE.
Bart.	Mr. CHARLES GLENNY.	The Hon. Mrs. Meredith ..	Miss KATE FORSYTH.
Gerald Riordan, M.P. ..	Mr. HARRY EVERS-	Mrs. Vandervas	Miss CARLOTTA
George Foxwood ..	FIELD.	Miss Una Foxwood ..	Miss JENNIE MCNULTY.

Once more we find that plays which are so successful in America fail to give satisfaction here, and *vice-versâ*. "A Gold Mine" was specially written for Mr. Goodwin, who made his *débüt* in it in this country. It was a great favourite with the New York playgoers, and yet to us it seemed to be very far from being an average play. There is really no plot, the characters are extravagantly drawn, and most of the jokes are as old as the hills; some are incomprehensible to Londoners. Silas K. Woolcott may be very good-hearted, but he cannot be quite as "spry" as those gentlemen who have knocked around the world, and been everything by turn, generally are supposed to be. After various ups and downs, he discovers a gold mine, and comes to England to dispose of it. He has an introduction to Sir Everard Foxwood, a company promoter. Woolcott asks £20,000; the city man will only bid £15,000. At Sir Everard's house he meets an old friend, Gerald Riordan, who is courting Una. He also meets young George Foxwood, to whom he takes a great fancy, and, most important of all, he loses his heart to the Hon. Mrs. Meredith, a very charming woman certainly, but one who appears to take a delight in snubbing him. However, his love for her is so great that when young George Foxwood is likely to be branded as a defaulter, in consequence of having speculated and lost £10,000, Woolcott actually

parts with his mine for this sum (Sir Everard taking care to beat him down when he finds the money is wanted at once), and hands it over to George's creditor to free him, leaving himself penniless. He has sworn the youth to secrecy, but his good deed leaks out, and the fair Mrs. Meredith is so grateful to him for his generosity, that she not only by a clever ruse manages to overreach her generally astute brother and get back the mine for Woolcott, but actually bestows on him her hand. Mr. Goodwin is very neat in his acting, his humour is unforced, and he can express pathos. His love scene with Mrs. Meredith was a very charming little bit of acting, for Miss Kate Forsyth was also excellent in her character. Mr. Glenny was good as an Irish M.P., Home Ruler, of course, and made love to Una very naturally, Miss Jennie McNulty playing up to him well. Mr. William Farren was to the life the hard pompous city magnate, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq, in an utterly ridiculous and far-fetched character, by her tact and judgment saved it from being too wearisome. Mr. Frank Wood cleverly represented an old city clerk. Mr. Harry Eversfield had an unpleasant character to play, and could not show to much advantage.

"THE JUDGE."

Farceical Play in three acts, by ARTHUR LAW.

First produced at Terry's Theatre, Thursday Evening, July 24, 1890.

Sir John Pye	Mr. W. S. PENLEY.	Jacob Ricketts	Mr. G. BELMORE.
Herbert Stryver ..	Mr. WM. HERBERT.	Mrs. Shuttleworth ..	Mr. EMILY THORNE.
Algernon Pringle ..	Mr. FRANK H. FENTON.	Mrs. Ricketts	Miss ELSIE CHESTER.
Mowle	Mr. MARK KINGHORNE.	Chloe Pye	Miss HELEN LEYTON.
Mr. Shuttleworth ..	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.	Daphne Pye	Miss CISSY GRAHAME.

But scant courtesy has of late been shown to the majesty of the law; we have had the barrister and the solicitor placed in the most equivocal positions, and now even the bench is made a subject for good-natured ridicule. Mr. Law taxes our credulity to an alarming extent, but he gives us some really witty lines and has drawn a character which Mr. Penley can and does make most amusing. Sir John Pye is an estimable little gentleman, but he unfortunately is very nervous about himself; he takes with him, wherever he goes, besides his two daughters, Chloe and Daphne, a cargo of disinfectants and a well stocked chest of globules, to which he has recourse on the very slightest pretence. Arrived in the assize town with his marshall, Herbert Stryver, and a young barrister, Algernon Pringle, who are dangling after the two girls, Sir John guards himself against an incipient cold by putting his feet in hot water and taking gruel. His comforts having been duly attended to, his servant Mowle retires, the Misses Pye having gone to a party. Sir John is toasting himself with his feet in his bath before the fire, when his quietude is disturbed by the sudden entry of Mrs. Matilda Shuttleworth. This buxom lady is under a charge of bigamy, has contrived to escape from the lock-up and entered the first house to which she could gain admittance. Fortunately for her it is a friendly shelter, for in Sir John she recognises a youthful lover. For the sake of old times he sets aside his judicial duty, impelled thereto, perhaps, in some sort by the strong-minded Matilda, and consents to her remaining the night. She hands him over her baby and its bottle, with which Sir John retires to his bedroom, and Matilda establishes herself on the sofa. The barristers and their sweethearts return from the ball, they open a bottle of champagne, the popping of the cork awakes Mrs. Shuttleworth, and she knowing no other way to account for her presence,

announces herself as Lady Pye. The girls are not a bit astonished, and when Sir John, roused from his slumbers, appears at the door of his chamber with the baby in his arms, they devour their supposed newly-found brother with kisses. Mr. Shuttleworth, who has been away for a considerable time in America, on his return learns that his wife is charged with bigamy; he has an intense admiration and indeed almost reverence for his grandly-proportioned consort, and so he comes to plead on her behalf with Sir John, for the Judge is an old schoolfellow of his; but when he sees Mrs. Shuttleworth and hears her announced as Lady Pye, he comes to the conclusion that believing him, Shuttleworth, to be dead, she has married again. Mrs. Ricketts, the wife of the police inspector, is a sharp woman and often does a little detective duty. She has taken this bigamy case in hand, has traced the prisoner to the house and sets her foolish son Jacob, also a policeman, to prevent anyone leaving the premises. Shuttleworth and his wife have explained matters to each other and determined to escape together. Jacob can only overhear part of their arrangement, but determines to be on the safe side. When the judge appears in his scarlet and ermine robes preparatory to taking his seat on the bench (for this takes place on the morning of the following day), the stupid policeman, believing him to be an accomplice of Mrs. Shuttleworth's in disguise, handcuffs them together. Mrs. Ricketts is after all the means of clearing the bigamist's character. She discovers that the man Mowle (who has not throughout the play been brought in contact with Lady Pye) to whom Mrs. Shuttleworth was first married, had a wife living at the time. Mr. Penley was excessively droll throughout, and his make-up was excellent. He has not been seen in a part that suits him better, and Miss Emily Thorne is happily cast as Mrs. Shuttleworth. As good, perhaps, as either of these are Mr. Mark Kinghorne, who though now a judge's valet, has been connected with the stage and treats everything from a theatrical point of view, and Miss Elsie Chester, who represented the female detective with surprising force and effect. Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Helen Leyton played the twin sisters well, their assumed innocence as to worldly doings being very comic, and Mr. William Herbert was natural and easy as a gentleman who is constantly changing his mind as to which of the girls he likes best; he was well backed up by Mr. Fenton. Mr. Lestocq aided materially in the success by his quaint reading of the loving but mystified Mr. Shuttleworth. Since the first night, alterations have been made in the third act which have considerably strengthened it. The company play well together, the whole piece goes more quickly, and appears likely to have a good run.

"LITTLE NOBODY."

Play in three acts, by MARY RIGHTON.

First produced in London at the Vaudeville Theatre, Thursday afternoon, July 24, 1890.

Capt. Trayton Kenward	Mr. LEWIS FREEMAN.	Lord Tryon	Mr. DYER WILLIAMS.
Sir Dennis Hargraves..	Mr. J. R. CRAUFORD.	Hon. Will Saunders ..	Mr. CLIFFORD LEIGH.
Colonel Forbes	Mr. WALTER RUSSELL.	Mrs. Forbes	Miss ISA JOHNSON.
Dolly Bruce	Mr. A. ROWNEY.	Georgie Grahame.. ..	Miss SYLVIA
Dennison..	{ Mr. ORLANDO	Fay, "Little Nobody"..	SOUTHGATE.
Smith..	BARNETT.		Miss MARY RIGHTON.
	Mr. G. B. PHILLIPS.		

This is the history of a very young girl about whose birth there is a mystery. She has been brought up by Captain Kenward's mother and still lives in the house after her decease, and is known as Fay or "Little Nobody." Though she is a mere child Kenward loves her, and when he is called away on active service he entrusts her to the

care of his old friend Colonel Forbes, in whose household she suffers much misery on account of the causeless jealousy of Mrs. Forbes. Though Fay cares for her old playmate Kenward, she is too young as yet quite to know her own mind, and, therefore, when Sir Dennis Hargraves, a *roué*, pays her attentions she is inclined to accede to his proposals to elope with him, under the promise of marriage. She is actually supposed to have run away, the rumour having been diligently spread by the vindictive Mrs. Forbes,—when Kenward returns. He taxes Hargraves with his evil designs on Fay, and as she has in the meantime come back from what was after all only paying a visit, she learns her admirer's real character and turns again to her true lover, her happiness being made the more complete by the discovery that she is the long lost child of Colonel Forbes by a former marriage. There is not very much originality in all this, but the dialogue was good, and one or two of the characters were well drawn, especially that of Fay, which was sympathetically rendered by the authoress, better known as Miss Emma Ritta. The piece suffered much from inadequate representation, the principal character, Captain Kenward, being completely spoilt by Mr. Freeman. Mr. Crauford was good: Mr. Walter Russell, Mr. Rowney, and Mr. G. B. Phillips were acceptable in their several parts. I can say but little in favour of the remainder of the cast. On the same afternoon was played "Dear Friends," also from the pen of Miss Righton. It is a duologue in which two girls, former schoolmates, are each anxious to be the first to impart to the other the pleasing intelligence of her coming marriage. When they compare notes they at first believe that they are both engaged to the same man, but happily discover that their admirers are distinct, but bearing the same name and initials and strangely like each other. The sketch might be acceptable in the drawing-room.

"SWEET WILL."

Comedy, in one act, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

First performed at the Shaftesbury Theatre, on Friday afternoon, July 25, 1890.

Mrs. Darbyshire .. Miss FANNY COLEMAN.
Mary Darbyshire .. Miss ANNIE HILL.
Judith Loveless .. Miss NORREYS.

Betty Miss EMMA RIVERS.
Will Darbyshire .. Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

"Sweet Will" was one of Mr. Jones's earlier productions of about the same date as "A Clerical Error," but had not hitherto been acted. It almost foretells the success the author has since gained, for it is daintily written, and is human and sympathetic. Judith loves Will Darbyshire, but has not let him see it, for he is invariably cold in his manner to her. His reason for this is that he knows himself to be very poor. By his mother's advice, Judith, to bring about a declaration on his part, tells him of an offer of marriage she has had, and he so far steels his heart as to dictate the letter which she is to write accepting the offer. His approaching departure to take up an appointment abroad of considerable duration, brings about an avowal on his part, and the cloud that obscured their mutual happiness is dispelled. The little piece was very well acted by all concerned in it, and as it is likely to be seen again, the original cast is given. The occasion of the production was Mr. Griffith's annual *matinée*, when, among sundry other items in a good programme, Mr. Willard appeared as Filippo in "The Violin Makers," and Mr. Edgar Bruce made his *rentrée* as Sir George Carlyon, his original character, in Sydney Grundy's charming play "In Honour Bound," supported by Mr. Ernest Lawford (who was not up in his words) as

Philip Graham, Miss Edith Chester as Rose Dalrymple, and Miss Dorothy Dene as an excellent Lady Carlyon.

"THAT GIRL."

Comedy in three acts (founded by permission on a story by Miss Clementina Black), by HENRY HAMILTON and Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, July 30, 1890.

Captain Wentworth ..	Mr. C. W. SOMERSET.	Iris Wentworth ..	Miss NORREYS.
Philip Challoner ..	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.	Mrs. Cyrus P. Dodge..	Miss HELEN LEIGH.
Lumley Brereton ..	Mr. E. W. GARDINER.	Caroline Murthwaite	Miss HOUSTON.
Alexander McNab ..	Mr. EARLE DOUGLAS.	Fraulein Schwabe ..	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Frank Hillyard ..	Mr. RUDGE HARDING.	Aphrodite Dodge ..	Miss VERA BERINGER.
Harold Leigh ..	Mr. G. KINGSLAND.		

The joint authoress of "That Girl" must in all probability bear the blame of having materially weakened a play that possessed some strength and freshness, by writing up the part of a most objectionable character—the child Aphrodite Dodge—who has not one redeeming point but is simply obtrusive, disagreeable, and wearying. In a measure resembling Digby Grant in "Two Roses," Captain Wentworth is a selfish gentleman out of elbows, who does not care very much how he gets money so long as he does get it. He has been floating about the Continent, and has used his daughter Iris as a decoy for the young men he rooks at cards and billiards. As a rule she meets with the treatment such girls generally receive; this renders her miserable, for the poor creature is pure and modest, and she is therefore the more grateful for the kind attention and respectful consideration bestowed on her by Philip Challoner, a none too rich gentleman who has the sense to read her true character. Her father has encouraged Lumley Brereton in the belief that Iris shall be his, but when the young fellow is cleaned out he shows him the door. Lumley urges his suit almost insultingly and is knocked down for his pains by Challoner. As he rises he vows to be revenged. Challoner unexpectedly inherits a large property and is recalled to England to claim it (the scene is laid in Switzerland). In a few days a letter comes from him apparently proposing for the hand of Iris; she is only too happy for she has given him her heart, and her father is delighted for he will have a rich son-in-law. On the strength of the coming alliance he orders new clothes, gets an extended credit from Fraulein Schwabe, his landlady, calls together his acquaintances, and in a grandiloquent speech toasts the future bride and bridegroom in bumpers of champagne. Wentworth is of good family, and in consequence of this and his daughter's approaching marriage, Mrs. Cyrus P. Dodge, a "shoddy" widow, very rich and with a reverence for high birth, has overlooked the fact of his having had to retire from the army for cheating at cards, and has accepted him as her future husband. Judge, then, of the consternation of those immediately concerned, and the delight of the acquaintances who have looked down upon the father and daughter, when Challoner does not arrive by the boat as expected. The reason is soon found. Challoner has never written a line; the proposal and subsequent letters are all forgeries written by Brereton to bring ruin and disgrace on the Wentworths. Iris is utterly broken down with shame and self-contempt; she has poured out her whole heart of love in reply to Challoner's supposed letters. Things end happily, however. Challoner does come and actually offers his hand to Iris; he has loved her but would not declare himself so long as he was poor, but he learns from the eaves-dropping Aphrodite how Iris loves him for himself, and what Brereton has done. He gets back Iris' letters from the scoundrel, and Mrs.

Dodge, who, despite her vulgarity, is a loyal-hearted though silly woman, consents to marry Wentworth, and one is led to hope from his manner that her kindness and generosity may make of him a better man in the future. Alexander McNab is a Scotch tutor to Harold Leigh, a youngster that Aphrodite is determined to "mash," as she calls it. The part of the Scotchman was very well played. Mr. C. W. Somerset again distinguished himself; his study of the broken down *roué* and gambler—plausible, polished and hypocritical—was excellent. Miss Norreys was rather uneven in her performance, but generally it was tender and womanly. Mr. H. Reeves Smith played with manly sincerity and decision. Mr. E. W. Gardiner gained second honours for his finished impersonation of the scampish Lumley Brereton. The part of Mrs. Dodge could not have been better played than it was by Miss Helen Leigh. As to Miss Vera Beringer's Aphrodite, I suppose she carried out her instructions, but the young lady certainly did not attempt to soften any of the repulsiveness of the character. The *matinée* was given for the benefit of Mrs. Beverly, widow of the late scenic artist of Drury Lane, &c. Mr. Beerbohm Tree lent the theatre, the artists acted gratuitously, and the entire proceeds were handed to the *beneficiaire*.

"THE ENGLISH ROSE."

New original drama, in four acts, by GEO. R. SIMS and ROBERT BUCHANAN.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, Saturday, August 2, 1890.

Sir Philip Kingston ..	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Larry MacNulty ..	Mr. JAMES EAST.
The Knight of Bally- veeney	Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Cassidy	Mr. J. NORTHCOTE.
Harry O'Malley ..	Mr. LEONARD BOYNE.	O'Brien	Mr. E. BANTOCK.
Father Michael ..	Mr. T. B. THALBERG.	Farmer Flannigan ..	Mr. H. COOPER.
O'Malley		O'Shea	Mr. J. HOWE.
Captain Macdonnell ..	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Ethel Kingston ..	Miss OLGA BRANDON.
Nicodemus Dickenson ..	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD.	Bridget O'Mara ..	Miss MARY RORKE.
Randal O'Mara ..	Mr. CHARLES DALTON.	Louisa Ann Ferguson ..	Miss CLARA JECKS.
Sergeant O'Reilly ..	Mr. J. L. SHINE.	Judy	Miss ESSEX DANE.
Patsie Blake	Miss KATE JAMES.	Biddy	Miss MADGE MILDREN.
Shaun	Mr. W. NORTHCOTE.	Norah	Miss JANETTE REEVE.
		Mary	Miss NELLIE CARTER.

There is a picturesque aspect in Irish life that lends itself readily to the production of an interesting play, and though the work by Messrs. Sims and Buchanan bears an English title, the scene and all the incidents are Irish. We have threats of eviction, an Irish steep-chase, an assassination by moonlighters, and a rescue of a prisoner by an Irish mob from the Irish constabulary. Add to these, the hated English landlord and his agent, a real Irish jaunting car, and the typical "gossoon," so that we have a fair picture of Irish life as known to readers of Lever's works. The collaborators have made use of all these to weave around a persecuted hero, and of a murder, without which an Adelphi drama would be incomplete, have thrown in a song or two for their comic characters, and have given us far brighter dialogue than we have hitherto had in this class of play. All this combined has resulted in a most successful whole. The enthusiasm was very great on the first night, and crowded houses since then have proved that the applause was genuine. Sir Philip Kingston, an Englishman, has foreclosed on the Knight of Ballyveeney's estates. Though but a poor gentleman, his son Harry has found favour in the eyes of Ethel Kingston, but her uncle forbids her to see him. Heroines, however, are not so submissive, and her meeting with her lover brings on him a blow from Sir Philip, which Harry for her sake does not return, but uses some threatening words. These are quoted against him as showing a motive for the murder of Sir Philip, who is shot down as he is driving home, and of which

murder Harry is accused. The real assassin is one O'Mara, a moon-lighter, who, fearing eviction, commits the deed at the instigation of the agent, Captain Macdonell, who is anxious that Sir Philip should be disposed of before his (the agent's) accounts are gone into. O'Mara confesses his crime to Father Michael O'Mailley, whose lips are sealed by his priestly office, and he the while knowing the real culprit, dares not speak and so clear his own brother Harry. The hero is found guilty, mostly on the evidence of Ethel, who at first looked upon him as the murderer, but now convinced of his innocence, establishes it by collateral evidence, confirmed by the tardy death-bed confession of O'Mara. In unfolding the story, there are some exciting scenes and some strong situations. The steeple-chase, in which Harry defeats his rival Macdonell, followed by Harry's furious ride in his endeavour to save Sir Philip's life, the murder at the Devil's Bridge, the rescue of Harry by the mob after his conviction, and the search for him by the soldiers when he has taken refuge in his brother's chapel, are all worked up with great spirit. The acting is excellent. Mr. Leonard Boyne is a gallant fellow, a bold rider, and artistic in expressing his affection and his agony when accused. Miss Olga Brandon, though still weak and hoarse, became a favourite at once by her truth to nature. Mr. Lionel Rignold has a part that just suits him, and in which he is very droll as a particularly sharp but thoroughly dishonest horsey individual. Mr. Shine, as a merry, good-hearted sergeant of police, makes love to Miss Clara Jecks, a London lady's maid, who finds herself much out of her element in the wilds of the Emerald Isle. Miss Kate James is the liveliest of "gossoons," and sings a pretty song. Mr. Abingdon is a thorough-faced villain, and is most properly handcuffed at last. Mr. Bassett Roe fitly represents a well-meaning but irascible English gentleman; and Mr. J. D. Beveridge is cheery and warm-hearted as the good old Knight of Ballyveeney. Mr. Charles Dalton displays great power as the half-mad O'Mara; and Miss Mary Rorke is tender and sweet as the true-hearted Bridget O'Mara, a victim to unrequited love. The scenery is beautifully painted, and the stage management of the very best.

"THIS WOMAN AND THAT."

Play in three acts, by PIERRE LECLERCQ.
First produced at the Globe Theatre, Saturday afternoon, August 2, 1890.

Sir George Ingleside ..	Mr. MARK QUINTON.	Blight	Mr. F. BONDY.
Percy Gauntlett ..	Mr. OTIS SKINNER.	Lady Ingleside ..	Miss EMILIE CALHAEM.
Charles Tetterton ..	Mr. J. H. MANLEY.	Paskins	Miss M. BAKER.
Funge	Mr. J. F. GRAHAM.	Eve Fleurier ..	Miss ADELAIDE MOORE.

When an author has written one really good play like "The Love Story," and another which though far-fetched still possessed considerable merit as did "Illusion," curiosity is naturally excited as to his next production. Such was the case in reference to Mr. Leclercq's "This Woman and That." The result was most disappointing; there was no originality, and but little point in the dialogue. The one excuse that may be made for the result is that Miss Adelaide Moore, who played the heroine, brought to the proper rendering of the character neither that brightness nor pathos that it required. Mr. Leclercq, I imagine, wished to show us how we may be mistaken in a woman's nature from her outward manners. He scarcely succeeded. Lady Ingleside, a seeming prude, with a loving husband, elopes with a good-for-nothing *roué*, Percy Gauntlett, who pleads in palliation of his wasted life that he has been refused by

Eve Fleurier, a gay, light-hearted girl. Although Eve knows of his utter baseness, for he has betrayed his best friend, she resolves to save him and the faithless wife despite themselves. This she accomplishes, returning Lady Ingleside to the arms of her forgiving husband and promising to give herself to Gauntlett if he is a redeemed character at the end of the year. Miss Emilie Calhaem's performance was the best in the cast. Mr. Otis Skinner could do nothing with his most thankless part, and Mr. Mark Quinton availed himself of his one opportunity. As I yet hope that we shall see good work from Mr. Leclercq, I have noticed the play and recorded the names of those who appeared in it.

"THE GREAT UNKNOWN."

Eccentric comedy, in three acts, adapted by AUGUSTIN DALY from a German play.
First produced in London at the Lyceum Theatre, Tuesday, August 5th, 1890.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarraway	Mr. JAMES LEWIS.	Pansy	Miss ISABEL IRVING.
Ned Dreemer, "Cousin Ned"	Mr. JOHN DREW.	Mrs. Arabella Jarraway	Miss MAY SYLVIE.
The O'Donnell Don . . .	Mr. FREDERICK BOND.	Aunt Penelope	Mrs. G. H. GILBERT.
Tom Prowde	Mr. EUGENE ORMOND.	Shirley Munkittrick . .	Miss EDITH CRANE.
Patrick	Mr. WILL SAMPSON.	Miss Twitters	Miss F. CONROX.
Etna	Miss ADA REHAN.	Mdlle. Agathe	Miss ADELAIDE PRINCE.

Mr. Augustin Daly has generally been happy in his adaptations of German pieces, but he has not been so fortunate with "The Great Unknown," taken from a play by Franz von Schonthan and Gustav Kadelburg, and entitled in the original, "Die Berühmte Frau." There is generally some sort of plot, brightened by felicitous dialogue. In the latest new production at the Lyceum there is no real plot, and, instead of bright crisp lines, we have a mass of American slang, rather aptly described as "the picturesque we meet with at street corners." The introduction of slang in very small doses will sometimes give piquancy, but, even from the lips of a pretty girl, when her conversation is interlarded with it, it becomes wearisome and objectionable. The very poor story on which the "eccentric comedy" is founded is that of Mrs. Arabella Jarraway, who imagines herself a Longfellow or a Tennyson, without the slightest claim to their merits, signs her effusions Alpha, and poses to herself as "The Great Unknown." Until she was consumed by the divine fire, she was all that a wife should be, but once the madness has set in, she starts off for Italy for inspiration, and remains there for three years. The consequence is that her daughters, though they remain good girls, run very wild in the way of deportment and language, the elder, Etna, flirts, and the younger, Pansy, in her school frocks, varies the monotony of her music lesson by accentuating every few bars with kisses given to her music master. Old Jarraway runs after a pretty widow, and makes himself a laughing-stock. The good genius is Cousin Ned. Luckily for Etna he falls in love with her, and she with him. He weans her from her tomboy propensities, keeps a sharp eye upon Pansy, and telegraphs for Mrs. Jarraway. When she returns to her household, by various devices he brings home to her her folly in neglecting those who should be dearest to her, and so once more establishes a right state of things in the whole family. None of the parts were worthy of the clever company who had to fill them. By sheer ability they managed to conceal some of the dulness of the play. Knowing, as everyone does who has seen them, their capabilities, there is no occasion to single out anyone specially, excepting Miss May Silvie, who, I think, has not been seen before during this visit of the Daly company. She

is an acquisition, for she played very cleverly the rôle of Mrs. Jarraway, a silly affected woman, whose brain has been turned by adulation. "The Great Unknown" was only played for a few nights, after which "Casting the Boomerang" was revived.

On the same evening the opening piece was "A Woman's Won't," which was seen some four years ago at the Strand, and also on the occasion of Mrs. Jeune's holiday fund benefit *matinée*. It is a clever skit, showing how a tiff may arise from a most ridiculous cause. James and Lucy, the man servant and maid (Mr. Frederick Bond and Miss Kitty Cheatham) have just finished laying the cloth. James says, "Thank goodness, the table is spread," and wishes Lucy to repeat it after him. She refuses, and they quarrel. Their master (Mr. George Clarke) overhears their dispute, recounts it to his newly-married wife (Miss Isabel Irving), and says he feels sure that if he were to ask her to say anything after him she would do so, but she rebels, and they have thereon their first angry words. The parents of the bride come to lunch, the whole story is told to them, and the old gentleman (James Lewis) says that he has trained his wife (Mrs. Gilbert) so well that she would not hesitate for a moment to repeat, "Thank goodness, the table is spread." He is, however, much taken aback when she flatly refuses. By the present of a shawl the young wife is cajoled into proving that "a woman's won't" is not always like the laws of the Medes and Persians, the old lady unintentionally repeats the words that have caused all the trouble, and Lucy rather than lose her James utters them, and makes them an excuse to pretend to faint in her lover's arms. It was admirably acted, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER."

Comedy, in three acts, by JAMES ALBERY.

Produced at the Criterion Theatre, Wednesday, August 6, 1890.

Cranberry Buck ..	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.	Mrs. Cecilia Roe ..	Miss HELEN FORSYTH.
Dartell Roe ..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Mrs. Llorencourt ..	Miss VANE FEATHERSTON.
James Paragon ..	Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS.	Fanny ..	Miss EMILY VINING.
Mrs. Amelia Buck ..	Miss M. A. VICTOR.	Ann ..	Miss F. FRANCIS.

The new piece at the Criterion was announced in the programme as though it were an original production of the author's, whereas it was really an adaptation by him of "Le petit Ludovic," written by Henry Crissafulli and Victor Bernard, and produced with very great success at the Théâtre des Arts (Menus Plaisirs), March 17, 1879. It was also looked upon as an initial performance, but I understand that the piece was tried at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, about the middle of last year under a different title, and no great opinion was formed of it. The provincial audience, which was a small one, was correct in its judgment, for though the original idea of the unexpected arrival of a baby was droll, the humour of the piece ended with that, and the harping on one string became monotonous. Fortunately the cast was a good one, or the play would have been dull indeed, for in it there is scarce any of that brightness of dialogue which distinguished Mr. Albery's usual work. One motive of the play is certainly not agreeable. Mrs. Amelia Buck, some twenty years before the play opens, has presented her husband with one only child, a daughter, Cecilia, who has grown up and has been married to Dartell Roe some six weeks. Mr. Buck is delighted with the marriage, for he has made up his mind that there will be a boy born of it, for whom he is building all sorts of Spanish castles. A pretty widow calls to congratulate the Bucks on the anniversary of their

silver wedding. She had been out of health, but is now quite restored; she attributes this and the fact of her looking so young entirely to a visit to the Engadine. Mr. Buck determines to take his wife there, "perhaps it will make them both young again;" so it does. They are away a year, and when they return they are not alone, for they are the proud and happy parents of a little son. Mr. and Mrs. Roe have been kept in the dark as to the auspicious event, so that when they come on a visit, there is some little hesitation in announcing the fact, as they also have a six-weeks'-old boy, who will naturally suffer in prospects from the birth of the other baby, who in their case will scarcely be looked upon as a "welcome little stranger." Fathers always consider a son and heir as the most wonderful creature in the world. Mr. Buck and Mr. Roe are no exceptions to the rule; in fact, they are so jealous of each other through their boys that at last they quarrel desperately. Roe determines to leave the house; his wife and mother-in-law are aghast at the feud, but James Paragon, a friend of the family, comes to the rescue. After very persistent wooing, Mrs. Llorencourt has promised him her hand on one condition, that he shall bring about a reconciliation between father and son-in-law, and he does it in this way. When Mr. Roe announces his immediate departure, the maid Ann asks whether he intends to take the baby; of course he replies "yes," when in tears, in which she is joined by Fanny, the Bucks' servant, they announce that the children have got "mixed;" they really cannot say which is Buck and which is Roe. The mothers join in the plot, the fathers are easily taken in, and are compelled to submit, not perhaps with the best of grace, to share the children on the understanding that to make matters straight they shall exercise parental authority over each child in alternate months. The quaint fussy style of Mr. Blakeley's acting exactly suited him for his part, and he was very amusing. Miss Victor seconded him well. Mr. Maurice was tragio-comic as the father in defence of his offspring. Pretty Miss Helen Forsyth acted attractively. Miss Vane Featherston played with considerable humour, her scenes being principally with Mr. Giddens, who, bashful with most ladies, is most amusingly persistent in his pursuit of the one who has bewitched him.

"Welcome, Little Stranger" was preceded by "Jilted," a comic drama, in two acts, by Alfred Maltby, which was quite worth seeing, for it is a pleasant little piece and was well acted. Samuel Potts, junior (Mr. G. Giddens) has been entangled in the meshes of the net that Mrs. Daulton (Miss Emily Miller) has spread for him. She has a daughter Margaret (Miss F. Francis), who, without caring one atom for Samuel, has allowed herself to be engaged to him on account of his wealth. She really cares for the Honourable Henry St. Cloud (Mr. F. Atherley). Carrie Dalrypple, Samuel's cousin, a clever good girl, who loves him, sees through the Daultons' scheme, and causes a letter to be sent announcing the failure of a bank, by which Samuel is supposed to have lost all his money. On hearing this, Mrs. Daulton at once breaks off the match, and Samuel turns from his infatuation for Margaret to the true love of his cousin Carrie, remarkably well played by Miss Ellaline Terriss.

"THE BOOKMAKER."

Original comedy, in three acts, by J. W. PIGOTT.

Placed in the evening bill at the Gaiety, Saturday, August 9, 1890.

Sir Joseph Trent...	Mr. NAT C. GOODWIN.	James	Mr. C. WALKER.
The Earl of Harborough	Mr. WILLIAM FARREN.	Lady Harborough ..	Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
Gerald, Lord Maidment	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.	Lady Jessie Har-	Miss CHRISTINE MAYNE.
The Hon. Jack Carew	Mr. CHARLES GLENNY.	borough	Miss ADELAIDE GUNN.
The Marquis of Bud-	Mr. GEORGE DALZIEL.	Sybil Hardwicke ..	Miss JENNIE McNULTY.
leigh		Polly	
Mr. Mortmain ..	Mr. ERIC THORNE.		
Bubbles	Mr. FRANK WOOD.		

The initial performance of Mr. Pigott's play was given on the afternoon of March 19, 1889, at Terry's Theatre, with Mr. Edward Terry in the title rôle. Mr. H. Reeves Smith and Mr. George Dalziel were the originals of the characters they now fill. The plot was given in the April number of THE THEATRE, and the play was then well spoken of. Though, perhaps, going over the same ground, I think I must shortly recapitulate the story. Sir Joseph Trent, after having passed his early life as a mere waif, becomes a jockey, and ultimately develops into a bookmaker. Through it all he remains an honest, good-hearted fellow. Most unexpectedly he learns that he is a baronet and wealthy. From the impoverished family of the Earl of Harborough, he meets with courtesy at least, and absolute kindness from Lady Jessie, his daughter, a young girl, who, though horsey in her conversation and likings, is still a true woman, and whose favourite pursuits assimilate with those of the bookmaker. Her sweetheart, Jack Carew, is an "objectionable" on account of his poverty, so Sir Joseph (whose inherited money, by-the-bye, is tied up) buys Lady Jessie a race-horse, backs it for a very considerable sum, and thus provides her with a marriage portion. Lord Maidment, the Earl's son, has, when at college, contracted a foolish marriage with Polly, an adventuress, therefore he cannot marry Sybil Hardwicke, an heiress, though they are attached to each other. Polly tries to assert her rights, which the bookmaker quietly sets on one side by proving that she had married and deserted him previously to her second union. Lord Maidment is thus at liberty, and can, with Sybil's money, extricate his father from his difficulties, and free him from the tyranny of the Marquis of Budleigh, a detestable fellow, who holds a mortgage over the Harborough estates, and threatens to foreclose unless Lady Jessie will accept him as a husband. Mr. Nat Goodwin's style is quite different from that of Mr. Edward Terry, the original representative, but is equally effective from its quaint and unforced humour and its sincerity. Though plebeian in manner, the nobility of the true gentleman is apparent to all. He may not wear kid gloves, but his hands are always clean. Mr. Goodwin made as distinct a success as he has in America in the character. Mr. Reeves Smith and Mr. Dalziel were as excellent as before. Mr. Charles Glenny was a frank, hearty young officer as the Hon. Carew. Mr. Farren and Miss Carlotta Leclercq have not parts in which they can particularly shine. Mr. Frank Wood gave us a capital bit of low comedy, without exaggerating it, as the butler Bubbles. Lady Jessie and Sybil are both sympathetic characters, the first affording scope for good acting, but neither of them were done justice. As good a performance as one could wish was that of Miss Jennie McNulty as Polly, her bravado, her insolent vulgarity, were only equalled by the little exquisite touch of pathos towards the close, when her callous heart is touched by the generosity of Sir Joseph, who, remembering he once loved her, provides liberally for her future, notwithstanding her cruel conduct to him. "The Bookmaker," is a healthy play, well written, and should achieve success wherever acted.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Musical=Box.

Musical Silhouettes.

No. 5.—*THE AMATEUR COMPOSER.*



THE Amateur Composer is both male and female; but the former is comparatively harmless, while the latter is a species to be avoided by all who can do so without being rude to a member of the favoured sex.

The male species is quite harmless indeed. He is sometimes a mild and meek-mannered curate, who has written a song that Miss Selina Jorkins, the soprano of our village, has sung at several penny-readings with much applause, and which he is certain would sell, and which he publishes (at his own expense). It generally costs him a considerable sum for revision, though his reviser does not go so far as to point out such facts as the abnormal compass—usually about two octaves—or its similarity to somebody's popular song. It returns to him ruthlessly mangled in proof; and a certain bitterness hereat is mingled with the Amateur Composer's pride. His only congratulation can be that he has written a song only a trifle worse than the perpetrations of some of the popular professional writers. About forty-seven copies are sold, chiefly in the curate's vicinity, and through his personal popularity in the parish. Then he gets married to the very prim and elderly daughter of a neighbouring rector, and his wife either sings classical songs in a thin *mezzo*, or has a serious objection to all music whatsoever. His career as an Amateur Composer thereupon ends abruptly.

Or else he is a budding student, at the Royal Academy or the Conservatoire, in which case his composition is too elaborate for anyone but himself to play, much less understand. But it is the Amateur Composer of the other sex that is the most trying. She is indefatigable; so much so that she generally writes at least two songs a week, and, as she has been writing ever since she was eighteen, her piles of music are prodigious. She publishes them, half-a-dozen in a batch, but rarely two series are published by the same firm, because she is always on bad terms with her publishers. If a young firm, not versed in the ways of the Amateur Composer, gives her a couple of guineas for a ballad, she is in raptures, and worries the life out of partners and clerks, to say nothing of the printer, who has to alter and re-alter his plates daily, because she thinks this chord an improvement, or that note too low, or that phrase much prettier.

When her songs appear, she bores her friends by asking if they have heard them, and if they have not, drives them to the brink of madness by playing them and singing them all, with an interpolated commentary on their hidden beauties of musical construction. She annoys the singers by writing familiar letters to them, worrying them to sing her songs, to such an extent that they are fain to do so in sheer self-defence. Her house is neglected, her husband and children forgotten—she is re-writing this in a tenor key for Smith, or that in contralto for Miss Jones. Men may come and men may go, but the Amateur Composer of this description still goes on writing songs, all wonderfully mediocre, and beautifully similar!

Another Amateur Composer is in Society, and, having inked her fingers at Literature, soiled them with Art, and pricked them with the last fad in fancywork for a church fancy fair, thinks she can write songs, and does so. They are sung by eminent singers at her “at homes,” and are puffed by certain newspapers in which such functions are belauded. A firm of publishers offers to circulate them, all expenses being defrayed by the composer. This really does not do much harm to anybody, as no one is bound to buy the songs, and if they do, they need not sing them. They keep the market full, perhaps, and leave no room for the musician’s wares; but what of that?

The Amateur Composer that calls for most respect, is that one who, having written something fairly good, is bold enough to avow his or her intention of seeking the favour of the public without any claptrap or influence whatever, just like an ordinary professional, though still as an amateur. But these are rare indeed—very black swans! Such throwing away, such despal of one’s advantages, is really very like folly.

The Amateur Composer, however, who poses as a professional, and apes the knowledge and the experience of such, is neither deserving of respect nor consideration. He or she is only a shade preferable to that despicable thing, the professional who poses as an amateur. Of course, so long as there are composers, there will be the Amateur, prating of Work, and watching for a chance of slipping into the ranks of those who serve in the army of art, a chance of following their footsteps without wearing their uniform, or fighting their stern battles.

SEMIDREVE.

The customary season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden commenced, this year under the conductorship of Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, on August 9. The quasi-classical nature of the programme cannot, I fear, be laid to the credit of the tastes of the audience, who would be much more likely to appreciate the last new commonplace ballad, or the most popular easy set of waltzes. What the shilling promenaders think of Dvorak and his probable influence on musical art this end of the century, Pan, the god of music, only knows! Of course, the usual quartette from *Rigoletto* was included; there are no other quartettes in existence. I am told it was very badly given; but this, I don’t suppose for one moment, affected the audience present.

I conclude concert-goers next season will still have to endure the discomforts of St. James’s and Princes’ Hall, since I hear nothing of any changes. A good

many folks would be less bored by a concert if they sat in a decently comfortable seat, I fancy. I should rather like to know something about the exits to the former, though, perhaps, that has but little to do with music. The County Council are going to do a great deal with the poor music-halls; the Steinway Hall is the only concert hall at which I have noticed any extra exit in case of requirement.

In fact, the superiority of a stall at a music-hall to that at six times the price at a concert hall is a crying shame. Why should it be so?

While speaking of music-halls, I cannot refrain from mentioning the Brighton Alhambra, one of the most comfortable, and, at the same time, artistic, and acoustically built halls in town or country. Added to this, I have heard, there, an orchestra infinitely better than that boasted by many a West End theatre, (though its conductor is irrepressibly fond of Suppé's "Poet and Peasant" overture). In this connection some London orchestras are unnameably bad. It is frequently a choice of escaping from the Scylla of discordant sounds, to fall into the Charybdis of the refreshment bar.

Of course, of music this month there is none. Of "Captain Thérèse," at the Prince of Wales', I shall speak later on. It seems probable that there is going to be a boom in comic opera, for rumours of those forthcoming, and those to be forthcoming, are flying about one's ears already. The Lyric will re-open with Audran's "La Cigale." If it is half as good as Solomon's "Red Hussar," it ought to be a success. What made that fail, goodness knows; one can only conclude that Mr. Henry J. Leslie's tide of luck had turned. It has been a great success in America, says one paper; and another avers it is a frost. I don't think America appreciates our music any more than we do her plays, of which the less said the better.

Thanks, Mr. Vert; we should have been desolate indeed this season had it not been for you. Only fancy having no "infant prodigy" to rave over! However, London is now happy. Max Hambourg has arrived, has been heard, and talked about. He came rather late in the season, it is true; but better late than never. Next year he can re-appear and create the usual *furor*, unless it be true that Mons. Paderewski is going to play the mentor to this promising youth, and keep him in retirement for ten years.

It is pleasant to be able to think, with good reason, that Italian Opera is not so dead as it might be; in sooth, it shows signs of being considerably alive. Mr. Augustus Harris has shown us that it was not to die from the inordinate depth of the pockets of any cantatrice in existence, and for this only, if for nothing else, he deserves thanks. There are, it is a satisfaction to think, gifted artists who do not expect to receive extravagant and preposterous fees; to hear whom sensible opera-lovers, not quite fanatically obtuse to their best interests, are ready to flock night after night; and who do not take into their heads the somewhat high-falutin notion that without them the days of Italian opera would be numbered. The more plainly it is shown to "stars" that they are not, after all, so absolutely necessary to the operatic creation, the better both for them and the lovers of opera of all kinds.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

The Guards of the amateurs, the crack regiment, are the Canterbury Stagers ; and it is their evolutions in the field that excite the warmest interest each dramatic year. They alone are up to their full strength. No need for them to send recruiting sergeants over town and country. The young and old "gentlemen of birth and breeding" who are said to pester our leading managers for engagements, as extra courtiers and conspirators, knock also at their gates. The portals of the club's headquarters are metaphorically thronged with scions of our old nobility, the nobility of amateur histrionism ; and for one vacancy there are as many applicants as though the office were a prize in the Indian Civil Service. Nearly fifty summers have flown since the historic *première* in 1842, but the Stagers are young and lively as ever. Silver threads among the gold have shone upon the heads of individual members ; but the crest of the club still rears itself loftily with the dauntless pride of youth. Therefore on every ground do the actors claim the first place of all, by reason of their lengthy scroll of fame, their record of great names, their age, and the undimmed lustre of their doings during the whole period of their existence. Greater honour than ever is theirs this year ; for, when in the course of nature we might reasonably look for the first signs of "the ashes of a feudel and decrepit" institution, the aspiring spirit of the time "on her luminous wings soars Phoenix-like to Jove," who in this relation bears a strong resemblance to Grundy and Pinero. That is, to drop Bulmer and talk to the point, these half-a-century-old actors, burdened with a past career and the Conservative spirit of their Nestors and presbyters, overshadowed by the walls and memories of a cathedral that saw the birth of civilization, and hemmed in on every side by associations, influences, and the predilections of their chiefs, have burst the bonds of custom, flung aside the fetters of tradition, and in racing along abreast of the most enterprising of their rivals, have taken, as it were, a new lease of life.

There was from the beginning a special distinction attaching to the Stagers and their work. But from this season that distinction will be far more notable. For to succeed in the current plays of our subtlest writers, with such an audience as they draw, is to transcend the success of merely keeping alive and vigorous a fine old institution, and this latter was about the utmost of their achievements during recent years. "The Silver Shield" and "The Money Spinner," to say nothing of "The Milliner's Bill," are plays long enough and strong enough to try the artistic endurance and power of any actors. Such a part as Sir Humphry Chetwynd, which admits of no caricature—that haven of the amateur—would tax a Hare or a Tree. Dodson Dick, the typical manager of the cheesemonger school, although an exaggeration, still needs a delicate touch and a fine perception of consistency in character to prevent his becoming the stereotyped low comedian. So, too, with Alma, a striking study of a woman of complex nature and countless moods ; and her husband lover, with his somewhat feminine and pettish mind. The barriers in Mr. Pinero's first important play are equally manifold, but it is better within the memory of playgoers, to whom it is only necessary to recall the efforts of the St. James's company, to discover in them the imposing obstacles the author has presented to any but highly trained intelligences.

It was in this respect, the dramatic presentation of men and women recognisable as beings of flesh and blood, as opposed to the creatures of sawdust and sticks whom we generally find in amateur stageland, that the Canterbury pilgrims were unusually good. A piece of work more carefully thought out,

more elaborately finished in detail, than Mr. Oliver Twist's (Mr. Quinton Twiss) diverting picture of a theatrical manager, scarcely anyone on the stage could realise. His study also of the Baron Croodle, broken down gambler and croupier, though conceived in a more extravagant spirit, in accordance with Mr. Hare's example, was filled to overflowing with exuberant and spontaneous humour, which, however, was always subordinated to the dramatic requirements of the play. Mr. Colnaghi had as fine a chance of proving his versatility as any actor could have chosen for himself. He has over and over again shone with a brilliance that no amount of critical cold water could dim, as a flirty, flighty touch-and-go comedian. But here he was to be tried with the arduous character of the weak-minded, strongly prejudiced baronet of Mr. Grundy's creation, and the incisive close-reasoning detective who Mr. Pinero unwittingly made the hero of his coterie of swindlers and cardsharps. From the courtly manners and dignified pathos of the head of the Chetwynds to the alert insistence and assertive personality of Faubert is a long and dangerous step; but Mr. Colnaghi took it with ease. His kindly old aristocrat was worthy of the sentiments his author had put into his mouth, and what more could be said. Faubert would have been the better for greater force and more passionate emphasis, in action and in speech; but it was at the worst a very able study and at the best a piece of polished acting not unfit to rank beside the original. Mr. Fladgate made a most successful first appearance with the Stagers as Tom Potter, for which his expressive face, quiet style, and rich voice are specially suited; but as Harold Boycott greater animation and self-abandonment were necessary. Mr. Ponsonby fought bravely against a heavy voice and manner in a careful reading of the boy-husband, Ned Chetwynd, and the grossly over-coloured humour of Dr. and Mrs. Dozey was thoroughly to the taste of Mr. Drummond and Mrs. Canninge.

Alma and Millicent, who might be re-christened Comedy and Tragedy, were in the hands of Miss Annie Irish, one of the most accomplished of our younger actresses. So charming and many-sided a picture of the actress heroine has never yet been given, and in this it was plain why she has been found a place in the Lyceum company. The gloom and weight of Mr. Pinero's heroine were, however, not so completely within her grasp, and though the boldness and earnestness of her emotional acting carried the play along, there was still something to be desired. Miss Norton played prettily, and with some moments of touching pathetic expression, as Lucy Preston; and Miss Laura Linden and Mr. Alan Mackinnon were quite faultless as Dorinda and Lord Kingussie in the second piece. Mr. Eustace Ponsonby and Miss Linden opened the bill merrily with Mr. Godfrey's popular duologue, acting and singing (with imitations of Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Cecil) with immense spirit and vivacity, and a neatly written version of a French monologue called "At Last," further engaged Mr. Ponsonby and Miss Norton. "An Amateur Pantomime Rehearsal" gave Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Colnaghi, and Mr. Ponsonby opportunity for some amusing spontaneous acting, and Friday night brought the time-honoured epilogue, this year by Mr. Whitmore, and dealing chaffingly with Stanley and Emin, and the famous "quest." Altogether a more varied and interesting programme has never been forthcoming at Canterbury, and the general stir of enterprise and infusion of new blood should result in as notable a success next season; a greater they could not have.

It is felt, though no one but a critic would dare to say it, that with the sweltering sun of July and August, the patience of the scribe gets short and his temper grows quick, and as a result the *matinée* giver ceases from troubling, and the amateur author is at rest. It is the exception, however, which proves the rule, if our childhood's instructors may be credited, so there was nothing to marvel at in the production of "His Lordship" on the 6th ult., at Warlingham, a beautiful little place on the Surrey hills, with the rich green of the Caterham valley lying at its feet. The majority of those devoted ones who journeyed down from London to see "His Lordship" make his first bow behind the footlights would perhaps have preferred lazily lounging beneath one of those wide-spreading elms, reading the novel upon which this play had been based; but Mr. Armiger Barczinski did not draw down the anathemas the

afternoon playwright usually receives, for there was interest to be had in the consideration of his work. Mr. Speight's story, "A Barren Title," evidently has good material in it. The plot is conventional, but not unnatural, and certainly not undramatic. When the ruthless blue pencil has traversed the bulky manuscript and scored through many a line on many a page, the piece will shape far better. And when the threads have been more closely interwoven, the audience will indulge in fewer politely expressed yawns. The fortunes of the well-born scamp and the son who knows nothing of his ragamuffin father's accession to rank would be all the more engrossing if the construction of the play were less rudimentary. And better and more reasonable motives should be found for the eccentric behaviour of several of the less important characters. But when all is said, there still remains a good foundation of human interest upon which it should not be difficult to raise a superstructure to withstand the killing blasts of searching criticism. Some of the acting was promising in a very marked degree, but of whom it will be charitable to say nothing. Mrs. Harry Winter and Mrs. Barczinski were the heroines—bright, cheery girls—well realised by the actresses. Mr. Van Wyhe had an excellent notion of the elderly rascal who must surely have been a descendant of Digby Grant, and played with point and grip; his son, none too easy a part, being very naturally rendered by Mr. Frank Lewis; and the broad comedy being supplied by Mr. David Baum. But a more experienced body of actors should be engaged for the production of a new piece—always a harassing experiment.

The Claimant is said to have remarked with profound wisdom, "Some people has money but no brains, and some people has brains but no money; and them as has the one is made for them as has the other." So, too, and with equal truth, we may observe that some actors "has" brains but no dress and scenery, and other actors "has" all the luxury their hearts can desire in this latter respect, but having the barest necessities of existence in the former. But under neither of these heads could the Leytonstone actors be classed when they came to the Wood-house Club to play tit-bits from Shakespeare in the pastoral grounds of that Kensingtonian retreat. Alternately the actors and their natural theatre seemed wanting. First it was the rank grass and desolate-looking trees that aroused the sleeping wrath of the professional carper. Then it was a feeling that had the actors been capable, the stunted bush and tangled undergrowth and air of neglected garden and weedy pasture land would have availed nothing. Anon there came a violent reaction when sober reasoning had assured us that these *were* players of some little calibre; for had we not seen many of them before, and admired them not inconsiderably? Finally, our settled opinion was this: that the acting was passable enough, and the costumes were capital, but that the pastoral setting was hideous, and until that pavilion of shelter is moved to command a finer prospect, there can be no woodland playing without artistic disaster. Music and production were alike admirable, and with a more Elizabethan get-up, Mr. Sparks would have been quite a notable feature as the warbling Amiens. But no romantic outlaw could have worn such hair and carried his arms thus. An Orlando, modelled upon the poetical reading of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, was found in Mr. Musgrove, an actor of much promise and some performance. Touchstone, being in the hands of Mr. W. C. Clark, who is versed in broad comedy of every kind, was of necessity a figure of breadth and modern manner. Amusing, it must be granted, but hardly in a spirit of a student of sixteenth century jesters. Mr. Ralph Thompson spoke Jaques' lines with good expression, the satiric vein being worked with effect; and the banished duke was a presentable personage as viewed through the medium of Mr. Conning. Miss Mathews showed us a comely and winsome Rosalind, who needed more dash and vigour to pass scathless through the perils of Arden; and her sisters were pretty and pleasing as Audrey and Celia.

Some day in the dim and distant future, in the early days of the millennium perhaps, there will arise an editor who will deal with our Mr. Gilbert as Garrick and Cibber and many another has dealt with our Mr. Shakespeare. He will be clarified and perfected in spite of himself. His Grecian comedy will be condensed and trimmed; its irrelevancies and inconsistencies will be lopped off or pruned down as closely as the constitution of the piece will permit, and the fire

of realism will be applied to refine the scenes and incidents that mar the work. But till that consummation devoutly to be wished can be effected, we must sit as still as may be over the drama as it stands, and bottle up and cork down the righteous anger surging to the lips at every mention of "Pygmalion and Galatea." To see good actors vainly struggling against the tide of farce and Gilbertism is a sorry sight. For every stroke of poetry that bears them onward for one moment, there is a wave of most unclassic humour to beat them back again, and at the coming of Daphne and Chrysos, poetry and sympathy, delicate thought and feeling, are submerged for minutes together; only to reappear soured and drenched and sodden. Since it must be, though, it must be; and at the worst this, as work for actors, is infinitely better than the absurdity of French farce, or the inanity of melodrama. In several respects there could scarcely be improvement upon the acting seen at St. Luke's Hall in this comedy, under the direction of Mr. Merridew, an ingenious and unctuous Chrysos. Mr. Sansbury, though deficient in grace of bearing, has all the manly fervour for the ideal Pygmalion, and throws great strength into every scene that permits this treatment. Mr. Stanton's fine delivery rescues Leucippe from his insignificant position in the cast; and with Miss Ada Ricketts to look and play Myrine charmingly, there is little left to be desired in their brief quarrels and reconcilements. Miss St. Lawrence has perhaps not all the daintiness of touch one could desire in Galatea, but her simplicity is unaffected and often rises without effort to the level of ingenuous pathos. Compared with this, Cynisca is a straightforward character to play; and Miss Vincent, abandoning herself to a strong flood of violent emotion, keeps the stage alive at more than one important point. Miss Spires has natural humour as Daphne; but in the presence of actors of force, the comedians are thrown, as they should be, rather into the background.

The Edward Alleyn Dramatic Society is one of the last to establish itself in the neighbourhood of London, and its youth may be held to condone in some measure the rashness of inexperience. "The Hunchback" is not generally considered a play deserving of reproduction under any circumstances. But if, for our sins, as our forefathers applied the scourge or underwent a process of mortification of the flesh, we feel compelled to sit it through occasionally, then we should in self defence stipulate for well grounded actors to pour out its endless periods. The modern school of culture, subtlety, and by deduction indecision, has its merits, but it cannot cope with the solidity of Sheridan Knowles. Nothing in the shape of stratagem can hope to capture this stronghold. The old-fashioned shoulder to shoulder and pike in hand attack is the only method, and the later arts of warfare are worse than useless. To expect young amateurs to succeed by a series of Indian file forlorn hope assaults should therefore be no less than looking for the achievements of veterans at the hands of raw recruits. One of the first requisites in the production of such a play is that the art of acting together, of playing into one another's hands, shall have been mastered; and this is hardly understood in theory by beginners, much less in practice. Still in spite of all these disadvantages, the Edward Alleyns displayed talent, of a rough and rude kind, no doubt, but unquestionably talent. The very desperation of their case, perhaps, drew from them such heroic efforts as a drama more in their grasp could not have done. But whatever the cause, they certainly came through the ordeal with credit. Mr. Bowyer was a forcible Master Walter, wanting in finish and in meaning, but effective in conventional ways and equal to the task of lifting the dead weight of a heavy play. Mr. Hippisley as Clifford and Mr. Pope as Modus had excellent ideas of passion and picturesqueness; when their means of expression are under control, they will be valuable comedians. Mr. Minchin has humour, and Mr. Oldham a sense of eccentric individuality that should find their proper place in a comedy of manners. Miss Maud Oldham and Miss Edith Jordan are at present the stars of the clubs Julia and Helen suiting their clearly marked styles exceptionally well and giving each good opportunity of using a carefully acquired method, as natural as it is broad, fearless, and firm.

With such beauties of nature as those in Ashurst Park, Tunbridge Wells, the dreariest of Elizabethan dramas might become interesting, and whoever was responsible for the choice of these exquisite grounds for a pastoral setting of

"Love's Labour Lost" has the eye of a true manager. Wagner himself would have hailed with enthusiasm such a stage and such a stock of scenery. Druid oaks and mossy glades, arching avenues, smooth grassy swards, and in the background a silvery lake and wooded islet, for all manner of surprises in stage management. The King of Navarre never had a lovelier park when he reigned over a material kingdom; and as for his sham majesty of the footlights, not all the painters' and gasmen's and property masters' genius in the world could fashion such a wondrous house for him as this. The actors felt the inspiration, no less than the audience, and played with an ease and spirit rarely found among amateurs. Mr. Alan Mackinnon, who by common consent was credited with the whole production, share the honours with Mr. Henry Irving, junior, their readings of Borin and Boget having in them a strange dignity and reserve of power never expected and hardly ever within the range of any but the most practised actors. Mr. E. H. Clark, who is best in the melodramatic vein, shaped well as the fantastical Armado, and Mr. Morris gave just emphasis to the lines of the King. Considering the difficulties that appear to dog the footsteps of all Shakesporean clowns but the First Gravedigger and Master Dogberry, the comedians may fairly be called strong, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Richards, and Mr. Thomas, getting a liberal amount of humour from the antics of the comic relief party. Mrs. Charles Sim's romantic style and heroic manner are quite in keeping with the charming Rosaline, of whom she gives by far the prettiest picture seen since the halcyon days of the Dramatic Students. Mrs. St. John Raikes is hardly less at home, too, as the sprightly Jacquenetta; and Lady Young plays with discretion and distinction the Princess of France. Dances, songs, and the enlivening charm of children pages and girl attendants from fairyland, were lavishly used to heighten the spectacular effects; and if the play suffered to some extent from the wealth of adornment in this respect, few would be found to deny the beauty of the stage pictures, or to bewail the loss of any acting which would have needed their reduction to secure for it the prominence it would demand.



Our Omnibus-Box.

Once more a charge of plagiarism is raised against the author of a successful play, and the consequent battle still rages, with the result that "The English Rose" has received a considerable amount of gratuitous advertisement. We say the accusation is brought against the author because, although Mr. Buchanan in his letter to the *Era* speaks of it as "equally astonishing to Mr. Sims and myself," it does not seem to be Mr. Coleman's intention to impute any complicity to Mr. Buchanan's collaborator. Here it is noticeable that Mr. Buchanan treats the allegation as one of simple plagiarism, and loftily ranges himself in the distinguished society of Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Molière, and Boucicault. A moment's examination of Mr. Coleman's letter shows that there is something more involved than can be set on one side with the jaunty declaration of "entire indifference to such charges," and that "*je prends mes biens où je les trouve*," and "care not one feather whether people think me original or not." Had Mr. Buchanan dug up for himself what he calls this familiar French melodrama, although it seems to have been necessary for Mr. Coleman to recall it to Mr. Clement Scott's memory, no one would have had a right to do more than comment on the dramatist's want of originality; but here Mr. Buchanan admits

that a translation of "La Vendetta," called "The Priest's Oath," was handed to him with a request to found a play upon it, and the fact that it was "cast aside with other lumber," is no excuse for the use of the materials for a purpose foreign to and inconsistent with the one for which they were entrusted to him. That the translation was "incontinently forgotten" is a remarkable fact since the original has been so usefully remembered. "Priority of theft" may be a poor title to the stolen goods, but Mr. Coleman at least derived them from a source in which their function had been fulfilled, and where they were of no further use, while Mr. Buchanan took them from one whom he admittedly regarded as a friend, and who had confided them to him for a specific purpose.

Truth to tell, the clerical business has been somewhat overdone of late, and, though Mr. Buchanan bases his claim to the priestly incident in "The English Rose," on the artistic principle that "treatment is everything," it is manipulated in the Adelphi melodrama with no very startling force or skill, in spite of the added intensity of interest in the fact of the blood bond between the priest and the unjustly accused man. Mr. Buchanan must be credited with having invested this portion of the play with a greater proportion of the graces of literary style than is apparent elsewhere in the same work, and this surprises us the more when we find how feeble in its effect on the drama is the operation of the incident in dispute. Had the revelation of the confession been made the sole chance of escape for the prisoner, the situation would have been extremely powerful, although, as a matter of fact, the circumstances would have warranted a dispensation from head-quarters, authorising the disclosure of so much as would have prevented the miscarriage of justice. But from a desire to lengthen the play, or an unwillingness to rest wholly upon an incident, a little too gloomily earnest for an Adelphi audience, the authors have dissipated the intensity of effect by indicating or allowing to be indicated several tolerably obvious means of extricating the hero. In fairness it must be said that this portion of the melodrama suffers from insufficient interpretation, the result being an unconvincing episode altogether overshadowed by the general and more robust interest, and that, though Mr. Coleman may have lost something of uncertain value, Mr. Buchanan has gained nothing.

Leaving aside the personal question between the two gentlemen, which they may very well be left to fight out by themselves, it is matter for regret that Mr. Buchanan should avow himself in so frankly cynical a manner in favour of an indiscriminate system of annexation whose sole justification is success. Surely he would not seriously urge that the possession of the artistic temperament should serve as an exemption from the obligations of common honesty. "What does it matter?" he says; "If stealing is so easy, why don't these gentlemen steal too, and so produce successful plays?" Why should he be so eager to pronounce the marriage between Art and Honour a failure, and advocate their divorce? That a great genius may endow filched goods with his own originality is a familiar truth amply testified to by the great names Mr. Buchanan has invoked, and but for these thefts, the world would have been incalculably poorer; but they did not rob the living owners of goods that were still in their possessor's use, and their misappropriations do not justify an appeal by a successful playwright who has not, even by an Adelphi success, won his right to a pedestal among them, in inciting mediocrities barren of original ideas to wholesale and systematic literary theft. The cribber and conveyer of more or less unconsidered trifles is quite busy enough without any encouragement from successful playwrights.

In furtherance of our recent observations on the change in popular opinion with regard to the introduction of ecclesiastical matters on the stage, the invitation recently issued by Mr. Willard to the clergy is a remarkable confirmation of the truth of our remarks and of the broadening of the spirit of the age in connection with such matters. It must be remembered that in inviting the clergy to see "Judah," Mr. Willard is not only presenting one of their cloth, arrayed in the appropriate costume, as the principal character in the play, a thing which would of itself have been considered grossly offensive

twenty years ago ; but he further exhibits the reverend gentleman as yielding suddenly to a great temptation, telling a lie with deliberate purpose and intention, and giving to it the added sanction of an oath. That the church-going public should not only tolerate this, but become sympathetically absorbed in the play, is in itself a wonderful fact, but that the officers of the Church themselves should attend and give respectful hearing to it, speaks volumes alike for the catholic spirit of the clergy, and the earnest tendency of the higher forms of drama. It is hard to tell which phenomenon is the more gratifying.

The wail raised from time to time against the inexorable inflection of the stage child, old and familiar though it has become, acquires fresh force as the thing itself grows in frequency and terror. Perhaps the "wickedest and the worst," as was once sung of the Colorado beetle, is that fiendish specimen which is supposed to emanate from the States. The past month has given us two of exceptional horror. In "Aphrodite Dodge," old playgoers were driven to believe that the climax of infamy in things juvenile on the stage had come at last. "That Girl" was taken by Mrs. Oscar Beringer and Mr. Henry Hamilton from a story by Miss Clementina Black, and the part of Aphrodite, an important one, was given to Miss Vera Beringer, who played it with fatal intelligence and skill. American children, we are told, are very different from our own, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, there are no American children ; they are only immature little men and women. Consider that theory pushed to its utmost extreme ; make the child, rude, conceited, inquisitive, forward ; deprive it of all reverence and respect for its parents, elders, and superiors ; endow it with preternatural sharpness, with a tongue and voice of deafening volubility ; and a rich vocabulary furnished strictly up to date with all the hideous attractions of American slang, and you may possibly form some faint idea of the charms of the character who was made the *dea ex machina* of the play. Such persons—it is impossible to call them children—there may be, but their existence would prove an irresistible argument in favour of systematic infanticide ; whilst the dreariest solitude would be preferable to their obnoxious presence. A character possessing many of these points of objection was recently given us in "The Great Unknown" at the Lyceum, and was impersonated by no less charming an actress than Miss Ada Rehan. This is the case of an older girl, of marriageable age, and yet young enough to wear pinafores and carry a slate suspended round her neck by a string. The really witless character of this part, the humour of which consisted of profuse recourse to American slang, was mitigated by a love scene delightfully played by Miss Rehan, but the amplitude of the vocabulary was nothing less than amazing. "Great sakes !" "There are no flies on me," "I should smile," "On my sacred say so," "That's just lollypops," "Suits you down to the ground," "Give him the bounce," "Who are you, anyway ?" "Oh, cut all that," "I've got the Bard down fine," are a few of the colloquial gems with which Miss Rehan favoured us.

Not that Americans are the only offenders in this respect. In "Sweet Nancy" we are introduced to a very fine specimen of that kind of family whose uncomfortable sayings contribute so liberally to the repertory of the comic journalist. We know that children, even amiable ones, do say grossly unpleasant things, sometimes with and sometimes without intention, and sometimes we may prefer frank outspokenness, even if it hurts us a little, to deceitful reserve in children. But that is no reason why the flippant rudeness of youngsters should be crystallised into stage dialogue more than is necessary for the purposes of illustration. No doubt it was desirable, in following out the design of Miss Broughton's novel, that emphasis should be given to the bad bringing up of these children ; this was amply done, and a little more, in the first act ; but it was a mistake to continue hammering on the same note all through the second. The result was that, whereas the pert utterances and spoilt-child-like behaviour might have been amusing in moderation, people began to think what terribly unpleasant young people these must be to have always about you, and how great was the need for a little stiff corporal punishment. In fact, the audience might have laughed as guests laugh at the antics of their friends' children when they have only to submit to them occasionally for a few minutes at a time, but who would savagely resent the same conduct if they were constantly exposed to it.

Why is the part of Jaques such a histrionic "monkey-puzzle" to the many actors who have essayed to mount it? To the moderate student of Shakespeare the difficulty appears chimerical. Yet to no actor in our recollection has the light of correct interpretation been vouchsafed. One and all they go too far afield for original conceptions of the part, which really he who runs may read. And herein, we think, lies their error. For it is the wont of him who may be cast for the character to burrow at too great a depth for the jewels of thought supposed to be underlying the melancholy fellow's musings. A palpable misconception. Jaques's reflections are the reflections of a libertine old before his time, who, having sucked the sweets of artificial life to the shell, turns to nature as the only real good. Nothing very profound in that, one might say. Indeed it is something a trick with a certain class of persons to hold mankind in general responsible for the vacuum in life its own excesses have created. With the intelligent of this class, a meditative manner of pondering the fruits of experience excites an interest which they take great secret satisfaction from. They like to wear their arms in slings, as it were, for all the world to pity. But for the most part, curiosity as to the outer significations of existence is no more dead in them than in a polled sheep with five years' experience of pasture-land. So with Jaques. The inquisitive boy is inherent in him yet, and for all his tall talk, it is greatly probable that after a month's lonely self-communing in the woods, he will tighten his girdle and walk briskly back into the city after his restored master.

Of all remembered exponents of the character, Hermann Vezin walked nearest the truth. Yet even he represented the cynical rogue as a somewhat weary man of middle age, speaking his profounder thoughts aloud. Jaques proper has no profound thoughts, and he is not weary of the world. He has transferred his interest for the moment from people to things, that is all. And he sucks vast content from his melancholy. His gloom is the luminous gloom of solitary woods; but it is gloom for all that, and not suppressed hilarity as Mr. Bouchier represented it lately at the St. James's. *Cruce Criticorum!* Why will Jack Pudding Roscius study his Shakespeare through clouded lenses? Surely his text is plain to the naked eye. Mr. Clarke, of the Daly Company, gave us the usual conventional reading of the character. He added more than the conventional prolixity, however, to the famous "stage" speech. Great Gods! as if the unfettered foresters would listen and laugh through that wearisome monologue. They would yawn the pedagogue into silence after the fourth line. But Jaques proper would blush to prose.

Then, too, no actor to our mind has ever "dressed" to the part. Jaques should walk lean and ungartered—a dry-tongued philosopher—a species of amiable Louis XI., with all the latter's cynical observance and none of his bowelless cunning. We have met him nowadays, pointing the moral of the sins of his youth, careless of appearances, conscious of deep experience, but capable of strong, silent feeling—filled with what Drake calls "the humorous sadness of an amiable misanthropy." But of whatever capacity his exponents may be, the established practice of cutting down his part wholesale, together with the customary elision of other valuable speeches and characters, to secure an ill-balanced share of hearing for Rosalind, is reprehensible in the last degree. "As You Like It," than which no play affords better opportunities for a score of actors, has come to be considered a single-star piece.

To witness nowadays the performance of a comedy of the school of playwrights of twenty or thirty years ago, is to congratulate ourselves on the immense strides made by our younger corps of dramatists since then. Compare Boucicault with Jones, Tom Taylor with Grundy, Robertson with Pinero. Wanting in constructive ability that older school was not, and it possessed genuine humour of a rather bones-and-bang's type. But in the keen sparkle of wit it was lamentably deficient. It knew how to knock a telling story into dramatic shape (*situations* may be left out of account; they are the first formulæ of the syntax of the drama, and, as such, are generally rather shaped by the actor than the author); it knew how to appeal to its audiences on a somewhat artificial grade of feeling, and it fell into (*studied* is not the word) a simple directness of language that was not unattractive. But, when all is said, the

school's popularity was due mainly to its exponents, and not to its intrinsic merits. How do the proportions lie between the successful gag of talk and of gesture, and the written value of such plays as "Green Bushes," "David Garrick," and that much-discussed melodrama "London Assurance." None of them is a *reading* play. On the other hand, there are lines in "The Profligate," in the "Cabinet Minister," in "Judah," that would illuminate any one of these from end to end, and leave it dark withdrawn. But then, after all, the world swims deeper than was its wont, and comes up seldomer for air. We used to have tails to wag once upon a time wherewith to express our joy. But when we found we could clap our paws together the tails dropped off. Then came gloves for tender palms, and the refinement of broad humour to delicate wit. Some day, perhaps, we shall applaud with our eyelids. It is simple evolution.

Referring to Mr. Findon's article on the amateur stage, appearing in the August issue of *THE THEATRE*, "O. P. Pit" writes, in a letter too long to print in its entirety:—"Mr. Findon says the future school of dramatic art is the Amateur Dramatic Club, but if the profession is to be recruited from London only, how are provincial amateurs, who play for their own amusement, and rehearse, &c., in their spare time, to attend the necessary rehearsals for even one of the four annual performances at a West End theatre? *All* the profession are not Londoners; and as Mr. Findon says provincial stock companies are things of the past, and cannot be revived (an opinion which I very much question), how is a possible future actor from a provincial amateur club to get a chance. Mr. Findon's scheme for recruiting the profession from the amateur stage is good in theory, but at the present time amateur clubs are formed mostly by men in business, who, having a love and a taste for acting, have banded themselves together and devote their spare time to that object, and for no ulterior purpose beyond charity."

Apropos of the allusions to Foote in Part IV. of the "Bath Stage Annals," appearing in the August issue of *THE THEATRE*, the following resuscitated specimens of that favourite wit's humour may not be considered out of place:—Once, on a masquerade night, "Jockey, of Norfolk," the notorious tippler, asked Foote, who was his intimate, "What new character he should go in?" "Go sober," said Foote. The following anecdote is also told:—

Foote, travelling in the West of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except Mr. Mayor," answered the landlord.

"I do not except anybody whatever," said Foote.

"But you must!" bawled the landlord.

"I won't!"

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for many years to always except the mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision, Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord was the greatest fool in Christendom—except *Mr. Mayor*.

During the past month, several of the theatres have closed. "Sweet Nancy" after a short but prosperous run, was compelled to be withdrawn from the Lyric Theatre in consequence of Mr. Horace Sedger requiring the house to be placed at his disposal. Mr. Buchanan has taken the Royalty Theatre and will revive "Sweet Nancy" there about the middle of this month. The Globe Theatre has been closed since the 9th, when Miss Adelaide Moore's season came to an end, and will be re-opened by Mr. George Paget with Mr. Luscombe Searle's opera "Isidora." There is no immediate tenant for the Opera Comique, but when Mr. Terry returns to his own theatre, Miss Cissy Grahame will transfer "The Judge" to the Opera Comique. Mr. Thomas Thorne, having acquired some adjacent property, will be enabled to enlarge and improve the Vaudeville Theatre, which is consequently closed on account of the alterations which are proceeding. The Lyceum up to the date occupied by the

Augustin Daly Company closed on Saturday the 19th ult. and will re-open when Mr. Irving resumes management with his new play by Herman Merivale, founded on "The Bride of Lammermoor." The Princess's, which has now been shut some time, will, if all goes well, have Mrs. Langtry for a manageress, who will revive there "Antony and Cleopatra." The new building now being rapidly pushed on in Wych Street for Mr. Wilson Barrett's occupation, is to be called the "New Olympic," and will probably open somewhere about the middle of October; the programme at the time of writing is not decided upon. At the Avenue there have been several changes in the cast of "Dr. Bill." Mr. J. G. Grahame has filled the title *role*, Mr. Wilfred Shine has succeeded Mr. Chevalier as Mr. Firman, Miss Alma Stanley has replaced Miss Fanny Brough (who, after a short holiday, returned to Drury Lane for the rehearsals in "A Million of Money," in which Mr. Charles Warner, just returned from Australia, also takes a leading part), Miss Lilian Hingston plays Louisa Brown, Miss E. Robins' original part, and Mrs. Leston that of Mrs. Firman, in which Miss Carlotta Leclercq appeared. Mr. Grahame succeeds very well as Dr. Bill, and Miss Alma Stanley takes a broader view of the character of Mrs. Horton, rendering it perhaps more of a low comedy one, but still acceptable and highly amusing. The piece has run so well that there is no probability of "The Struggle for Life" being seen for some time here. It may be mentioned at the same time that Mr. Alexander has leased the St. James Theatre, which he will occupy early in January, when some alterations and improvements have been made in the house, one of the most satisfactory of which will be the introduction of the electric light. Mr. Hare thought it advisable for health's sake to take holiday, and therefore on the 11th of August entrusted the character of Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch to Mr. George Raimeond, who had played the character in the provinces with much success. The new representative (who was associated with Mrs. Langtry for a considerable time in America in high-class parts) has given every satisfaction. The very nature of the part requires that it should be played something on the lines adopted by Mr. Hare, but Mr. Raimeond has a characterisation of his own, which he introduces with much effect, and also some happy little bits of business. Miss Webster has succeeded Miss Blanche Horlock in the characters of Lucy in "Dream Faces" and Lucy Lorrimer in Mr. Grundy's play.

A very pretty open-air ballet was produced at the Crystal Palace on July 23, invented by Mr. Oscar Barrett, and composed and arranged by Madame Katti Lanner. It is entitled the "Witches' Haunt," and naturally contains a supernatural element. The hero, Gabriel, befriends a gipsy-boy, and an old fortune-teller prophesies that his love for Dora will be returned if he is only faithful to her. He goes to sleep in the forest, and there appears to him Sybil, the Spirit of the Wood, who endeavours to win him over by her fascination, and would probably succeed, but that he produces a cross which Dora has given him as a safeguard. The sketch is made the vehicle for some very beautiful scenery and some clever effects in animated trees, and the sudden transformation of a number of apparent hags into most lovely women, whose dresses are exquisitely beautiful. There is a comic element in the squirrels, pixies, and gnomes, who play their pranks on Gabriel whilst asleep. The characters are well filled, and special praise must be awarded to Miss Louise Loveday for her graceful dancing as Sybil. The ballet is one of the prettiest that the Crystal Palace has given us.

An American journal, referring to the fact that Mr. Joseph Hatton is about to take a vacation in America, says the author's novels invariably bear trace of his latest holiday—the Venetian scenes in "By Order of the Czar," to wit. Mr. Hatton is not, however, going to the States this time in the interest of fiction only, but more particularly to see the Palmer season in November next opened by his friend Mr. Willard, and with his daughter, Bessie Hatton, as Nancy in "The Middleman," and Lady Eve in "Judah." There is another, among other reasons, for Mr. Hatton's trip. He is collaborating with Mr. Augustin Daly in the most important work of the coming Daly season in New York. It is also probable that Mr. Willard during his American engagement will produce a play by Mr. Joseph Hatton, which he accepted more than a year ago. Mr. Hatton has for many years had journalistic and theatrical interests on both sides of the



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MR. COURTICE POUNDS.

"O! believe me, sir, my lot is not so much amiss."—

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

Atlantic. He was for six or seven years the special correspondent in Europe of the *New York Times*. Just as Sarcey travelled with the Francaise company on their first trip to England as their historiographer, so did Mr. Hatton travel with the Irving company on their first visit to America, with pleasant and important literary results. It cannot fail to be of advantage to Mr. Willard to have the advice of so experienced a friend as Mr. Hatton, who will have a double interest in the Palmer season with his daughter as a specially engaged member of the company. Mr. Hatton's "By Order of the Czar," which is to be dramatised in due course, has had an enormous sale in the United States and Canada. For the past twelve months Mr. Hatton has held an important position on the European staff of the *New York Herald*, and has been largely responsible for the editorial work of the Sunday edition of that famous journal in London. He is expected to return to town at Christmas. Mr. Willard's season will last until May in next year.

"The Great Unknown" was withdrawn on Saturday, August 11th, and "Casting the Boomerang" revived in its place at the Lyceum Theatre by the Augustin Daly Company, who took their farewell in it on Saturday, August 16. The season, though a short one, has been successful, and Mr. Augustin Daly, who said a few words on the fall of the curtain, announced that he should return to the same theatre next autumn. He expressed the thanks of himself and company for the kindness with which the audiences had welcomed them, and specially acknowledged how much they were all indebted to the Press for the courtesy and friendly feeling exhibited to them.

The Augustin Daly Company very generously gave their services (as did Mr. Daly, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre) for a *matinée* on July 23, in aid of Mrs. Jeune's holiday fund. The third and fourth acts of "As You Like It," and "A Woman's Won't," were contributed by the Daly Company. Miss Claire Ivanova gave two of the speeches from "Pygmalion and Galatea," commencing respectively, "And this is life," and "I went with Irene into the house," and though a little wanting in fervour, her elocution was otherwise to be admired. Miss Genevieve Ward admirably rendered Queen Constance in the last scene from "King John," Madame Antoinette Sterling gained an enthusiastic *encore* for her singing of "The Better Land," and Miss Belle Botford, a young lady from Boston, made her first public appearance in London, and proved herself an accomplished violinist by her execution of Leonard's "Souvenir de Bade." Miss Ada Rehan delivered with great taste the occasional epilogue, written for the charity by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Courtice Pounds (whose photograph appears in this month's issue) is the son of Miss Mary Curtice, a well-known concert-singer. At as early an age as eight years he was a chorister, and when only eleven was promoted to be soloist at St. Stephen's Church, South Kensington. From thence he joined, as a member of the choir, the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, and used to sing at City feasts and the Aquarium. When an adult he went back to St. Stephen's, and was appointed tenor and soloist. He then applied to Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who engaged him for the Savoy chorus, during which engagement he was understudy to Mr. Rutland Barrington and to Mr. Durward Lely in "Patience," and sang both parts on different occasions during 1881. He also sang in "Mock Turtles." In 1882 he had a small part in "Iolanthe," in which piece when on tour he played Lord Tolloller. In 1884 he toured in the "Princess Ida," playing Hilarion. He visited America in 1885 as Nanki-Pooh in the "Mikado," was lent for three months' opera to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and also went to Berlin with the Savoy Company. In 1887 he returned to America, where he appeared as Richard Dauntless in "Ruddigore," and also sang in the same character at a *matinée* in London. He subsequently had a nine months' engagement at the Casino, New York, returned to England, and in May, 1888, played Colonel Fairfax in the "Yeomen of the Guard." In 1889 he appeared as Colonel Cavendish in "Tobacco Jars," and is now engaged at the Savoy Theatre as Marco Palmieri in "The Gondoliers."

The annual examination, if it may be so called, of the students attending Neville's Dramatic Studio, was held last month at 41, Fitzroy Square, when a performance of "Married Life" was given, and showed at least that good work is being done there, and that no pains are spared to render the students efficient. If we did not see any proofs of positive genius, all concerned evinced an artistic desire, and the faults that are inevitable in amateurs who lack professional training, were almost entirely absent. We noticed specially that the students had been taught to speak clearly and distinctly; to gesticulate appropriately; to "pose" with effect; to express the emotions facially; had learnt the value of "bye-play," and to characterise tolerably well. The profession must be recruited, and it is better that the young soldiers of our "professional army" should have to start with such a knowledge of their art as Messrs. H. Neville and Fred Gartside—two actors of great experience—can impart to them, than to commence their career with all the crudities that are so perceptible in those who have had no training. We are glad to encourage any institution that tends to raise the profession artistically. Those who particularly deserved mention were Miss Alice Mackness as Mrs. Lynx; Miss Sarah Brook as Mrs. Coddle; Mr. S. Prince Lloyd as Mr. Lynx; and Mr. F. G. Brandon as Mr. Dove. The attendance was large, Mr. Henry Neville's discourse upon the dramatic art, which followed the performance, being looked forward to with much interest. He prefaced his discourse by complimenting the students who had taken part in the practise rehearsal on their admirable exemplification of the rules and principles laid down for their guidance. Mr. Neville then proceeded with his lecture on dramatic art, the purport of which was to "impress the necessity for certain efforts, and the importance of certain requirements" closely associated with the practice of dramatic art, which he described as "imperishable," founded on the most irrepressible instincts of humanity, which could only perish with humanity itself. The speaker maintained that the perfection of art in all countries is the faithful realisation and representation of the passions, and to attain that desired result, diligent study was required not necessarily with a master, but "study from the great models Nature has provided, then the beauties of psychology, the value of temperament in the development of character are revealed to you. Nothing must be left to chance on the stage. Study to give a faithful representation." The different branches of study were then described at some length with amusing examples. "Respect the art you follow, cultivate a due sense of the responsibility and importance of your calling. You have a great study before you, in every way worthy your best efforts. Remember earnestness is the soul of art; use the art according to your own style, manner, individuality. Learn to feel for yourselves, and act with heart and soul and enthusiasm." The afternoon was altogether an agreeable one, meeting as we did so many who are interested in the profession. Messrs. H. Neville and Fred Gartside have our best wishes for the success they certainly merit.

Miss Decima Moore (the subject of our photograph) has been but a short time in the dramatic profession, but has already acquitted herself so well as to encourage her in the hope of a most successful career in the future. On leaving school in 1887, the young lady won the Victoria scholarship for singing at the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music, and studied there with Madame Rose Hersee for nearly two years, when Miss Decima Moore was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement with Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and made her *début* as Casilda in "The Gondoliers," December 7, 1889. Miss Decima Moore is sister to Misses Eva and Bertha Moore, the reputation of both of whom is known to our readers.

From the last day of July Miss Calhoun was announced in the programme to appear as Vashti Dethic in Mr. H. A. Jones's play, "Judah," Miss Olga Brandon having from prior engagements been compelled to relinquish the character. It is always difficult for either actor or actress to give complete satisfaction when they succeed another in a character which his or her predecessor has triumphantly filled. Miss Calhoun would have made, no doubt, a far greater success if no comparison could have been instituted. As it is, hers is a very excellent performance, exhibiting much intensity and some power, but it is wanting in that weird, almost mystic, aspect which Miss Olga Brandon imparted to it.



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MISS DECIMA MOORE.

"Life's a pleasant institution, let us take it as it comes."—

"THE GONDOLIERS."



Sadler's Wells was re-opened at popular prices on August 4th by Messrs. Wilmot and Freeman. The house had been re-decorated and much improved. "Shadows of a Great City," which had a successful run at the Princess's, was the piece chosen for representation.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, wishing to appear once more before Londoners previous to his entering on a lengthy provincial tour, gave a special farewell *matinée* of "Guy Fawkes, Esq.," on July 26, at the Gaiety. The burlesque was written by Messrs. A. C. Torr and Herbert F. Clark, who, if their work was given in its integrity, cannot be complimented on it. There was really nothing of a story, but the whole piece was an enlarged variety entertainment, evidently written for the display of Mr. Roberts' drollery and eccentric humour. That he was amusing goes without saying, and he was well supported by Mr. W. H. Rawlins as James I., by Miss Fanny Marriott as Robert Catesby, by Mr. G. B. Prior as Grovel, and by Miss Amelia Gruhn as Viviana Radcliffe. Miss Minnie Thurgate was good as Angelica, and introduced a very pretty dance in that character. Mr. Sam Wilkinson was very amusing as Badcorn, a Friar Tuck sort of creature.

Miss Olga Brandon was unfortunately obliged to rest her voice on August 11. She had for some time overstrained it in the arduous character of Vashti Dethic, and should really not have taxed it for the opening night of "The English Rose," at the Adelphi. She was naturally anxious not to disappoint the public, and therefore struggled as long as she could, but was at length compelled to relinquish the part of Ethel Kingston to her understudy, Miss Ada Ferrar, who played it for some nights, and, we must say, acquitted herself admirably.

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from July 17, 1890, to August 9, 1890.

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

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| July | 21 | "A Gold Mine," play in three acts, by Brander Matthews and G. H. Jessop. Gaiety. |
| " | 21 | "Nap; or, a Midsummer Night's Scream," fairy burlesque, by Stanley Rogers (first time in London). Elephant and Castle. |
| " | 24 | "The Witches' Haunt," open-air ballet, invented by Oscar Barrett and arranged by M ^{me} . Katti Lanner. Crystal Palace. |
| " | 24 | "Dear Friends," comedietta, by Miss Mary Righton (first time in London). <i>Matinée</i> . Vaudeville. |
| " | 24 | "Little Nobody," comedy, in three acts, by Miss Mary Righton (first time in London). <i>Matinée</i> . Vaudeville. |
| " | 24 | "The Judge," farcical play, in three acts, by Arthur Law. Terry's. |
| " | 25 | "Sweet Will," one-act comedy, by Henry Arthur Jones. <i>Matinée</i> . Shaftesbury. |
| " | 26 | "Guy Fawkes, Esq.," burlesque, in three acts, by A. C. Torr and Herbert F. Clark. <i>Matinée</i> . Gaiety. |
| " | 30 | "That Girl," three-act comedy, by Henry Hamilton and Mrs. Oscar Beringer. <i>Matinée</i> . Haymarket. |
| Aug. | 1 | "Jimmy Watt," drama, in three acts (author not announced), for copyright purposes. Elephant and Castle Theatre. |
| " | 2 | "This Woman and That," three-act play, by Pierre Leclercq. <i>Matinée</i> . Globe. |
| " | 2 | "The English Rose," original four-act drama, by George R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi. |
| " | 4° | "The Corsican Brothers," opening of the New Queen's, late Novelty. |
| " | 4° | "Shadows of a Great City," re-opening of Sadler's Wells Theatre. |
| " | 4 | "The Earl's Daughter," one-act comedy-drama, by E. Haslingden Russell. Parkhurst Theatre, Holloway. |
| " | 5 | "The Great Unknown," three-act eccentric comedy, adapted by Augustin Daly from the German. Daly's Company. Lyceum. |
| " | 6 | "Welcome, Little Stranger," comedy, in three acts, by James Alberty. Criterion. |
| " | 9° | "The Bookmaker," comedy in three acts, by J. W. Piggott (placed in evening bill). Gaiety. |

In the Provinces, from July 14, 1890, to August 11, 1890.

- July 18 "The Muddler," three-act farcical comedy, by Hilton Hill. Graud, Nottingham.
- " 21 "Shelter," comedietta, by W. H. Goldsmith. T.R., Stockton-on-Tees.
- " 23 "A Noble Lie," romantic play, in four acts, by Fred Jarman. T. R., Jersey.
- " 28 "Light at Last," five-act comedy-drama, by W. J. Patmore. T. R., Manchester.
- " 28 "Fortune's Fool," five-act drama, adapted from the French by Charles Harbury. T. R., Stratford, E.
- " 28 "Brought to Light," domestic drama, in three acts, by Edward Darbey. Morton's Theatre, Greenwich.
- " 31 "Darry, the Dauntless," burlesque, in two acts, by Hal Gatward and W. T. Thompson. Royal County Theatre, Reading.
- Aug. 2 "The Wheel of Fortune," three-act domestic drama (author un-announced). Royal, Workington.
- " 4 "The Slave of Drink," four-act drama, by Walter Reynolds. Queen's Opera House, Workington.
- " 4 "Marishka," sensational drama, in five acts, by Madame Wanda Zalenska. T. R., Great Grimsby.
- " 10 "His Lordship," three-act comedy, adapted by Armiger Barczinski from T. W. Speight's novel, "A Barren Title." Warlingham School.
- " 11 "A Man in a Thousand," drama, in five acts, by Clarence Burnette. T.R., North Shields.

In Paris, from July 12, 1890, to August 15, 1890.

- July 18° "Les Noces d'un Reserviste," four-act vaudeville, by Chivot and Duru. Cluny.
- " 21° "Les Petits Oiseaux," comedy, by Labiche and Delacour. Français.



THE THEATRE.

Play-writing.

BY C. E. MEETKERKE.



LETTER, addressed to the Editor of the *Figaro*, by Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, contains very valuable advice, well worth learning by heart by every would-be dramatist—by all, as he describes it, ‘*qui ont la prétention de faire du théâtre.*’

No better authority on the subject could be found than the author of the most popular of modern plays, who has his own and his still more illustrious father's experience of more than half a century to guide him; and one may safely take it for granted that the convictions he puts before us are a part of his own personal knowledge.

In the first place, he explains that the art of play-writing is altogether a distinctive art; and he even goes so far as to assert that a man may be a great historian, a great romancist, a great poet, and have no aptitude whatever for the theatre; on the other hand, he may be unable to write correctly—a wretched poet, and incapable of every other literary form, but still be a first-rate dramatist, that is to say, endowed with the rare faculty of putting into action his own and other people's ideas.

It appears that in Paris there are two subsidized theatres—the Théâtre Français and the Odéon. It is only to these that the unknown writer can apply, for the rest, being private enterprises just able to keep afloat, are highly disinclined to run risks. It is, on the face of it, unlikely that the director of a theatre, who experiences the eternal difficulty of making two ends meet, should chance a probable loss in favor of a beginner. “To do this,” says Dumas, “there must either be a great paucity of plays, or he must believe in the work itself; and the second hypothesis is not more tenable than the first. Directors of theatres, as a rule, have no other opinion than that of the public, and only care to provide what the public is known to desire. The question of art is indifferent to them, or should they be accessible to any such considerations, these have to be sacrificed to the taste of the crowd.”

The only way in which a beginner can approach these close-shut doors is to address himself to one of those who have already effected an entrance, and this is usually done with two rather contradictory sentiments: a strong desire to utilize, for his own proper benefit, the peculiar faculty by which the known author has achieved success, and an immense contempt for this faculty, which appears to him a very secondary one. The self-confident novice, convinced of the possession of observation, originality, style, feels to a certain degree, humiliated at finding himself compelled to submit to the implacable exigencies of a calling to which he believes the privileged dramatist owes all his success. "When the privileged author," continues Dumas, "is genial, kind-hearted, fertile of resource, as was my father—endowed at once with the critical faculty and the power of combination and assimilation, he receives the visitor encouragingly. He makes him read his piece aloud, which, if he have any intelligence and good faith, prepares him to be, in some degree, his own judge; for in hearing the work, he is not only the author—that is, partial—he becomes actor and auditor, and he is in a position to see his failings, contradictions, and obscurities."

As to the critic, at the end of one or two scenes, he knows if the reader is born or not for scenic form, and he only listens to the rest out of interest or complaisance. If the young author is talented, they understand each other at once; the master tells him all he needs to know, and the *débütant* corrects himself. He enters the ranks a little sooner or a little later—but he enters; he becomes a colleague, a rival, but as he is intelligent, he remains a friend. The ingratitude of Racine to Molière is exceptional; as exceptional as the genius of both.

But suppose the piece is radically bad in conception and execution, the author has to be told so with courtesy, but still with unmistakeable candour, and an enemy is made then and there. If across faulty execution something original and hopeful appears, the benevolent critic encourages the novice and says, "take your play and bring it back to me corrected on the lines which I have indicated."

The author retires quite elated, and instead of becoming an enemy on the spot—he only does so a little later.

In this way.

He finds it no easy matter to carry out the rapid suggestions what to add and what to leave; he cannot improve the piece because he does not possess the especial faculty which alone could enable him to do it. He takes it back worse than it was before, and then the master, touched with the hopeless efforts of the novice, and with all the good reasons which poverty and emptiness describe so well, is apt to say, "Leave me your manuscript, I will set it to rights."

Nine times out of ten the work is incapable of arrangement; to adapt, to transform, is clearly hopeless; at the first touch the whole thing tumbles to pieces. A drama turns into a farce, or *vice versâ*; there is nothing left of the original, but still the first right belongs to another. He becomes your *collaborateur*, and, until the piece is

represented, he thinks his own the best; if it succeeds, he declares he has written every word. Self-love takes umbrage, imputations, recriminations, ending in a ridiculous rupture, sometimes in a still more ridiculous duel. *C'est charmant!*

Not so many years ago it was written in France, "Our century has been destined to behold one of the most curious phenomena which has ever risen on the horizon of letters. We speak of the strange *crochet*, which has latterly entered into the heads of authors, to join themselves together in twos or threes to make a genius!"

Eugène Scribe was one of the first play-writers to adopt this system, and it was said of him that, not content only to do his own work, he undertook that of other people, and so transformed their scenes that the original author failed to recognise them. He thought it a point of honour to re-model all the plots that were offered to him, substituting a dialogue of his own, finding new incidents, inventing new situations. A well-known story, good enough to bear repetition, is told of him. Dupin, having brought him a very poor composition, he set to work to alter it completely, and in about three weeks' time invited the author to dinner, and to accompany him to the "Gymnase." The play began, and Dupin whispered "Very good! excellent! a capital plot! capital characters;" and then, when it was over, "Diable! the worst of it is that one of the situations reminds me of a scene in *our* play."

The curtain fell, and the piece was announced for repetition by the authors, *Messieurs Scribe and Dupin*.

"Bah!" said Scribe, "it is a bad father who doesn't know his own children."

There was a *bon mot* went the round of the Academy when Scribe took a vacant chair, to the effect that it was not a chair should be offered to the dramatist, but a bench to accommodate his forty-eight "collaborateurs."

But to return to Dumas.

Although he quotes La Bruyère's saying, that "*il n'y a pas de chef d'œuvre à deux*," and La Rochefoucault's "*il y a de bons mariages —il n'y a pas de délicieux*," he still maintains that the only way for a known author to assist a rising one is to enter into collaboration with him; and it is certainly not every known author who is disposed to risk his reputation—to alter his line of work and lessen himself by collaboration.

There is a pitfall, against which a recent critic thinks fit to warn the rising dramatist, a fault which he thinks belongs especially to the theatre of our own day, and to Alexandre Dumas in particular. He asserts that a practical aim, a social mission, has taken the place of a simple *analyse* of the passions which until now has been deemed the proper province of the stage. For his own part he asks nothing more than the excitement "of the more agreeable emotions and the liveliest of mental pleasures." Anything further seems to M. Félix Moreau to trench impertinently on professional business.

We should not certainly take a stall at the Lyceum or the Théâtre

Français to enlighten our minds on certain social or legal questions, but in play-writing, as much as in any other kind of fiction, there must be a serious conception of life and society, and a literary man has as perfect a right to make a phase of jurisdiction his theme, as a Judge in Chancery would have to write an every-day novel, if such should be his fancy.

Moreover, a lengthened study of the enigmatical dictum of "art for art" is not likely to be of much benefit to the young writer who may reasonably claim to make use of whatever subject seems to him good and interesting. It will be found a far more profitable use of time to come to the advice of Dumas in the matter, for it is eminently clear and practical.

"What advice shall I give to beginners? I shall advise them to begin at the beginning: that is to say, instead of attacking the theatre by a great piece in five acts, which requires too great self-confidence, and may involve too great a sacrifice on the part of the manager, to attack it by a work of more modest proportions, in one act or two acts. It is thus that Scribe, Augier, Sardou, Meilhac, and others have begun. In these latter days Meilhac and Halevy have shewn what importance and what charm can be given to a piece in one act. The secret is to have an original idea, and to smother it with wit and fancy.

That done, the *débütant* should address himself to any of the above-named authors, *or to him who writes this letter*. There is not one of us who would not be happy, if the piece is good, to introduce it, and the manager for whom a piece in one act may sometimes prove a good thing without ever being a bad one, will be more accessible and more indulgent.

The piece once represented, criticism, which has a hundred voices now-a-days, and is more ready to discover new talent than to welcome the old, will give its sanction to the *débütant*. He will have entered into the arena modestly by the little door without disturbing anyone—but he will have entered. He will owe nothing, or next to nothing, to his great precursors; he will be self-made—*amour propre* will not suffer—disputes will be avoided—swords sheathed!—and the possessor of an unpublished piece in five acts will not come forward, twenty years after it has been written and submitted to five competent judges who have all condemned it, to give public vent to a suspicion that one of the authors, to whom it has been communicated, and who has an accoutrement of three hundred volumes and sixty-five pieces in five acts, has confiscated this particular one!

As a final direction, I will here set down the simple recipe for play-writing, which I hold from the very author thus calumniated—who was my father and my master.

If you want to write a play, remember this rule:

The first act clear;
The second short;
And interest everywhere."



Edward S. Willard :

A Biographical and Critical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT ADAMS.



“GOOD Americans, when they die, go to Paris.” Good English actors, before they die, must go to America. That appears to be the inevitable thing in these later times. It has always been so, more or less. The foundations of the American Theatre were laid by English emigrants ; and from the days of William and Lewis Hallam there has been a constant flow of English histrionic talent in the direction of the United States, where, alas ! too many of our ablest actors have elected to take up their abode in permanence. Of recent years the flood America-wards has been fuller and more regular than ever. Formerly an English *cachet* was thought necessary to the American “star” ; now the English “star” crosses the Atlantic, not only to gratify a justifiable ambition, but to make money, if he can. Why should he not ? Absence makes the heart grow fonder—“of someone else,” says the cynic ; but the English public never forgets its favourites, and does not feel offended so long as they do not stay away too long or run away too often.

Mr. Willard is going to America earlier in his career than is usual with English candidates for American suffrages, but that is to his advantage rather than otherwise. He is in the first flush of his maturity as an artist. He is only thirty-seven years of age, having been born in 1853 ; but he has been twenty-one years on the stage, and during that time has done a large amount of varied work. He has been a popular actor in London for the last nine years, and in that period may be said to have made several successive and concurrent reputations—among others as the “polished villain” *par excellence*, as a strong character-actor, and as a “leading man” of vigour and charm. Latterly he has had a theatre of his own, and his future is of interest to all genuine lovers of the stage. He is one of the “rising hopes” of the theatrical world, and, as he is about to challenge the verdict of playgoers across the sea, the present seems a convenient moment for sketching his career in the past, and thus supplying material for a forecast of his possible career in the future.

Mr. Willard made his first appearance on the boards at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, in the rôle of the second officer in “The Lady of Lyons,” on Boxing Day, 1869. He had had, it seems, no experience as an amateur, but came straight to the stage from the com-

mercial pursuits in which he had been engaged. As a playgoer, however, he had carefully studied the "business" of the stage, and that, doubtless, was of service to him in his first attempts. Concerning his doings as a novice, I may be brief. For a time, we are told, he "went" the western "circuit," afterwards going as "responsible utility" to Glasgow, where he happened to meet the late E. A. Sothern. By that popular actor he was engaged for a tour, during which he was seen as Captain De Boots in "Dundreary Married and Settled," Mr. Smith in "David Garrick" (a small comic part), and Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." After that, he played during several "stock" seasons—at Plymouth, Scarborough, Belfast, Dublin (where he got his first "chance" as John Ferne in "Progress"), Birkenhead, Newcastle (where he played William in "Black Eye'd Susan"), Scarborough again (where he was seen as Blenkinsop in "An Unequal Match"), Sunderland (where Messrs. Harry Monkhouse and William Mackintosh were the low comedians), Newcastle again (where he first essayed Romeo, Macduff, and Iago), and Bradford (where he represented such characters as Falconbridge in "King John," Wellborn in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," Hardress Cregan, and the O'Grady in "Arrah na Pogue"). At Bradford he made a special mark as Edmund in "King Lear," which, I believe, he is inclined to look upon as the beginning of the long line of "villains" as whose representative he was destined to come first into prominence. Between the two last-named engagements he went on tour with Mr. Sefton's company, playing Leucippe in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and Chrysal in "The Palace of Truth."

Marrying in 1875—his wife being the young and clever actress, Miss Emily Waters—Mr. Willard, on Boxing Day, made his first appearance before London audiences. The *locale* was Covent Garden Theatre, and the play "A Roland for an Oliver," in which he sustained the *rôle* of Alfred Highflyer. The little piece was played before the pantomime; as was also a very much more notable work—no less an one than "The Merchant of Venice," in which Mr. Willard was the Antonio to the Shylock of Charles Rice, the Bassanio of Mr. Herbert Standing, the Jessica of Mrs. Willard, and Miss Brennan's Portia. About this time, likewise, Mr. Willard appeared at the Alexandra Palace, where he interpreted Charles Courtley in "London Assurance," with the late Charles Harcourt as his companion, Dazzle.

After this, Mr. Willard had a long spell of work in the provinces—work of the most miscellaneous, but most valuable, kind—valuable in disciplining and developing the capacity of the player. Mr. Willard is no mushroom actor, springing to the front at one leap, and lacking stamina to keep his footing. His reputation is based upon a long and thorough training for the success and distinction that he now enjoys. "Stock" seasons once more absorbed his energies—seasons at such places as Sheffield, Newcastle, Scarborough and Bradford. To this period belong his Edgar in "King Lear," his Eugene Aram, his Orlando Middlemark in "A Lesson in Love,"

his Sydney Daryl in "Society," his Horace Holmcroft in "The New Magdalen," and his Robert Folliott in "The Shaughraun"—very good examples of the *omnium gatherum* of rôles by the aid of which he was building up a histrionic method of his own.

At the close of 1876 Mr. Willard was once more invited to take part in the performances at Covent Garden, but he preferred to remain in the country, going first to Liverpool and Birmingham, "specially engaged" for Hector Placide in "Led Astray." Later in the spring he joined the Joseph Eldred troupe, and it was while on tour with it that he played (at Glasgow in July, 1877) Dubosc and Lesurques in "The Lyons Mail"—impersonations which were very highly praised. In September he began an engagement, extending over nearly seven months, as "leading man" in support of Miss Helen Barry. This was a turning-point in his career, in more respects than one. Among the parts he now undertook were those of Macbeth, Claude Melnotte, Lord Clancarty, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Harcourt Courtley, and Arkwright in "Arkwright's Wife"—thereby once more illustrating his versatility. A long time was destined to elapse before he should play Macbeth in London. Meanwhile, he seems to have been omnivorous in his tastes and sympathies. He received many special engagements. He was seen at Liverpool as Benedick, and at Sunderland as Charles Surface. On tour with Edward Saker and Lionel Brough, he played Young Marlow, as well as Frank Annesley in "The Favourite of Fortune," and he appeared successively as Ham and Peggotty in "Little Em'ly." At length, in July, 1878, Mr. Willard (with his wife) began a three-years' connection with the travelling company of Mr. William Duck. This also was an interesting event in his history; though not much was to be gained, in the way of fame, by playing such parts as Charles Middlewick in "Our Boys," Augustus Vere in "Married in Haste," Lionel Leveret in "Old Soldiers," and Jack Dudley in "Ruth's Romance." On the other hand, the young artist had the opportunity of creating the part of Fletcher in Byron's "Uncle" (brought out originally at Dublin); and it was at this juncture that he first appeared in a piece by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones—that writer's "Elopement," one of the earliest of his efforts.

In 1881 Mr. Willard was acting in London again. During the last fortnight of his term with Mr. Duck, whose company was then at Brighton, he was engaged to play in the afternoons at the Imperial (Aquarium) Theatre, where he repeated his Sir Harcourt Courtley, and appeared for the first time as De Lesparre in "Led Astray" and Hayes in "Arkwright's Wife." This was a rather exhausting fortnight for him: to play in the afternoon in London, and in the evening at Brighton, was no mean strain upon his physical strength. For the next six months he remained in London, partly resting, partly working. Under the latter head came his appearances at the Alexandra Palace as Frank Hawthorne in "Extremes," Cyril in "Cyril's Success," Sir Thomas Clifford in "The Hunchback," and Charles Surface—the last-named part being played under exceptional

circumstances. Mr. Willard had had no rehearsals for the performance, and went on to the stage as Charles without having previously met any of his colleagues in the representation. Mr. Fred Leslie, by the way, was the Sir Peter Teazle of the occasion.

We now come to another and very decisive turning-point in Mr. Willard's career—his engagement at the Princess's Theatre. In 1881 Mr. Wilson Barrett was at the head of that establishment, where he had just produced "Frou Frou" with Madame Modjeska, and "The Old Love and the New" with Miss Eastlake as Lilian and himself as John Stratton. Mr. Willard, present at a performance of the latter play, met Mr. Henry Herman, who had formerly been acting manager for Miss Barry, and was now connected with the Princess's. Remembering what he had seen Mr. Willard do on tour, he suggested him for the rôle of Clifford Armytage in "The Lights o' London," which was to be Mr. Barrett's next production; and Mr. Barrett, who had seen Mr. Willard play a "villain" rôle at Hull, concluded the engagement, which was destined to last for close upon five years, with benefit to both parties concerned.

Mr. Willard's Clifford Armytage was at once recognised as an intense and vigorous piece of acting, and the considerable effect produced by it was enhanced by his next assumption—that of Philip Royston in "The Romany Rye." It was not, however, till "The Silver King" was produced that he made his first great London success. It was his "Spider" (Captain Skinner) which marked him out decisively as a coming man. It was long since anything so easy, polished, and dæmonic had been witnessed in a metropolitan theatre. The personality as well as the art of the actor profoundly stirred the public, and, from that day to this, each of his successive impersonations has been awaited with keen curiosity.

His next part at the Princess's was that of the Holy Clement in "Claudian," in which he had little opportunity for the display of his best qualities. As an elocutionary feat, it was, however, remarkable; and more chances were given to him in the rôle which followed—that of the King in "Hamlet"—a character to which, it will be remembered, he assigned a naturalness and a *vraisemblance* such as had not been imparted to it within the memory of living playgoers. It was delightfully convincing, and had much to do with making Mr. Barrett's interesting revival acceptable to "the judicious." After this came Sextus Tarquin in "The Household Gods" of Bulwer Lytton. I thought more highly of that play than most of my *confrères* did, and I still feel that it ought to have succeeded, if only by virtue of the good "literature" in it, and the boldness with which the central situation was handled. Junius, however, was not a "star" part; and when one recalls the play, it is the figure of the sensual and profligate Tarquin that is most clearly brought before the intellectual eye. This, I venture to think, was one of the most finished of Mr. Willard's impersonations at the Princess's—rivalled only by his admirably cynical Glaucias in that powerful but depressing drama, "Clito." Glaucias was a

triumph, not only of acting, but of "make-up"; it was a genuine dramatic picture, boldly drawn and highly coloured. With Ezra Promise in "The Lord Harry" Mr. Willard did all that was possible. How inferior it was, however, as a *rôle*, to that which immediately preceded it—Mark Lezzard in "Hoodman Blind"! In this Mr. Willard gave a wholly fresh interpretation of villainy excited and sustained by lawless and ungovernable passion. It is notable, indeed, that, numerous as are the stage "villains" that Mr. Willard has been called upon to portray, they can all be readily differentiated the one from the other. They have never been monotonously similar. They have always had a separate individuality.

During his stay at the Princess's, Mr. Willard took part in several interesting afternoon performances outside of that theatre. Thus, at the Crystal Palace, in February and March, 1882, he played Dunscombe Dunscombe in "M.P.," and Lord Ptarmigan in "Society"—excellent studies of character. Later in the same year came his notable assumption, at the Gaiety, of King William in "Lady Clancarty," an impersonation which secured for him very many admirers. At another *matinée*, he created the part of De Vasseur in Miss Brunton's "Won by Honours;" and at yet another, he was seen as Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down," in which Mr. Irving made one of his earliest successes. At the Crystal Palace one afternoon, Mr. Willard played for the first time Master Walter in "The Hunchback," a very thoughtful effort, which he repeated six years later at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the Julias of the two occasions being Miss Pateman and Miss Fortescue. Admirable and effective, however, as was Master Walter, it was excelled, perhaps, in both qualities by Mr. Willard's Tom Pinch, played at the Crystal Palace in February, 1883. This was the first *rôle* of the purely emotional kind that the actor had attempted, and the praises it evoked must have been very gratifying to him. The vein then struck was one in which Mr. Willard has since wrought with conspicuous effect. On the day after making this "hit," he made another as Wildrake in "The Love Chase" at the Adelphi, and, as he was then appearing nightly at the Princess's, we have here an instance of an actor playing three varied parts within forty-eight hours. A month later came a *matinée* of "Cymbeline," with Miss Wallis as the Imogen, and Mr. Willard as the Iachimo, the latter being one more successful effort in a *genre* of which the player was past-master. Thirty-nine appearances at the Princess's, as the hero of "The Romany Rye," during the absence of Mr. Barrett, complete the list of Mr. Willard's impersonations during this eventful period.

In 1886 Mr. Willard parted company with Mr. Barrett, not caring to go with him to America. Possibly our typical "villain," as he had by that time become, desired fresh histrionic worlds to conquer. Certain it is that, from this date onwards, he appears to have welcomed all available opportunities for showing that his powers ran by no means in one groove. At the Haymarket he played James Ralston in "Jim the Penman," Tony Saxon in "Hard Hit," and

Geoffrey Delamayn in "Man and Wife." Delamayn, as drawn by the dramatist, is an irredeemable brute, and Mr. Willard attacked him boldly; but the "penman" had some sympathetic points, which his new interpreter was careful to bring out. In Tony Saxon Mr. Willard took, so far as the majority of London playgoers were concerned, a wholly new departure, for Saxon was, to begin with, an old man, and moreover, he was a genial one withal. The playgoers and critics who had not seen Mr. Willard's Tom Pinch at the Crystal Palace, opened their eyes wide when they found the whilom "Spider," Tarquin, and Glaucias, giving form and colour to a benevolent veteran.

During this engagement Mr. Willard had played, at a charity *matinée* at the Criterion, Captain Hawkesley in "Still Waters Run Deep"—a rôle of which he had had experience, and for which he had been commended, in the country. This Hawkesley had not the "swagger" usually bestowed upon him by his representatives; but he had just that insinuating devilry which might be expected to fascinate "weak women" like Mrs. Sternhold and Mrs. Mildmay. At another *matinée*—this time at the Lyceum—Mr. Willard confirmed and deepened the impression made by his Tony Saxon. He "created" Coranto, the kindly, wise physician in Mr. Calmour's "Amber Heart," and made it clear for all time that he could portray with delightful effect the good as well as the bad elements in human nature. It was in this play, I think, that the charm of Mr. Willard's voice and the soundness of his elocution caused themselves to be specially remarked. They had been notable in one or two parts, such as Claudius and Glaucias; but they had never made themselves so powerfully felt as in the impressive speeches given to Coranto.

However, Mr. Willard was doomed not to dally long with the poetic muse. After appearing for a brief period at the Gaiety as the villain (Gonzales) in Miss Harwood's "Loyal Love"—a character which he contrived to render human—he entered upon an engagement at the Olympic which was destined to be characterized by yet more studies in theatrical "villainy." It was at this theatre that he represented successively Dick Dugdale in "The Pointsman," The Tiger in "The Ticket of-Leave Man," Count Freund in "Christina," and Danella in "To the Death"—all of them very happily individualized, after the manner which constitutes one of the secrets of Mr. Willard's success. "The Tiger" was remarkable for the consummate skill of its make-up—a skill so great that, in one of the scenes, the audience was for some little while in doubt as to the actor's identity. Fortunately, these excursions into the fields of dramatic vice were mitigated by occasional rambles in other directions. Thus, for a short period, Mr. Willard represented at the Olympic the chivalrous hero in "Held by the Enemy," playing with dignity and force, and showing, for the first time since he became popular in London, that he could make honourable love with all the persuasiveness, and more than the manliness, of the professional *jeune premier*. Here, again, was a new revelation of his capacity. Later, at a Prince of Wales's *matinée*, he re-appeared as Hayes, in "Arkwright's Wife"—a sort of *avant courier* of Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman."

At a *matinée* at the Olympic in May, 1888, Mr. Willard played Macbeth to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Bandmann. It was an unwise thing to do, for such a representation must needs be more or less of the "scratch" sort, and could not be a satisfactory medium for bringing before the London public a thoughtful Shakespearean conception. Mr. Willard had no opportunity of showing how he would put "Macbeth" upon the stage, or of submitting a mellow and individual impersonation of the title part. Still, the occasion was interesting, and at least suggested the belief that, some day, Mr. Willard would give a memorable rendering of this tragic character.

But my story is drawing to a close. It is not necessary to insist upon the more recent incidents in Mr. Willard's professional career, for they have a place in the memory of all playgoers. As Sir Darrell Erne in "The Monk's Room," Mr. Willard had the opportunity of playing a sympathetic *rôle*, and his association with Mr. Lart, in connection with this piece, led up naturally to the joint Willard-Lart *régime* at the Shaftesbury Theatre, which lasted until a month or two ago. With the Shaftesbury, indeed, there will always be allied the greatest triumph of Mr. Willard's life, so far—his creation of the *rôles* of Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman" and Judah Llewellyn in "Judah." The former impersonation represents at this moment the high-water mark of his histrionic achievement. Judah Llewellyn has quiet intensity, elevation, dignity, and eloquence; but Cyrus Blenkarn comes nearer to our hearts—sways not only our intellect but our feelings, carrying us away in the whirlwind of his alternate agony and joy. Mr. Willard has appeared at the Shaftesbury as Captain Leslie in "My Aunt's Advice" (a *matinée* study in light comedy), as Dick Venables in Mr. Law's play of that name (a combination of light comedy and "villainy"), as the earnest and picturesque Filippo in "The Violin Makers," and as Abraham Boothroyd in "The Deacon" (a "character" part, which the author has made by no means consistent in detail). But these, while exhibiting once more the versatility of the actor, have paled their ineffectual fires before his Judah and his Cyrus—the *rôles* in which he has secured, once for all, the definite allegiance of the London playgoer.

We have now taken a tolerably close and exhaustive survey of Mr. Willard's past career as an actor. His future in that capacity will be keenly and sympathetically followed. It remains to be seen in what directions he will turn his energies—whether he will attempt success in one or two great paths, or whether he will endeavour to triumph in the most varied fields. He has on his side comparative youth, a wide experience, a distinguished reputation, unquestionable popularity, an engaging personality, a striking physique, a really beautiful voice, a sound histrionic method, keen intellectual power, and broad sympathies. What will he do with them? Will he be content to interpret the drama of to-day as illustrated in "The Middleman" and "Judah"? or will he seek to shine in Shakespeare and the classic drama generally? or will he continue to attempt the

most miscellaneous kinds of character and production? All this is hidden in the womb of time. What Mr. Willard's ambitions may be, we none of us know; we do know, though, that he has worked hard, essayed everything, succeeded in most things, and been very modest withal. A career which has included so many varied successes can hardly do otherwise than progress with advantage both to the player himself, and to those who have faith in his capacity.



Tinsel Town.

(For Recitation).

BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

No. 2.— A PLAYER'S PRIDE.



WHEN I think of what those say who never have lived
in Tinsel Town,

How they blacken all its fairness and cry its dwellers
down,

How nothing is too vile to say, too evil to repeat,
There is not one true life, proud heart, pure thought or
memory sweet—

It makes me long to stand me up in the open market-place,
With a thousand tongues, and throw the lie in each canting, sneering
face!

* * * * *

'Tis then that I think of a story, a story of long ago;
I see a player upon the stage, and the lights are burning low,
She plays to a crowded theatre, she hears the ringing applause,
The hardest heart is softened, the keenest critic thaws.
They watch her in deep silence, that breaks out now and then
Into strange uncertain laughter, from women and from men;
She watches that sea of faces, before, beyond, above,
But she looks at one face only—his face—who was once her love!
The man she loved and pitied, she can say that always now,
Without a touch of heartache, not a flush on cheek or brow;
Though time was, when to think of him meant bitter rushing tears,
And misery and madness, and a dream of buried years.
But though she loved him deeply, there was something else beside,
For even a woman on the stage—an actress—may have pride!
For he, you know, was married—was married when they met,
To a woman like a picture, in a gilded framing set;

The cold white face, the haughty eyes, chill-hearted, callous-souled,
A woman like a statue : as beautiful—and as cold !

He had married her for her money, she had married him for rank,
And she who loved him smiled at this—only himself to thank.

But then she grew to pity him, and then to love as well,
Till twenty years of misery in each day seemed to dwell.

In something like the same strange way they grew from chance-met
friends

To lovers, without knowing it—'twas the path that folly wends ;
Till one day something woke them from the dream that seemed so
good—

They saw how deep and black the pit on the brink of which they
stood.

They parted, though he prayed her, as a man would who cares,
To give up all and follow him, and make a new life theirs.

"We will wander where you will together, you and I, sweetheart ;
Nothing but Death's pale angel shall ever bid us part."

There rose a picture before her, a vision dimly seen,
Of two lives drifting through the years, linked, with a world
between.

"No—No !" it was all she said : such a dream was better o'er,
And if she had said it a thousand times she would not have meant
it more.

They parted ; "Remember" whispered he, "I shall love you to the
end,

If ever you are in need of me, send for me—only send !"

That very night his mother came, to beg with haughty face
That she would do the best she could to save him from disgrace ;
That touched her pride and woke it—but she answered not a word,
She stood in utter silence, as if she had not heard.

Then the woman went on further, she spoke of honour and shame,
And demanded of her his freedom, for sake of their ancient name !

Bitter the quarrel that followed, a fever of fierce replies,
Words that flashed upon angry lips, and hate in scornful eyes.

The woman who loved, forgot her pride, and wrote a letter that
night,

"I will come with you tomorrow !" there was no need more to write.
To-morrow she went. She can hear *to-day* the hurrying of the train,
The ceaseless flash of the telegraph poles is burnt into her brain ;
That dreadful rush ever on and on, she knew not, cared not where,
'Twas the journey of a woman to the country called Despair !

Thank God, she never got there ; thank Him, she came back again
In time to play her part that night, in time and not in vain !

In the desolate junction waiting-room, he had left her there alone,
To take their London tickets—her heart was cold as stone ;

As she sat, half done the journey that seemed to have taken years,
The laugh of a little child rang upon her straining ears.

It seemed to her like a voice from God, sent down to call her back ;
She slipped through the open door, and out, and across the iron
track.

The train stood waiting for her, so it seemed to her that hour,
 To carry her faster, faster, out of the tempter's power.
 And as it flew on homeward, under the paling skies,
 The pride came back to her heart again, the tears to her empty eyes.
 Last night he sat before her, as she played upon the stage,
 There was the story of her life, with one old turned-down page ;
 He had his name and honour, rank and a stately bride,
 And she, her work and its reward, and something else—her pride !

* * * * *

I wonder oft, are all lives fair, hearts true, and memories kind,
 Or are the eyes that see so much, to much about them blind ?
 Oh, you who boast your Godliness, who no good virtue lack,
 Shall all the flock be ostracised, because some sheep are black ?
 Self-righteous ! pass upon thy way ; there's One who looketh down,
 'Tis He shall judge, not we on earth, the sins of Tinsel Town !



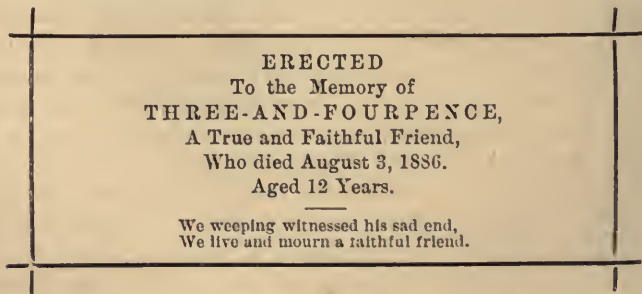
“ Three-and-Fourpence.”

By F. GROVE PALMER.



OW, what is the meaning of that ? ” said I, pointing to a small mound, about two feet in length, at the foot of an old elm tree at the bottom of a garden surrounded by a high wall upon which was painted a series of scenes, like those that used to bound the prospect in the Surrey Gardens, and later in Buffalo Bill's “ Wild West ” Show.

Above the mound to which I alluded, was a board cut like a tombstone and inscribed thus:—



“ Well, Mr. Hector, I daresay you'll laugh when I tell you—I buried there my old dog.”

“ But the name ? ”

"The name was given to him in this way."

And my friend struck a match on the sole of his shoe, lighted his churchwarden, and after a few contemplative puffs broke cover as follows:—

"It's now, as near as possible, sixteen years ago, when my Polly was a little trot about three-and-half, that I was driving along that road that leads from Slough to Windsor—for I had a horse and trap of my own in them days and I had little Poll with me—ah! she *was* a winsome little wench then, too, matey—and just by where that little bridge over the brook, close to Eton, is, we saw an old fellow, almost as old as I am now, with a long smock frock on, cord trowsis turned up and showing his half boots, a little bowler hat, and a hickory stick in his hand, limping along, throwing his right foot about half a yard away every time, where it settled at right angles with his left, and by his side a white curly bitch with the loveliest little pup playing by her, snapping at her tail an' ceterer, as ever you see. Well, as soon as ever little Poll sees that pup, she clapped her little hands an' said, 'Oh! dad, buy me dat per' 'il doggie; do, dere's a dood dad, den I'll love you!' And she put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and——"

Here my good old friend paused to blow his nose and surreptitiously mop away a speck of distilled emotion that trickled down his wrinkled old cheek.

"Well, I was always an indulgent father, too indulgent, I've thought since I got older, a good deal too much so. So the end of it was, when we got up beside the old feller, I hailed him with:—'Hoy, mister, care to sell the pup?' 'Well,' says he, 'I arn't thowt o't yit; may be 'ool, but I arn't give it a thowt, yit!'

"So I says, 'Well, think it over; you're going on this road, ain't you?'

"'Yes,' says he. 'So am I,' says I, 'and I'm going to stop a bit at the 'Feathers' beyond, to give the mare a drink, so think it over till you come up there!' 'Very well!' says he, so I drove on, and when the mare had had her drink and little Poll was dancing with delight at the thought of having 'the little ball of wool' as she called it, up comes my friend the countryman and he pulls off his hat to me—ah! you may smile, but he did—and says he, 'Here you be, measter, I've a' thowt it over, an' yew shall ha' the purp.' 'What do you want for it?' says I, 'Well, I doant think as a matter o' fi' bob 'ud be too much vor'n!' 'Well I do,' says I. 'What'll 'ee gi', then, measter?' says Smocky. 'I'll give you three shillings for it!' 'You shall ha' it, if you'll drow in a quart o' ale!'

"So I didn't haggle any more, but I give the three bob and the drink, and Polly had the pup; and when I got home, the old woman see Polly following me up the garden in the front of our little place. I was in the corn and coal line then and a good business I had, too, and we lived in as nice a little place as ever you see, with a bit of flower garden in front as the missus *was* proud on I can tell you, and a kitchen-garden at the back, that grew all the vegetables we could use, and more. When the old woman saw Poll with the pup in

her arms I thought she'd have had a fit, she screamed so. She swore the little brute should never come into *her* place, she'd hang it, or drown it, anything rather than keep it. So she went on, till poor little Poll cried fit to break her heart, and I got the old woman pacified a bit, and at last persuaded her to let it in. And when she had calmed down enough to ask a few questions about it, I told her its hist'ry, just as I've been telling you, and she finished up by saying, 'I should think you might have found something better to do with three shillings than buy a parcel of dogs!' I was proceeding to point out that one puppy could hardly be fairly called a parcel of dogs, when Polly broke in with: 'Dad, don't fo'git the beer you gived the man for doggie!' 'What?' said the old girl. 'Yes,' I says, 'fourpence more!' 'Three and fourpence for such a dog as that? why whenever I set eyes on it, I shall think of that three-and-fourpence.' And so she did. For he got called that till he died. Ah! she *was* a careful old girl, was my old woman; I should ha' been a rich man now if she hadn't a' died. And that's how he got his name, which was occasionally shortened to 'Fourpence,' and sometimes on rare occasions 'Joe' or 'Joey'; and Poll grew up that fond on him, and even Harriet herself got to like him, and, yes, I own it, I liked it too, just as if it was a child, for it was such a comical little thing, full of its tricks and pranks and it grew up so pretty, like a lady's white muff; and when he was combed and washed he was as pretty a dog as you'd see anywheres. But 'Three-and-fourpence' he was called to the end of the chapter, so there was never no fear of our forgetting what he cost, and 'pon my soul, matey, I believe that dog was a bit hurt at our constantly mentioning his price that he felt he ought to pay us off, and he did too.

"Once in the middle of the night, about three years after we had him—we'd moved up to London then, worse luck—he barked and woke us all up—for the place was afire. The gas in the passage melted the pipe, and a few minutes more would have settled it, and *he* saved it by the warning he give. As things turned out, it made us think afterwards that he meant that to clear off one of the shillings.

"It wasn't more than about a fortnit after, there was fippun note lying on the table when we was a havin' tea, and the missus swep' it off with the crumbs—bein' a bit dark she didn't see it and she shies it into the fire. Fippun notes wasn't so plentiful with us either, as we could afford to burn 'em. Well that dog was on it like a adder, an' he saved it when it was just afire at the corner. He evidently knowed as it was valuable. That was the second bob wiped out.

"The third time, I fell out of the cart, crossing the river Lea down East Ham way—I'd been drinking heavily—no, I don't touch a drop, now—I've been a tote ever since—and he barked till some passers-by came and pulled me out. That cleared off the remaining shilling, and I suppose he thought we couldn't grumble if we were a 'joey' out of pocket by him; but I always say that poor old 'Three-and-fourpence,' what with the fire and the note saved me scores of pounds, to say nothing of my life, which, perhaps, he estimated at the other one-and-fourpence.

"Well, time went on and we went down the hill, after my old woman died,—till Polly was fifteen and she went on the stage. She was at the Alhambra when it was burnt down, I mean engaged there you know. Well, I'm sorry to say she warn't the gal she should ha' been, and one night she—she—come home with a diment ring on her finger, and I said 'I don't believe as diment rings can be got fair, out of two and twenty shillings a week.' And she tried to make me believe as it 'ad been sent to her in a little box with a letter; but I knew what that meant. Swells don't go a'giving diment rings to ballet girls for nothink. So I told her to send it back. But I'd spilte her, bringing her up, and she flounced out of the house, and the next time she come into it was about a year after, with a little baby in her arms, and—and—of course I let her in; I couldn't shut the door agin her; whatever her faults was she was my own child. The scoundrel—the old story, matey—forsook her and she came back to die in my arms. I took her down in the back kitchen, and would have put the baby on the sofa, but she wouldn't part with it a minute. She had been walking about almost starving, near on a fortnit, afore her pride came down enough for her to come to me. I tried to make her eat something, but she wouldn't touch a mossel. Her poor white face was leaning on my shoulder, when she looked up, and says she in a weakish kind o' voice, 'Dad, dear, what's become o' poor old Joe? 'Three-and-fourpence' as mother used to call him.'

"With that, the cupboard door, by the side of the fire-place, was slowly shoved open, and out struggled the poor old dog. He was as feeble and wheezy as an old man of ninety, and we put his box with an old rug in it in that cupboard to keep the poor old chap comfortable like. He hadn't ate his bread and milk that day, and I knew he was sinking fast. Out he crawled and put his poor old head up against Poll's knee, and she, poor gal, put down her thin, wasted, white hand and patted him, and he turned and licked her hand just like he used to when a pup, and she cried and I cried, and I see big tears a'standing in the poor old dog's eyes, too, and all of a sudden his legs give way under him and he rolled over on his side, and Polly hugged her baby closer to her and said, 'Dad, dear,' so quiet like, I could only hear her by bending down my ear close to her—'Dad, dear, 'Three-and-Fourpence' is going home and—so am I—kiss me, dad, and—and take care of my Karl.' Karl was the name of the villain who took my little Poll away from me, and she called the child after him. 'Take care of him, dad—good-bye—good—' but she never said no more, her head fell back and the dog give a long, low whine and crawled back to his cupboard, and when I looked at him the same night he sort of whined at me again, and then his poor old eyes glazed over as they looked up at me, and his tail give one feeble little wag and then was stiff for ever; and when I come to look at the child that I'd put on the sofer an' covered over with a shawl, I see as it was cold and still, too, had been dead hours. So there lay my poor Poll dead; her baby dead; and her old friend the dog, dead at the feet of her as he loved so much.

"Polly and her boy is buried at Willesden, and there's the grave of 'Three-and-Fourpence.'"

Verses Suggested by the Love-Songs of the Seventeenth Century.

I.

THE PICTURE.



AY, would'st thou know
What my dear Chloris most resembles ? Go
At balmy evening to some wooded dell,
And listen to the chant of Philomel,
Whereat all things rejoice ;
That is her voice.

Then look on high,
Where sparkling jewels gem the placid sky,
More bright by far than flashing diamond set
By cunning hand in royal coronet—
Such gauds as women prize ;
Those are her eyes.

If thou would'st trace
The blushing beauty of her angel face,
The milk-white petal of the bindweed take,
Mingled with wild rose in some tangled brake,
In close and sweet connexion ;
Such her complexion.

And in some pool,
Where arching willows cast their shadows cool,
And sheets of spreading water-lilies grow,
The swan with graceful motion bending slow,
Doth figure, when afloat,
Her neck and throat.

Then patient, wait
Until stern winter comes in solemn state,
And in the holy quietness of night
Transmutes all colours to pure dazzling white,
In one unsullied whole—
That is her soul.

F. C.



Annals of the Bath Stage.

BY WALTER CALVERT.

V.

GAINSBOROUGH AND HIS THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.



THOUGH Gainsborough was neither born nor buried in Bath, yet here it was he rose to that eminence which led Sir Joshua Reynolds to say that "if his nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of the English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727, and removed, in his thirty-first year, from Ipswich to Bath, where he was appreciated as he deserved, and was enabled by his pencil to live respectably. During his residence in this city he painted, besides many exquisite landscapes, the following celebrated theatrical portraits : Quin, Garrick, Foote, Linley family* (in the Dulwich College Picture Gallery), Sarah Siddons (in the National Gallery), Sheridan, and a host of others. Mrs. Garrick said that his portrait of her husband was the best ever painted of her Davy, and he presented it to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, where it hangs in the Town-hall. The actor is leaning against a pedestal, surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare, which he encircles with one arm ; the background a favourite haunt in Garrick's retreat at Hampton. Gainsborough told the writer of Garrick's memoir, in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that he never found any portrait so difficult to hit as that of Garrick's ; for, when he was sketching the eyebrows, and thought he had hit upon the precise situation, and looked a second time at his sitter, he found the eyebrows lifted up to the middle of his forehead, and when he looked a third time, they were dropped, like a curtain, close over his eyes,—so flexible was the countenance of the great actor. This portrait was not by

* Gainsborough's Bath patron, Thicknesse, relates the following story of the artist :—After returning from a concert where he had been charmed by Miss Linley's voice. I went home to supper with my friend, who sent his servant for a bit of clay from the small beer barrel, with which he first modelled, and then coloured her head, and that, too, in a quarter of an hour, in such a manner that I protest it appeared to me even superior to his paintings ! The next day I took a friend or two to his house to see it, but it was not to be seen—*The servant had thrown it down from the mantel piece and broken it.*

many considered a good likeness, and the same may be said of Gainsborough's portrait of Foote; but, as he said in apology, "they have everybody's faces but their own."

Although he left a name immortalised in his works, Gainsborough added nothing to the literature of his art, but the few published letters, relating to his professional life and experience, are very characteristic, and bear a true estimate of the artist's generous and kindly disposition, while they exhibit a shrewd and keen perception of art and other kindred subjects.

One evening, when this great genius was going to the Orchard Street Theatre, he was shown, by a gentleman who accompanied him, a letter received from a female, a stranger to them both, whose sole stay in the world had suddenly died without leaving her any sort of pension. She depicted her misfortune and misery in moving terms. Gainsborough appeared agitated, and instead of going to the play, went home, and sent his friend the following letter, enclosing a bank note:

"My dear sir,—I could not go to the play till I had relieved my mind by sending the enclosed note, and beg you will transmit it to the afflicted woman by to-morrow's post.—Yours sincerely, T.G."



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

Music was his passion, or rather, next to his profession, the business of his life, yet, though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had sufficient application to learn even the notes of music. He has been known to give ten guineas for an old lute, and ten more for a music book of no value, and then throw them both aside for the first new instrument he heard. "When I first knew him," says Mr. Jackson, "he lived at Bath, where Giardini had been exhibiting his then unrivalled powers on the violin. His excellent performance made

Gainsborough enamoured of the instrument, and conceiving, like the servant-maid in the 'Spectator,' that the music lay in the fiddle, he was frantic until he possessed the instrument which had given him so much pleasure, but seemed much surprised that the music of it remained behind with Giardini.

"He had scarcely recovered this shock, for it was a great one to him, when he heard Abel on the viol-da-gamba. The violin was then hung on the willow, Abel's viol-da-gamba was purchased, and the house resounded with melodious thirds and fifths from morn till eve. Many an adagio and many a minuet were begun, but none completed.

"The next time I saw Gainsborough," continued Mr. Jackson, "he was in the character of King David. He had heard a harper at Bath; the player was soon left harpell, and he really stuck longer to this instrument than any other, when a new visit from Abel brought him back to the viol-da-gamba."

SUSANNA MARIA CIBBER.*

The annals of scoundrelism exhibit no worse illustration than the behaviour of Theophilus Cibber to his wife, the famous tragic actress. His extravagance had plunged him into difficulties, and in order to raise money he introduced a Mr. Sloper, for whom he professed the greatest regard, to the embraces of his wife, and then commenced proceedings against them, laying the damages at £5000. The Court saw through his infamous business, and awarded him ten guineas, while his wife accepted the protection of the man to whom she had been betrayed, and passed with him the remainder of her life, unblamed by a sympathising public. Her misfortune brought some affront upon her. Thus, in October, 1760, she was at Bath with her "protector" and their daughter, "Miss Cibber." The whole party went to the Rooms, where the young lady was led out to dance. She was followed by another couple, of whom the lady protested against Miss Cibber being allowed to dance there at all. There would have been more modesty in this second young lady if she had been silent. There ensued a fracas, of course. Mrs. Delaney, in a letter to Mrs. Dewes, says "that Mr. Cibber collared M. Collett, abused him, and asked if he had caused this insult to be put on *his daughter*?" Mr. Sloper must be meant, for Theophilus was then dead, having been drowned in the Irish Sea. The affront was the result of directions given by that very virtuous personage Beau Nash, then being wheeled about the room. Some discourse was held with the shattered beau, but nothing came of it; and pretty Miss Cibber never danced, or was asked to dance, at Bath again. This brings us back to the mother, from whom we are pleased to part with a pleasanter incident. Dr. Delaney once sat enraptured as he listened to her in Dublin singing in the "Messiah," and, as she ceased, he could not help murmuring, "Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee!" *Amen!* And so, says Dr.

* See Chap. XXXI. "Their Majesties' Servants," by Dr. Doran.

Doran, passes away "the fair Ophelia," in that character, at least, never to be equalled. When Garrick heard of her death, he said, "Mrs. Cibber dead! then tragedy has died with her." But when he uttered this, on the 31st of January, 1766, a young girl, named Sarah Kemble, then in her twelfth year, was a strolling actress, playing juvenile tragedy and light opera, reciting or singing between the acts, and preparing herself for greatness.

MRS. HAMILTON.—1730-1788.

This famous actress was in her person rather fat, but tall; she had a good set of features, but was far from elegant; she had black hair, and seldom or never wore powder, a circumstance at that time unusual, but which delighted her manager, John Rich, to the last degree. On her return to Covent Garden in 1752-53, she acted in many parts of importance, both in tragedy and comedy; some of these parts she was afterwards obliged to resign to Peg Woffington; but she went on with Rich on an increasing salary for a length of time. At his death in 1761, his son-in-law, Beard, continued the management of Covent Garden Theatre in conjunction with one Bencroft. Mrs. Hamilton, having quarrelled with her new masters with regard to a part allotted to her in "Lady's Last Stake," was dismissed; but was impressed with the notion that the managers would be obliged to recall her. So that she might not be too far out of the way, she engaged herself at Bath. One evening the "Provoked Husband" was announced in the bills, with Mrs. Lee as *Lady Townly*. Mrs. Hamilton, as the superior actress, claimed the part, and when *Lord Townly* had finished his soliloquy, Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Hamilton both entered as *Lady Townly*. Mrs. Hamilton entreated the audience in the most earnest manner that she might have the preference, but tradition does not record how the scene ended. We next find Mrs. Hamilton performing in Dublin, where she was ill-received, and not tolerated in any part but *Mrs. Pechum*. In the summer she imprudently married a person of the name of Sweeney (she had before lost £2000 by her husband Hamilton). She became distressed, and Tate Wilkinson met with her in a little company at Malton, in Yorkshire, where she was acting the *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet." At her earnest request he engaged her for the York Theatre. In January, 1772, she made her first appearance in her established character of *Queen Elizabeth*, and was well received; but unfortunately as she was playing *Lady Brumpton*, her false teeth, being worn out with long service, gave way; she retired in confusion, and was obliged to mumble through the remainder of the part as well as she could. She returned to London, and was well treated with peculiar kindness by her old friends, and was assisted by the charitable contributions of the performers. The distress in which she was involved was the immediate occasion of the institution of the theatrical fund, which had been in contemplation for some years. This once-talented actress died wardrobe keeper and dresser of the Richmond Theatre, where, of course, her stipend must have been small.

QUIN'S LATTER DAYS.

Quin's social position, after leaving the stage, was one congenial to a man of his merits, taste, and acquirements. In his latest days, his power of retort never failed him. When one day, lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he? "I would be content," said the wit, "to be as foolish."

Almost as good was his remark to a dirty-fingered clergyman, who boasted of what he got out of his living. "I see, you keep the glebe in your own hands," remarked Quin. Nobody bore with his sharp sayings more cheerfully than Peg Woffington. We all know his remark, when Margaret, coming off the stage as Sir Harry Wildair, declared that she believed that one-half the house thought she was a man. Less known is his comment when, on asking her why she had been to Bath? she answered saucily, "Oh, for mere wantonness," and Quin retorted with, "Have you been cured?" It was the Master of the Mint, who had said, "If 'twere not for your patent, you'd be imprisoned!" Quin replied, "Aye, and if 'twere not for *your* patent, you'd be hanged!"

He was extremely unwilling to allow his portrait to be painted, and it was only at Gainsborough's appeal, "If you will let me take your likeness, I shall live for ever," that he consented. This portrait† became the property of John Wiltshire, the great carrier of that day, who gratuitously conveyed all Gainsborough's pictures to London.

From the time that Quin retired from the stage, a good harmony subsisted, and a regular correspondence was carried on, between

† "In the summer of 1860, a great treat was in store for me; I had been promised a view of no less than seven of Gainsborough's grand pictures, two of them perhaps the finest he ever painted, namely, "The Return from the Harvest Field," and "The Bradford Parish Clerk." They were at Shockerwick, where Mr. John Wiltshire, the owner of these treasures, kindly acted as showman on the occasion. We were standing together, looking at the famous portrait of Quin, the comedian, when Mr. Wiltshire turned to me and said, 'A very remarkable incident occurred to me once when, as a boy and in the absence of my father, I was showing that picture to a gentleman, who, as I soon discovered, was no less a man than Mr. Pitt, the distinguished statesman, and at that time Prime Minister of England. He was looking intently at the picture through the hollow of his two hands, when suddenly a sound caught his ear—it was that of a horse galloping furiously up the gravel road leading to the house! "That must be a courier," he said, eagerly, "with news for me!" and almost immediately a man, bobbed and spurred, and splashed from head to foot, entered the room and handed his despatches to the Minister, still standing before the picture. Tearing them open, he became intensely agitated, and exclaimed, "Heavy news, indeed! do get me some brandy!" 'On which,' said Mr. Wiltshire, 'I rushed out and brought in the brandy myself; and can, at this moment, well remember the little water he added to the spirit as he tossed off a tumbler-full at a gulp; he then took another, and I believe if he had not done so, he would have fainted on the spot. The Battle of Austerlitz had been fought and won by Buonaparte. The Emperors of Russia and Austria had command of it, and the coalition had been mainly due to a brilliant effort of Pitt's genius, by which he hoped to crush the hydra-headed power of Napoleon. The disappointment overwhelmed him; it was more than he could bear, and in less than two months from that date, he sank under the weight of it. Austerlitz was fought on the 2nd of December, 1805, and the great Statesman died on the 23rd of January, 1806.' This note, contributed by the Rev. E. W. L. Davies to Peach's "Historic Houses in Bath," refers to William Pitt in 1805, when he visited the Earl of Harrowby, who was living at that time in the Duke of Northumberland's mansion, 11, Laura Place.—*Rev. Davies.*

Garrick and him; and when he paid a visit to his friends in town once a year, he constantly passed a week or two at Garrick's villa at Hampton. While guest at this residence in 1765, he was stricken with the illness which ultimately proved fatal. His wit, however, did not forsake him to the last. The doctors were discussing how



QUIN'S MONUMENT IN THE BATH ABBEY.

From a photograph taken specially for THE THEATRE by Friese Green, Simpson & Co., Ltd., Bath.

they could raise a sweat upon him as the only means of saving his life. "Only send in your bills, and it's done," was the wit's reply.

The day before he died he drank a bottle of claret, and being sensible of his approaching end, he said he could wish that the last tragic scene was over, though he was in hopes he should be able to

go through it with becoming dignity. He was not mistaken, and departed this life on the 21st of January, 1766, about four o'clock in the morning, in the seventy-third year of his age.

In the "Bath Journal" of January 27th, 1766, appears the following obituary notice:—"Tuesday morning, died at his lodgings in this city, Mr. Quin, the celebrated comedian, who had retired from the stage some years." His death, judging from this notice, excited little or no interest; the house in which he died not even being mentioned, though there is little doubt it occurred in the same house which long before had been occupied by Lord Chesterfield in Pierrepont Street (now known as Chesterfield House).

He was buried in the Bath Abbey. Upon the gravestone, in the centre aisle of the nave, is inscribed—

"Here lies the body of Mr. James Quin.
The scene is chang'd—I am no more,
Death's the last act—now all is o'er."

In the north aisle of the church is a marble tablet which has a striking likeness of this once famous comedian. It has also under it a mask and a dagger, representing comedy and tragedy, and a characteristic epitaph from the pen of Garrick, which is truly epigrammatic. The first lines having pointed out his mental and personal qualifications, the last end with this moral:—

"Here lies James Quin, deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last."

Quin's will is not unillustrative as an illustration of the actor's character. There is, perhaps, not a friend he had possessed, or servant who had been faithful to him, who is forgotten in it. Various are the bequests, from £50 "to Mr. Thomas Gainsborough, limner," or to a cousin practising medicine in Dublin, to £500 and a share of the residue to a kind-hearted oilman in the Strand. To one individual he bequeaths his watch, in accordance with an "imprudent promise" to that effect! James Quin did not like the man, but he would not break his word. *Requiescat in pace!* His death gave satisfaction to none but the John Dorys; and Walpole wrote no bad epistle on him when he said, "Pray who is to give an idea of Falstaff now Quin is dead?"

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL THEATRE ROYAL.

In progress of time, from the great increase of the city, the Orchard Street Theatre was enlarged to double its former dimensions, and had grown into a valuable property, but it was still unprotected by the law, and, of course, liable to opposition from any adventurers that might choose to erect another, a scheme at that time in serious contemplation of the owners of property in the new part of the town. It is well known that a very severe Act of Parliament then existed against the public exhibition of dramatic performances, limiting the prerogative of the crown to the granting any future

patents or licenses beyond those already in existence for Covent Garden and Drury Lane ; and this limitation was to the place of the King's residence, and only during such residence. His Majesty, therefore, had not the power of extending his protection to a theatre at Bath, consequently the security of the property in question, and the personal safety of the performers from the rigour of the law, would be both at hazard, unless an Act of Parliament could be first obtained to grant such liberty.

Accordingly, a petition was presented to Parliament from Mr. Palmer for this purpose, which was warmly and generously supported by the Corporation of Bath. The conduct of this important application was entrusted to Palmer's son, John Palmer. After considerable opposition, this energetic young man succeeded in obtaining the Act solicited, which was passed in the eighth year of His Majesty King George III., who under that authority immediately granted a patent for the Bath Theatre, whereby it obtained the rank and title of a Theatre Royal, being the first out of the metropolis. It is recorded in the "Annual Register" as follows :—

"January 29th, 1768.—His Majesty went to the house of peers, and gave the royal assent to the following bills. . . . The bill to enable his Majesty to licence a play-house in the city of Bath."

This was the first Act of Parliament of this kind ever passed for an English theatre. The talents displayed by the younger Palmer on this occasion procured him the esteem of several distinguished political and theatrical characters, whose warmest friendship and zeal to his interest continued during their lives.

(To be continued.)



Our Play-Box.

"CAPTAIN THÉRÈSE."

Comie opera, in three acts, written by MM. ALEXANDRE BISSON and F. C. BURNAND; composed by R. PLANQUETTE.

First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Monday evening, August 25, 1890.

Vicomte Tancrède de la Touche	Mr. C. HAYDEN COFFIN.	Colonel Sombraéro ..	Mr. HENRY ASHLEY.
Philip de Bellegarde ..	Mr. JOSEPH TAPLEY.	Sergeant Vadeboncoeur ..	Mr. T. ARTHUR.
Coupecourt	Mr. J. ETTINSON.	Sergeant La Tulipe ..	Mr. A. THOMAS.
Marquis de Vardeuil ..	Mr. HARRY PARKER.	Marceline	{ Miss PHYLLIS BROUGH- TON.
Captain Boullignae ..	Mr. T. A. SHALE.	Mdme. la Chanôinesse ..	{ Madame AMADI.
Lieutenant Campastro ..	Mr. A. T. HENDON.	Hermine	{ Miss FLORENCE
Major de la Gonfrière ..	Mr. GEORGE MARLER.	Claudine	{ DARLEY.
M. Duvet	{ Mr. HARRY MONK- HOUSE.	Mlle. Thérèse	{ Miss ATTALIE CLAIRE.

Unlike most of the comic operas that we have given us in England, which are the work of foreign authors and composers, "Captain Thérèse" was written especially for a London audience, and had not been tried abroad before it was first produced at the Prince of Wales's. The plot is a good deal involved and somewhat inconsequential, but there is in the original idea sufficient drollery for a groundwork, on which the respective representatives of the characters have built up some laughable situations, the humour of which has been considerably increased since the opening night, whilst, on the other hand, the entire performance, which then occupied nearly four hours, has been most judiciously curtailed to three. The Marquis de Vardeuil has arranged for a *marriage de convenance* between the Vicomte Tancrède de la Touche and his daughter, Mlle. Thérèse. The Vicomte, a gay young rake, without caring particularly about the union, accepts the situation, but Thérèse strongly objects. She has been educated in a convent, and has never set eyes upon her future husband, but has, from her childhood, had a lover in her cousin Philip de Bellegarde. He is equally fond of her, so this family arrangement is anything but to their liking. The Vicomte, in his amorous escapades, has been smitten with Mercedes (who is only spoken of, but not seen), the young wife of Colonel Sombraéro, and to forward his views, as she has never seen either himself or Philip, assumes the latter's name, as the coquettish Mercedes has been heard to express a wish to be introduced to him. The Vicomte's visit is discovered, and poor Philip gets the blame, and, in consequence, is ordered off to his uncle's *chateau*. There he is soundly rated by his uncle and his aunt, Mdme. la Chanôinesse Hermine, who look upon him as a Lothario; but he meets his lady-love, and they vow constancy, for she will not believe in the stories that are told of him. Philip is ordered close confinement in his chamber, but being determined to get back to camp to clear his character, he lets himself down from his window in private clothes, leaving his uniform. He is no sooner gone than an order comes for him to take a batch of recruits to the front. Thérèse foreseeing the disgrace that will be brought upon him by his absence from duty, assumes his uniform and name, and prevails on her aunt La Chanôinesse and M. Duvet, the notary (who has been summoned to draw up the marriage contract), to accompany her in the disguise

of the two sergeants who were in charge of the raw levies, but whom her maid, Marceline, has made tipsy. The maid also joins the party in the character of a *vivandière*. Arrived at the camp, their troubles begin at once, for instead of the Marquis, whom they reckoned on finding in command of the troops, Colonel Sombrero is temporarily in office, and as he is a very martinet, he puts them to considerable inconvenience from their lack of military knowledge. Worse than this, however, is his desire to punish the Philip de Bellegarde, who he learns has been flirting with his wife. Here he is in a fix, for he has Thérèse as one Philip, Tancredè, who still assumes the character, as another, and the real Philip as a third. The Colonel puts them all under arrest, and tries them all by an amusing travesty of a court martial. Happily, the Marquis returns to resume his command, and identifies the several parties, who stood a good chance of all being shot. Tancredè owns to his misdemeanours, refuses the hand of Thérèse, which is bestowed on Philip, and Marceline pairs off with M. Duvet. My province is only to deal with the acting and the book; M. Planquette's share in the opera I leave to my musical *confrère*. As to the book, it contains some "happy thoughts" from Mr. Burnand, such as Tancredè's bold assertion that "a soldier has no business with a wife of his own," and the old Chanôinesse's explanation that "to love is an irregular verb, which does not require a third person present," but as a rule the libretto is none too lively a specimen of English adaptation. The lyrics, some of which Mr. Gilbert at Becket has contributed, are above the average. Mr. Hayden Coffin has never before acted with such spirit; he was quite gay and jaunty. Mr. Joseph Tapley, too, was more animated and natural in his manner, though occasionally, from excess of zeal, he was a trifle too melodramatic. Mr. Monkhouse was very amusing as the notary, a superstitious gentleman, who, having been told by a gipsy that he will not be safe under a roof until a certain date is passed, ludicrously expresses his fear at ever sleeping in a house. He was well seconded by Miss Phyllis Broughton, with whom his scenes principally lie, and who has a charming and graceful mazurka to dance. Mr. Henry Ashley burlesqued the jealous husband and strict disciplinarian capitally in Colonel Sombrero; and Mr. Harry Parker was quietly droll as the old Marquis. Madame Amadi was a valuable aid in her character; and Miss Florence Darley played her small part very well. Miss Attalie Claire, an American lady, is quite new to England, but made a favourable impression. She was very nervous on the opening night, and did not do herself justice. The remainder of the characters were well-played, and the chorus excellently drilled. As "the date of the action of the play is between 1585 and 1590, when the Duke of Mayenne was assisted in his struggle for the throne of France by the troops of Philip of Spain," there is ample scope for handsome armour and gorgeous uniforms, of which the management has lavishly availed itself, the designs of the dresses being most literally and tastefully carried out by Messrs. Nathan and Mons. and Mme. Alias. The scenery, which is very beautiful, is supposed to represent the country about Dijon; and the opera was produced in the most effective manner by Mr. Charles Harris. The principals and the composer were called at the end of the performance, but no great anxiety was expressed for the appearance of the authors. On witnessing the "Thérèse" a second time, I found that several of the characters had worked up their parts *themselves* to their very great improvement, and that the whole went much more gaily.

"THE DEACON."

Comedy Sketch in two acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

Produced for the first time, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Wednesday Afternoon, August 27, 1890.

Abraham Boothroyd	Mr. WILLARD.	Rosa Jervoise	Miss ANNIE HILL.
Tom Dempster	Mr. C. FULTON.	Mrs. Bolingbroke	Mrs. F. H. MACKLIN.
Tibbetts	Mr. HUGH HARTING.		

It is generally understood that Mr. Jones wrote this piece some years ago, in fact about the same time as he did "A Clerical Error." This might almost be gathered from the construction, which truly exposes the prentice hand. The dialogue, however, is good, and there is the same keen perception as usual of the weaknesses of human nature. Even all those years ago, the author must have had the same conviction that plays should be written with a purpose, for "The Deacon" is evidently intended to hold up to ridicule the narrow-mindedness and bigotry of those in high places, who never having entered the doors of a theatre, rail at it as everything that is bad, and not content with satisfying their own scruples of conscience, do their utmost to persuade others to their way of thinking. Of such is Abraham Boothroyd, "Wholesale Bacon Factor, Mayor, and Senior Deacon of Ebenezer Chapel, Chipping Padbury-on-the-Wold." He is a shining light among his fellows; he looks upon a playhouse as all that is wicked, and stage players as utterly beyond redemption, though he has never been to a theatre or spoken to a "mummer." It can be imagined then that his adopted son, Tom Dempster, is in a fright when he hears that the "deacon" is coming to town, for Tom is engaged to Rosa Jervoise, a young actress, and he wants to go and see her play that night. Mrs. Bolingbroke, an actress, "the Juliet of 15 years ago," is herself half in love with Tom, and so she lays a wager with him that she will persuade old Boothroyd to go to a play with her. When he arrives, she proves herself a wonderful actress and a clever woman. She flatters the bacon factor and coquets with him till he is almost at her feet, and he confides to her that one reason he has for his dislike to stage players is that his only daughter ran away with a strolling actor, and that he never saw her again before she died. He is going to an indignation meeting convened to prevent Exeter Hall being sold and converted into a theatre of varieties. Mrs. Bolingbroke keeps him in talk till it is too late to attend the meeting, and then she carries him off *volens volens* to the play, and he goes out saying that he is determined not to be amused—a little weak, one would say, in a man who has risen to such a position, to give up his life-long convictions so readily. However, there it is, and later he exhibits even greater weakness. He returns perfectly crazy with the enjoyment he has experienced; he will go to the play every night, he will build a theatre in his native town and make all the people he employs go to it, and as to the Juliet he saw, why she is an angel, and he would like to be introduced to her. Need I say that she is in attendance, and that in her the deacon finds the only child of his dead daughter!—a child of ten could not but have foreseen this. Mr. Jones's work is very properly called a sketch; it is not a play, but it just fitted Mr. Willard with a character which he made thoroughly human in its little foibles, so readily succumbing to the fascination of the pretty face of a woman of the world. His make-up was perfection, and his acting could not have been improved upon. Mrs. Macklin played remarkably cleverly, and did not the least overdo the coquetry of the character, but I could not quite understand why the author robbed it of some sympathy by leading one to suppose that had Mrs. Bolingbroke been able, she would have taken the man she

loved from the girl she had befriended and, indeed, almost held the place of a mother to. Tom Dempster and Rosa Jervoise were very neatly played, and the piece was received with every mark of satisfaction—indeed, it has been repeated, and Mr. Willard takes it with him to America as part of his programme there. I may mention that on the same afternoon, Mrs. Willard appeared as Giannina in “The Violin Makers” and embodied the character in a sweet and sympathetic manner.

“A MILLION OF MONEY.”

A new military, sporting and spectacular drama, in five acts, by HENRY PETTITT and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

First produced at Drury Lane Theatre, Saturday, September 6, 1890.

Harry Dunstable ..	Mr. CHARLES WARNER.	Elsie Drummond ..	Miss HELENA DACRE.
Major Belgrave ..	Mr. HERBERT STANDING	Lady Sandson ..	Miss LILIAN AUDRIK.
Tom Cricklewood ..	Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS.	Mrs. Marlow ..	Miss OLLIFFE.
Geoffrey St. Clair ..	Mr. CHARLES GLENNY.	Daniel Whetstone ..	Mr. A. P. PHILLIPS.
Dick Bounder ..	Mr. FRED SHEPHERD.	Jim Boulter ..	Mr. S. CALHAEM.
Rev. Gabriel ..	Mr. ALLEN BEAUMONT.	John Pawter ..	Mr. F. DOBELLA.
Maythorne ..		Madame Ribob ..	Miss MAY PALFREY.
Frank Hastings ..	Mr. MARK QUINTON.	Ada Brooks ..	Miss LILY MARTIN.
Lord Heatherdown ..	Mr. GUY STANTON.	François ..	Mr. RONALD POWER.
Mary Maythorne ..	Miss JESSIE MILLWARD.	Reginald Beaumont ..	Mr. F. STONER.
Hetty Nestledown ..	Miss FANNY BROUGH.	Sir Herbert ..	Mr. FRANK HARRISON.
Stella St. Clair ..	Miss ALICE LINGARD.	Beechwood ..	
Nance Lee ..	Miss LIZZIE CLAREMONT.		

Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's drama scored a thorough success on the opening night, for it contained all those moving incidents and struggles between vice and virtue so dear to the Drury Lane audiences. There is a certain amount of novelty about the authors' construction, for the villain of the play is checkmated from the first in each of his attempts on the honor and prosperity of his intended victim. As a rule writers of melodrama allow the wicked to prosper until the final act, when he is generally discovered in his nefarious proceedings, mostly through the instrumentality of a comic man with a good heart, and is led off handcuffed or commits suicide. Some of the audience, I dare say, will be almost dissatisfied that punishment is not dealt out in some shape or form on the wicked major who tries so hard to possess himself of the greater portion of a “Million of Money.” But perhaps the authors have been right in this, for I fancy in this world the dishonest very frequently contrive to keep their ill-gotten gains, and are often accepted by the world generally in consequence of their success, on nearly an equal footing with the most respectable of the community. The hero, Harry Dunstable, is the ward of the Rev. Gabriel Maythorne. He has been brought up from childhood in his household, and an affection has sprung up between him and Mary Maythorne the parson's daughter. The clergyman has evidently some doubts as to the steadiness of Harry, who is in the army, and having but a small allowance from a rich uncle, has rather over-run the constable. From a betting transaction he is very short of money, and borrows £300 from Dick Bounder, a low bookmaker and creature of Major Belgrave, the villain of the play. The Major has really found the money, and, foreseeing that Harry will have some difficulty in repaying it, has advanced it in order that he may put pressure on the debtor, so that the knowledge of his liabilities may come to Mr. Maythorne's ears, which will probably lead to a separation between Harry and Mary, for whom the Major has, strange to say for a man of his sort, conceived a violent affection. That which he foresees comes to pass; Harry is served with a writ in the presence of Mary and the clergyman, who at once says that all communication between

the young fellow and his daughter must cease, and that a marriage is quite out of the question; when Harry considerably astonishes everyone by announcing that he and Mary are already married. Just at this moment a lawyer—Daniel Whetstone—informs him that the rich uncle is dead, and that Harry has come into a million of money; the Major having, only the instant before this, offered to lend Harry the £300, for which the young soldier is intensely grateful, although he little thinks that Belgrave has done this merely with a view of obtaining an ascendancy over him. In the next act we find that Harry is spending his money right royally. Amongst his other tastes, he has developed a liking for the turf. Major Belgrave who is now his greatest



friend, has, through Harry's valet, obtained possession of his private cipher and uses it to telegraph to his trainer, John Pawter, telling him not to run a horse called White Stockings for the Derby, and makes a very big book accordingly on the event. He also introduces him to a notorious but beautiful woman, Stella St. Clair. Harry, only too readily, falls under her influence, and offers her a seat on his drag for the races. Fortunately, however, he discovers in time that his cipher has been used. White Stockings duly runs and wins, and so upsets the plans of the conspirators. Stella is the wife

of Geoffrey St. Clair, a man who has been brought to ruin and penury through her and her friend, Major Belgrave. The husband is desperately incensed against her, and is almost insane from drink and the unsettled life which he leads. He is seeking the means to expose her and her accomplice, on both of whom he is determined to be revenged, and with this view he allows himself to be made the tool of the Major, and apparently enters into their plot. The connection between Stella and Harry is to be allowed to go on until it is patent to the world that Geoffrey St. Clair shall be able to sue for a divorce and obtain heavy damages, of which he is to have his share with his wife and the Major. By these means also, Belgrave hopes to separate Mary from her husband, and that she will legally free herself and be in a position to accept Belgrave. The third act takes place in the exhibition grounds. The Major so arranges that Stella



HARRY DUNSTABLE

MR CHARLES WARNER

STELLA ST. CLAIR MISS ALICE LINGARD

and Harry shall meet. The beautiful fiend tells her lover that it must be for the last time, that her reputation is suffering, and that she can no longer trust herself; that she loves him, and therefore, for her own sake, must go away. Harry, in a weak moment, yields to the ascendancy she has obtained over him and entreats of her to stay with him. His wife overhears this, and tells him that for the future they must be strangers. Geoffrey St. Clair now has his revenge. He exposes the plot that has been hatched against Harry, and the villainy of Major Belgrave. He lays open the whole life of the woman who bears his name, but in doing this, the excitement it causes in him is so great that he is seized with a fit and dies. In the following act Harry appears to be going headlong to destruction. He

has invested large sums in a bubble company, of which Belgrave was the promoter, and ruin stares him in the face. Stella, who has been living under his protection, now comes out in her true character. As she imagines he can no longer support her extravagance she dismisses him, telling him that she has never cared for him, and that she has had her revenge for the scorn with which his wife has treated her. The scales fall from his eyes, and Harry determines to try and redeem the past. His regiment is ordered on immediate active service, and we see the troops prepared to march. Mary, in the hopes that her husband has repented, comes to Wellington Barracks prepared to grant him a last interview, but there she sees Stella, who in the meantime has entrapped Frank Hastings, a mere beardless youth, but very wealthy, into a marriage with her; and as Mary is not aware of this, she is led to suppose that Stella means to accompany Harry Dunstable, and, therefore, when he pleads for pardon, Mary is obdurate and unforgiving. The last act takes place in Dunstable Hall, which is liable to be sold under a mortgage, of which Belgrave has managed to obtain possession. Here Mary has a dream, which is realised to the audience. As she sits in an old tapestried chamber, the scene is rendered quite dark, and then, in an instant, we are transported to a "reef on the Indian Ocean." The vessel in which Harry and the troops have sailed has evidently been wrecked, and the only survivors are himself, Stella, and her husband, Frank Hastings. The latter, who has discovered what a notorious creature his wife has been in the past, is only seeking for an opportunity to revenge himself by killing her. She throws herself on the protection of Harry, and when her husband sleeps from exhaustion, she confesses to the man she so much injured the last wrong she has done him in allowing his wife to believe that she was still his mistress, and, almost as she makes the only reparation she can, she falls dead. The scene then is rapidly changed back to the room in Dunstable Hall. Hetty Nestledown is kneeling at Mary's side, and is gently breaking to her the news that intelligence has been received of Harry, and when she has been gradually prepared for the joyful shock, he appears, and husband and wife are reconciled. The utter discomfiture of Major Belgrave is brought about by the fact that the shares which Harry had held in the supposed bubble company prove to be of immense value. The humorous characters in the play are those of Hetty Nestledown, a good-hearted, outspoken, pretty, but coquettish girl, who pairs off with Tom Cricklewood, a young gentleman who cannot quite make up his mind whether he will go into the church or turn comic singer. His fate is decided by his being plucked. In the hands of such clever artists as Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Harry Nicholls, these parts were bound to be amusing. Dick Bounder, too, is a droll character in the hands of Mr. Fred Shepherd, though I think he might have made it a little more refined, as such a cad as he makes him would scarcely be tolerated by even a fast set. Mr. Herbert Standing is always good as a polished villain, and his present character fits him exactly; it could not be better played. Mr. Charles Warner, who made his re-appearance in England, was very warmly welcomed, and appeared to be as acceptable to a Drury Lane audience as he had been in the same line of character at the Adelphi. The same may be said of Miss Jessie Millward. Mr. Charles Glenney fairly brought down the house by his powerful representation of the half-crazed Geoffrey St. Clair. His frenzied bursts of passion, his semi-idiotic laughs, and exhibition of low

cunning, were triumphs, and obtained for him a special call. Miss Alice Lingard, by her fascination of manner, cleverly concealed the depravity of the woman who had lured so many to their ruin. Her death scene, too, was impressive and touching, and she added much to the success of the piece. Mr. Mark Quinton was very good as Frank Hastings; and Mr. Guy Stanton played the small part of Lord Heatherdown neatly. The other representatives in the cast were efficient. Mr. Augustus Harris, who produced the play, almost surpassed himself in the various tableaux that he had arranged. The scene at the races, with its real drags and horses, the four-in-hand actually being driven off by Mr. Charles Warner—in fact all the details that we see on Epsom Downs were correctly copied, and faithfully reproduced, and created quite a furore; so did the march out from Wellington Barracks of the troops, preceded by their band—a wonderfully well-managed stage effect; and the reef on the Indian Ocean is a triumph of scenic display. Another remarkably pretty scene, too, was the parsonage, with sportsmen going to a meet in the background. The interior of Belgrave's chambers in Piccadilly, of Squandor Mansion, and Dunstable Hall, were perfect in their designs, and rich in the extreme. The "illuminated fête" in the exhibition grounds was also wonderfully true to the original. On the first night the play occupied four hours and a quarter, but this was not to be wondered at, considering the heavy change of scenery which naturally took some time to get into perfect working order, but the performance has now been got within reasonable limits, and will take rank as one of the most successful productions ever seen at Drury Lane.

"TRUTH."

Comedy in three acts, by BRONSON HOWARD.

Revived at the Criterion Theatre, Thursday evening, September 11, 1890.

Mr. Alfred Sterry.. ..	Mr. T. G. WARREN.
Sir Partridge Compton ..	Mr. W. BLAKELEY.
Mr. John Penryn	Mr. G. GIDDENS.
Mr. Frederick Fry.. ..	Mr. A. BOUCAULT.
Mrs. Dorothy Sterry ..	Miss H. FORSYTH.
Lady Compton	Miss F. FRANCES.

Prudence.. .. .	Miss E. TERRISS.
Patience	Miss M. HARDINGE.
Mrs. M'Namara	Miss E. S. FITZROY.
Mrs. Tuttle	Miss MARIA DALY.
Jumps.. .. .	Miss E. VINING.

After a lapse of eleven years (for this farcical comedy was originally produced here February 8, 1879, after having been done in America under the title of "Hurricanes") "Truth," announced several times, has actually seen the light again. Its weakness lies in the fact that so much of the second act is a repetition of the first, and that it closely resembles several other farcical comedies that have given satisfaction; but its dialogue is clever, and there is nothing in any way objectionable in the fun. On its first production in London, Mr. Alfred Sterry was played by Mr. Charles Wyndham, Sir Partridge Compton by the late W. J. Hill, Mrs. Tuttle by Mrs. Stevens, John Penryn by Herbert Standing, and Mrs. Alfred Sterry by Miss Mary Rorke; only one of the original cast remains, Miss E. Vining, who then, as now, was a most amusing Jumps, the waiting-maid. The situations turn on Sterry, who has married a sedate, loving little Quakeress, being seduced by his jovial old *roué* friend, Sir Partridge Compton, to attend, with his two friends, Penryn and Fry, engaged to Prudence and Patience, a masked ball in London, they giving out that they have been obliged to remain all night at the meeting "to consolidate the vested interests of the working man." Of course, they return home very sleepy and yawny, and Mrs. Tuttle, the strong-minded mother-in-law, having very shrewd suspicions on the subject

of their absence, turns eavesdropper and overhears their conversation as to the various charming partners they have danced with the night before. She imparts her ill-gotten knowledge to the rest of the women folk, who are melted to tears by the duplicity of the gay deceivers. These in their turn make peace for a time by saying that they were preparing a pleasant little surprise for the anniversary of Mrs. Sterry's wedding day, in taking part in a charade that was rehearsed at the house of Mrs. McNamara. They have reckoned without their hostess, however, for she suddenly appears on the scene and announces that she has been in Bath for the preceding three weeks. So there is nothing for it but that the gentlemen should tell the plain unvarnished "truth," which they accordingly do. They are once again taken to the arms of their respective wives and sweethearts; they have acquired a lesson, that it is better to learn that a woman should be trusted, and the mischief-making Mrs. Tuttle takes her departure in high dudgeon at the weakness of her sex. I should have preferred to have seen Mr. Wyndham as Alfred Sterry again; he is so at home in this sort of character. Mr. T. G. Warren is not quite light enough for this one in particular. (Mr. Cyril Maude was to have played the part, but is only just recovering from an accident that injured his knee). Mr. W. Blakeley, as a middle-aged gay gentleman, who makes a Chancery suit his constant excuse for his pleasure visits to town, was excellent; and so was Mr. George Giddens, the veriest of humbugs, who pretends that veracity is his forte, and yet is the cleverest story-teller of them all. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault was amusing as the young gentleman who has to father Penryn's perversions of the truth. Miss Maria Daly took her character too much *au sérieux*; there must be a fund of grim humour in a woman who admits that she has prevented her late husband from gadding about by invariably locking up his wooden leg when the clock struck ten. Miss Helen Forsyth showed herself possessed of a very pretty vein of comedy as the confiding young wife. Miss F. Frances, rather more strong-minded, was amusing in calling her truant husband over the coals; and Miss E. Terriss and Miss Hardinge looked pretty and shed the necessary amount of tears with a due sense for the humours of the situation. We had an actress, new to London, I believe, in Miss Emily S. Fitzroy, an Australian lady of handsome presence and good clear delivery, who should prove very useful in certain lines of character. The revival caused a good deal of healthy laughter, and was, taken altogether, a success.

"RAVENSWOOD."

Play in four acts by HERMAN MERIVALE, from the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor,"
Music specially composed by Dr. A. C. MACKENZIE.

First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday, September 20, 1890.

Edgar Ravenswood ..	Mr. IRVING.	Moncrieff	Mr. F. TYARS.
Hayston of Bucklaw ..	Mr. TERRISS.	Thornton	Mr. HAVILAND
Caleb Balderstone ..	Mr. MACKINTOSH.	A Priest	Mr. LACY.
Craigengelt	Mr. WENMAN.	Lockhard	Mr. DAVIS.
Sir William Ashton ..	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	Lady Ashton ..	Miss LE THIÈRE.
The Marquis of Athole ..	Mr. F. H. MACKLIN.	Allie Gourlay ..	Miss MARRIOTT.
Bide-the-Bent	Mr. H. HOWE.	Annie Winnie ..	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Henry Ashton	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.	Lucy Ashton ..	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," having already been dramatised at least four times, as well as having been used for the libretto of Donizetti's famous opera, a keen interest was aroused in the theatrical world as to the treatment Mr. Herman Merivale would bestow upon the subject. Much was expected, for

the adapter had previously given us some excellent work, and expectation was not disappointed, for the dramatisation has been accomplished in a more than satisfactory manner, the original having been only so far departed from as was necessary in order to fit it for stage representation, and to produce situations that would prove effective. Mr. Merivale has retained the poetic spirit of this most tragic novel; he has used both blank verse and prose, and has made all his characters interesting. The play opens with a most picturesque scene of "The Chapel Bounds;" on the left, the porch of the semi-ruined chapel, on the right the steep and rugged pathways leading from "The Wolf's Crag," the remains of the old building standing forth prominently, perched on high. Here meet the two old cronies, Ailsie Gourlay and Annie Winnie, the former answering to the seer, to whom even to this day Highlanders, in particular, ascribe such miraculous powers of foresight; and here Ailsie utters the portentous rhyme that tells the fate of Edgar, the last of his race, and also marks out to Hayston, of Bucklaw, the choice that he will make between honour and worldly advantage. Presently a procession enters, bearing the mortal remains of Edgar's father, which are to be buried within the sacred edifice. Edgar requests to be left for a while to commune with the dead, and in a soliloquy lets us know the hatred he bears to Sir William Ashton, and hear his oath of vengeance. When the retainers return, prepared once more to raise the corpse, and the priests are in attendance, the officer and soldiers of the Presbitary appear with a warrant forbidding the sepulture, and almost immediately Sir William Ashton and his daughter Lucy arrive. Edgar taxes Sir William with the wrongs he has done him, and for which he is about to take summary revenge, when his eye falls upon the beautiful girl as she rushes between the combatants. Edgar sheaths his sword, his friends and clan hold the soldiers at bay for the funeral to proceed, and with the words full of meaning the first act ends—with Edgar's utterance of the motto of his race, "I bide my time." The second act opens in the library of Ravenswood, a fine old wainscotted apartment with stained glass windows, now inhabited by the Ashtons. Lucy has heard so much good of Edgar that she is evidently interested in him, and with a woman's sweet pity successfully pleads with her father that he will not send off some despatches to the government which will bring trouble on the young man. Her brother Henry calls her forth to witness his prowess with a crossbow, and then Edgar comes to force a duel on Sir William; the sight of Lucy's portrait brings him to a softer mood, and he again stays his hand. A shriek is heard without, Lucy is in imminent danger from a wild bull, Edgar seizes a gun that is hanging against the wall (most opportunely loaded, by the way) and firing through the window, saves Lucy's life. It must be confessed that this incident fell flat and tame; there is but little chivalry in a man aiming in safety at even an infuriated animal. In the next scene, "Tod's Den," Bucklaw and the blustering Craigenfelt are awaiting Edgar, who is to sail with them to join the Pretender. He is known to have gone with the intention of challenging his enemy, and when he enters and refuses to give his reasons for having changed his mind, Bucklaw taxes him with cowardice, they draw upon each other, Bucklaw is disarmed, and exits, breathing bitter words of hatred against Edgar. The third scene is a dilapidated chamber in "The Wolf's Crag," an exquisite piece of painting with high pitched arches and crumbling ornamentation. Lucy, however, constantly occupies Edgar's thoughts, his heart

is softened towards her and hers, and when she and her father seek refuge in his dwelling from a storm, she gradually wins him from his vengeful mood to one of forgiveness, and he promises that next day he will become their guest. In the third act, his intercourse with Lucy has developed into mutual affection; at "The Mermaid's Well," a lovely woodland, they plight their troth in a charming love scene, most charmingly and naturally rendered. But here again the legend of the well points to the unhappy ending of their wooing. Sir William is a consenting party to their future union, but the imperious Lady Ashton utterly forbids it. Won over by Bucklaw, who wishes to marry Lucy himself, and at the same time avenge himself on his rival, Lady Ashton declares Lucy to be intended to be Bucklaw's bride. The Marquis of Athole has obtained for Edgar an important appointment abroad, and promises to interest himself in recovering possession of Ravenswood for him; and so with a very strong situation, in which Lucy vows to be true to Edgar during his one year's absence, the curtain again descends. The last act is the most powerful. It again opens in Lucy Ashton's home. She is beset on all sides to sign the deed of betrothal to Bucklaw; her mother urges it as her duty. Though still constant to Edgar, she cannot understand his silence; no line has she had from him, and her letters have remained unanswered. This is easily accounted for; the tender missives from both sides have been suppressed by Lady Ashton. Lucy's weak nature yields to the imperious one of her mother, and she consents to accede to her wishes, but in doing so you can see that she is signing her own death warrant. The yearning look in her eyes for escape, her half-dazed expression, her deadly pallor, too, plainly show the agony she suffers. At length she musters courage, and with a burst of almost maniacal laughter, she puts pen to paper and decides her future. The ink is not yet dry when Edgar's voice is heard without. He has risen from a bed of sickness, and has travelled night and day to answer in person the last and only letter from her which has reached him. Haggard, worn and weary he at once learns his fate. In an interview with Lucy he upbraids her with her faithlessness. She is too broken to reply or plead much excuse. He demands from her her half of the ring which they had broken in gage of their betrothal. Lady Ashton takes it from her swooning daughter's neck. Edgar grinds it into the ashes with his heel, he mourns his lost love, and after arranging for a deadly meeting with Bucklaw the next day, rushes forth. Lucy recovers from her faint, calls widely for Edgar, and drops dead, a fatal ending of her young life which does not seem improbable to the audience from one or two apt references as to her heart which Lucy has previously made. On the sands of the "sea-coast" Edgar and Bucklaw meet and fight, and Bucklaw is killed, but as he dies he reveals to Edgar the treachery that has been practised upon him, and tells him of Lucy's death. Caleb Balderstone and Edgar's old and faithful servant and Aislie Gourlay have come to meet Edgar, and to once more impress on him their warning about the quicksands. Edgar, mad with grief, mounts his horse to ride back to Ravenswood, and look once more on his lost love. Caleb watches his progress as he rides furiously to meet his doom and fulfil the prophecy. The distracted old man vividly and most powerfully describes his progress, how nobly his master's horse struggles to free himself from the engulfing quicksands, and at last with a heart-rending cry proclaims how man and steed have disappeared beneath

the waters. In the last scene, "The Kelpied Flow," not a word is spoken. You see but a sandy border to a wild waste of water, on which the sun shines with a lurid glow, and poor heart-broken Caleb gazing at one small dark patch that marks the spot beneath which his ill-fated master lies. It was wondrously touching, and effective far beyond any attempt that might have been made to actually represent the catastrophe. Although Edgar and Lucy are not by any means the strongest parts in which Mr. Irving and Miss Terry have been seen, they will certainly be classed with their best impersonations—the one from its tragic and gloomy intensity, changed for a time to bright and joyous happiness, and the other from its girlish charm and pathetic grief. Everyone remarked on the surprising youthfulness in their appearance. Mr. Terriss acted with remarkable dash and fire as the dissolute handsome Bucklaw. Mr. Mackintosh richly deserved the special marks of approbation bestowed on his acting of Caleb Balderstone; it certainly was some of the finest that had been witnessed; and Miss Marriott was deeply impressive as the fateful Ailsie Gourlay. Mr. Wenman was quaint and amusing as the cowardly swashbuckler, Craigengelt; and Mr. Alfred Bishop showed considerable subtlety in his reading of Sir William Ashton's character. Mr. Macklin, strange to say of him, did not quite impart the necessary dignity to the powerful Marquis of Athole. The youthful Harry Ashton was neatly played by Mr. Gordon Craig, but not so marvellously well as to entitle him to appear with the principals in the scene when they were called for. Miss Le Thiere, one of our best representatives of stern unbending women of rank, was excellent as Lady Ashton. It is impossible to speak too highly of the mounting of the piece. The scenery for the most part by Hawes Craven, was some of the best that has been seen even at the Lyceum. The costumes, designed by Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Mrs. Comyns Carr, were in the most perfect taste, Miss Terry's dresses and Mr. Terriss's wedding suit deserving special mention. The overture, preludes, and incidental music, composed expressly by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, were most appropriate, and the funeral chant and the bridal song, both melodious, were artistically sung. In fact, nothing was wanting to make "Ravenswood" a success. Admitted that it is a sombre play, yet it keeps the interest enthralled. It is only in the first two scenes of the second act that it appeared to require a little more strength. Mr. Irving has commenced his thirteenth season well, and was able truly to say at the close of the performance that he would convey to Mr. Herman Merivale the cheering news of the *success* of his play.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Musical-Box.

Musical Silhouettes.

No. 6.—THE *AL FRESCO* MINSTREL.



SOMETIMES he blacks his face, sometimes he does not. Sometimes he is a comic-opera tenor down on his luck, and at others a child of Christy, who has never come to any front but that facing the sea! Sometimes he is alone, at others, the reverse, being addicted to choral renderings of popular ballads and serio-comic songs, accompanied principally on the banjo. Yet again, sometimes he is passably good, and at others most insufferably bad—the former when he does what he can, the latter when he attempts that which he cannot, a distinction which may be applied to many other walks in life besides that of the *al fresco* minstrel. The tenor down on his luck can generally be recognised. He looks somewhat abashed, as if he were a trifle ashamed of earning an honest penny, and he sings with a *nil admirari* air that seems like conceit, but isn't. At the same time he is not so much to be pitied as others. He is smiled upon by the fair sex, envied by their swains, and is, at one and the same time a theme of their admiration and romance.

Yet he is to be pitied, because he does not like an *al fresco* life, be he ever so Bohemian. He pines in his heart for the nightly part, and the tenor love-song, the footlights and the weekly treasury, the constant charm of changing towns, and the praise in the local press!

He consorts but little with the other members of the tiny *al fresco* company, the humorous man who sings comic songs and accompanies everyone, and the gentleman who plays upon the mandolin. The comic man has a very jolly round face, and most probably played in the same "crowd" as the tenor. His countenance wears a smile, even when it rains hard and no business is to be done. Nothing dampens his spirits, not even a sea-fog.

One cannot but pity him a little, the tenor, and hope that the luck will change. He sings well, and there are so many on the stage who cannot! But it is all such a matter of chance, that one is apt to fancy at times that it is Fortune who should be blind, not Justice.

There is one sort of *al fresco* minstrel who sits at the seat of custom, and looks on. His wife plays the piano, and his children in theatrical garb sing, in very high voices, very badly, with gasps that

make one shudder, and shrieks that make one wince. It delights the people, though ; so it pays.

The *al fresco* minstrel who is black, affects a costume that, to say the least of it, is loud. What he does in the winter time is a deep and terrible mystery. The summer is his season, and the seaside his happy hunting ground. Nothing more appropriately emblematic of Melancholy could be found than a Christy Minstrel by the sea on a wet day, especially if he has got caught in a sharp shower. His lugubrious countenance obtains him as much pecuniary *kudos* as his art. But, under any circumstances, a black minstrel, when alone, looks as though he had come out with his troupe and had somehow lost them.

Although *al fresco* entertaining must be a paying game, to use a colloquial expression, it is astonishing how few voices are met with. Weak tenors and strident baritones, soul-piercing sopranos and nondescript coin-persuaders of all kinds there are in shoals. Not one in a hundred has ever been trained to sing ; not one in a score knows how to phrase ; not one in a dozen can speak the Queen's English without murdering it.

It seems to me it is a profession much neglected. It requires very little capital, and asks no credit ; and there are always opportunities to be found. Perhaps our English climate is to blame for the neglect ; truly, it is as uncertain as a tenor's throat, and as variable as a melody on the bagpipes. And the life has its drawbacks ; it is Bohemian in its freedom from the trammels and fetters of Society, yet is it uncertain in its pecuniary results. An audience that can get its entertainment first, and is expected to pay afterwards, is not prone to be generous. It is as likely as not to get up and walk away with an air of dignity strange to it before, and an expression on its face that is a mean subterfuge, a visible pretence of not having heard or listened to anything. Now, this is unfair ; because no one buying a dozen of wine, drinks it, calls it poison, and therefore expects to be presented with it, free and welcome.

No. The lot of the *al fresco* minstrel is not a happy one. He may smile as he please, but he cannot deceive. And there, perchance, is a moral, which he who runs may read ; that there be those who play parts elsewhere than on the platform and the stage. Pity is a lovely thing, and a cheap gift ; but it is much sweeter when Pence go with it. You, who give your guinea for your stall to hear a wealthy singer carol, remember this, when, cap in hand, expectancy writ large in his face, and, maybe, hunger in his heart, the *al fresco* minstrel comes to you, petitioning your Pity—and your Pence.

SEMIDREVE.

Music is still a dead letter, but there are rumours innumerable floating in the late summer air. The prospectus, just issued, for the coming season of the Crystal Palace Concerts, shows that out of seventeen promised novelties, seven are by home composers. This is as it should be. Whether all the seventeen promises will be or can be kept, time alone will show.

All hopes of the Gilbert and Sullivan disagreement being amicably settled, appear to have been dispersed by the intervention, on the instance of the librettist, of the law, so far as between Mr. Carte and himself, Sir Arthur being made a party in the matter. Musically speaking, it is a regrettable thing, though it is an open question whether the extraordinary run of luck that has attended the Savoy Theatre trio would continue indefinitely. Extraordinary runs of luck have awkward tendencies to bring themselves to a standstill suddenly. There is to be a Gilbert-*cum*-Cellier opera next year. I have my own idea as to the probability of its success, but one thing is certain, Mr. Gilbert, with all his faults, will find the composer of "Dorothy" a considerably more original and poetic libretto than any he has yet worked upon.

I was very much amused by the posters that announced "Marjorie" at Brighton Theatre, where Mr. Slaughter's opera commenced its provincial tour on the 8th. Mr. Horace Sedger's name, and that of Mr. Augustus Harris, appear in bold type; but that of the unfortunate composer is almost invisible. This, doubtless, is all right from an advertising point of view, but it doesn't seem quite fair.

A correspondent writes me: "Some time ago an attempt was made to form, for Great Britain, a society similar to the French "Société des Auteurs," which should retain, for the benefit of those most immediately concerned, the rights of performance in a composer's works. In spite of the support accorded it at first, the scheme ultimately fell to the ground. Why, I think I can say. It was too daring; it attempted too much, and it made too plain the object of its formation. I venture to think that, had the Society been inaugurated on lines less obtrusive and radical, it might have become the nucleus of a Protective and Defensive Association of Authors, Composers and Publishers, which should have had for its *raison d'être* not only the one object which was avowed by the prospectus issued, but, primarily, many projects which are equally desirable and equally in need of united effort that they may be brought about. As it is, the chance of co-operation is lost. No one denies that the movement had certain rights for which it asked fair recognition. But it began too near to the top of the tree. From small beginnings often ensue great endings."

To a certain extent the views of my correspondent are my own. There are plenty of desirable objects that such a society as might have been formed could take in hand, plenty of questions that by it might be led to a happy and amicable settlement. I am not without hope I may yet live to see such an association.

From what I hear of "Captain Thérèse," it is tune. Well, the public like tune. It was partly that that made Offenbach a name to conjure with, and Lécocq a memory of pleasant moments. But as I have not yet heard the opera with my own ears, it will have to wait till next month.

At the end of her American season, Miss Marie Tempest is going to run a company of her own.

Miss Agnes Huntington says (and I daresay New York believes it) she is taking the entire London company thither to play "Paul Jones." Her "entire London company" is, so far as I can see, one member—Mr. Albert James. However, America will be just as well pleased.

The children's opera, "The Belles of the Village," is going on tour, under the management of Mr. Watkin. It ought to succeed, for it was, at the Avenue, bright, fresh, and well played. The introduction of the old English airs was a happy idea, happily carried out.

"Marjorie" commenced its provincial tour at Brighton on the 8th, the composer himself being present to give his work a good send-off. In spite of the laudatory paragraphs everywhere to be seen, I do not think the Marjorie—Miss Herbert—wonderful. Her words are not audible; and it takes more than

three high notes and a stereotyped smile to make even a comic-opera heroine. Charles Conyers, barring throatiness, and Templer Saxe both excellent; chorus also worthy of all praise. Orchestra rather too much in evidence, a failing which time will cure. It may be bad taste on my part, but I decidedly prefer Jennie Rogers as Cicely to Phyllis Broughton. She is quite as pretty, and does not sing any worse; and she acts much better. The pretty opening chorus of the third act wants a very delicate treatment; and why spoil the minuet by taking it thrice too fast? Everything is well put on by Messrs. Horace Sedger and Harris, and well looked after by Mr. Fred Sutcliffe, who has had experience—some! Good luck to you, Walter Slaughter.

Worcester Festival, which commenced on the 9th, was more than anticipatedly a success. The most important new production was Dr. Bridge's "dramatic oratorio," "The Repentance of Nineveh." Critical opinions on the work were somewhat divided. Bristol Musical Festival commences on the 22nd of October.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Our Amateurs' Play=Box.

What *should* we do without our actors! Oh, yes, I know. Here's a blazing sun, and flannels have had to be sorted out again, and instinctively our feet wander towards the Serpentine to look and to long and to dream of the river that can be no more—till next spring—and still I can say what I have said. "Abstracts and brief chronicles!" Nonsense. The man who wrote that knew nothing of human nature. *Shakespeare!* Shakespeare wrote that? Oh, well, then, the quotation is wrong. Abstract; I never knew an actor yet who was not one of the most concrete beings on the face of this worn out old spheroid. Brief chronicles, too! As for that, just try one on the only subject he really has mastered—his own art. What eloquence, what romance, and, oh, what language! You could listen for hours. You have to, generally. It is all so strange, so new, so unlike the matter-of-fact, dry-as-dust experience of the humble toiler at the humble pen. (I hope that won't be printed "pie;" composers have such a keen sense of humour.) Why, not my fairest dreams, after a ride on Pegasus, and a beatific Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla, can hold the proverbial candle to one day's sober reality in an actor's life. 'Tell me of hardships and struggles, of sordid surroundings, of disillusionising facts, and I won't believe you. An actor is a king!—or a beggar—but what of that—he is always picturesque. In his hand is the key of the only Garden of Eden, within whose frowning walls we are lost to the heat and the dust of the streets, the din of the strife, and the need for daily bread. The actor! I love him, and so do you. He is the only man among them all who "always would be missed." Tramping up and down, in Kensington and Clerkenwell, trying to push and fight your way to a front seat in the show of Vanity Fair, you are nothing and nobody, just an atom of humanity, unloved and unloving, unknowing and unknown. Your eyes fall upon an actor and everything is changed. Here is a friend. You are drawn to him, although you never spoke a dozen words and never met him, and if you are a wise man, you never will, for his people are not your people, nor are your ways his ways; seek not to peer into the unknown. But your loneliness has vanished. You know this man, or you think you do, which is all you can be sure of, even about yourself. If he is a hero, you have seen him lose his wife and children. "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam?" Ay, it is a

hero's fate, the awful price of greatness. You have seen his handsome swarthy face distorted with deep grief. The agony of his tense heartstrings has in some magic way reached you. You have read his thoughts, such as he wished you to. They have been noble. And you have said, "Here is a man, picked out of ten thousand." And the sight of him, in the temple or the mart or the exchange, on the mountains or the river or the sea, and even in the underground, cheers you, and braces you to bear those ills you have, and perhaps reconciles you to the thought of those you know not of! Let me see. Whither have I journeyed? and what went I out for to say? Ah, here's the thread again. That I cannot do without my actors; could not though some Colonel North or modern Melnotte were to present me with "A deep vale, shut in by Alpine hills from the rude world, near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles, made musical with birds whose songs should syllable *her* name," with the marble palace, the eternal summer, and etceteras, thrown in. But even I, with all this wild hunger for the histrionic race, must own that stuffy stalls and orange-and-sawdust perfume are trying to the nerves when the air is heavy with an Indian summer's heat. And I could extend the hand of fellowship to any syndicate willing to run a company *al fresco* during the months when umbrellas cease from troubling and goloshes take a rest. If they are in doubt as to what I mean, let them run down to Wargrave Hill when Mr. Walters Bond has given up his slopes and terraces and gardens to a Pastoral Charade. There they will see something to turn any manager but Mr. Irving or the proud director of our National Theatre green with envy. On every tree a hundred twinkling fairy bulbs, like glow-worms shedding lustre on a leaf or two and shining in the darkness like a mass of gems. A stretch of turf belted with trees and silvered by a shaft of pearl-coloured light. And acting on this ideal outdoor stage, a company intelligent enough and inventive enough to hold their own against surroundings as fair as these. Charades are like songs and singers, "out of date," but put through the pastoral process and developed to embrace acts from "The Tempest" and some of Planché's fanciful pieces, they are not to be despised. "Witchcraft" at Wargrave was at any rate pretty and novel, and a happy change from the ceaseless round of amateur farce and amateur drama, of which the conspicuous feature is always the memory evoked thereby of precisely the same thing infinitely better done by "somebody we saw when we were in London last year, you know, at the Strand, or the Lyceum, or Savoy, or one of those theatres near Exeter Hall." Emphatically there is a vein to be worked in pastoral charades.

Natural scenery and a flood of limelight and costly dresses are not of course everything. Besides these, are wanted a good eye for a choice of pays and a good head for making the most of them when got. Lady Fortune and Sir Chance Nought went hand in hand at Wargrave, and the figure they cut was uncommonly pleasing. Scenes from "A Romantic Idea" and "The Discreet Princess," the latter "adapted" in a reverential spirit, formed a fresh and amusing contrast for the more familiar "Tempest." Several of the actors had distinct aptitude, and in one or two instances the word "talent" would be not inapplicable. Miss Olga Morell Mackenzie sang sweetly and with rare command of simple dramatic expression, and gave as unaffected and girlish a reading of Miranda as any budding Reichemberg might have done. Mr. Bowles looked an imposing conjuror as Prospero, and would have filled the hearts of certain critics with thankfulness could they have listened to his sonorous delivery of the magician's noble lines. Miss Mallett flitted gracefully about the stage as Ariel, more like a fairy in the weird half-lights and shadows than all the tricks of mechanical aerial dives and soarings of the *fin de siècle* elfin could have made her. Mr. C. E. Hannen was a handsome and princely Ferdinand, and played with a firmness and a taste for elaboration quite unaccountable in an amateur. The same actors took part in the selections from Planché, with the addition of Mr. B. Hannen, whose sketch of Hans was a capital piece of character acting, and Mrs. Theo McKenna, a prominent figure and one of well-deserved distinction in Hans's dream. Miss Morell Mackenzie too, did yeoman's service, filling the *role* of a Letty Lind or a Sylvia Grey in the company. Her dance was bewitching, and as an individual effort proved the most popular, as might have been expected. The English are said to have no gaiety. To take their pleasures sadly. To be given over body and soul to

raking in sovereigns and minding the shop. And so on, "up to the infinite." But really when one considers how our entire English population will rally round a military band and march for miles to its inspiring strains, or a streetful will foot it to the soulless strumming of a piano-organ, and how a dance (or a fight !) on the stage will carry any play, one feels there must be fun about us somewhere. Fun there was to wind up the pastoral charade with, and fun of English make, although the author's name was Planché. For King Gander, Mother Goose, Baron Wand-in-Hand, and the fair Princesses Idelfonza, Babillards, and the rest, were played with a spirit worthy of Terry, Brough, and Royce, and it was not for want of trying that the actors were not as good.

Lady George Gordon Lennox got together a capital company for her theatricals at East Peckham, and the audience would have encored everything if a strong hand had not been laid on their enthusiasm. "Poor Pillicoddy" has been done to a turn, and yet it is always amusing when a true comedian comes along to play the tortured husband. I have more than once travelled a good way to see Mr. Eustace Ponsonby—Pythias to the Damon of Mr. Charles Colnaghi, and Coquelin *cadet* of Belgravian routs and *fêtes* and crushes, to the *ami* of his still cleverer friend—and, unlike the hermit who was lured from his cave, firm in his faith that famishing lions would leave him unchewed, I have not been disappointed. He is a comedian by temperament and by instinct. His style is broad, his method robust, and his train of thought always genuinely humorous. Well supported by Mr. C. P. Little, another actor with a cheery sense of humour, and an ample store of comic ideas, Mr. Ponsonby made the old mummy live again. Its swathings of tradition, goodness knows how many years thick, were discarded, the galvanic battery of high spirits and up-to-date invention applied, and in a second the corpse was alive and kicking. Miss Milner, Miss Stapleton, and Miss Gwendolen Cook all helped to keep it on the move, and a merrier hour could not have been spent. Miss Milner gave some excellent recitations to prove that her talents were not bounded by Mrs. Pillicoddy, Mr. Sims' waif and stray piece called "Billy's Rose" being charged with real and infectious pathos, and Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Little, not content with their hard work in the farce, also shared in this part of the evening's programme, indulging in a "musical duologue" that at once suggested their appearance in "Blind Beggars." *Verb. sap.*

Since we first heard with a shudder of "Mr. Toole in three pieces," programmes of tit-bits have slowly but surely been coming into general use. It is no longer considered *infra dig.* for actors of the highest standing to appear in a selection of what are contemptuously termed "curtain raisers." Amateurs are rarely distinguished for enterprise, but their worst enemies cannot accuse them of any backwardness in adopting good ideas originated elsewhere. Their annexation of the "triple bill" notion was therefore to be expected; and a very good example of the virtues of that institution was in evidence at Billing Hall on the 30th August. "Breaking the Ice," "A Husband in Clover," and the evergreen "Cox and Box," kept everyone amused for the best part of two hours, and the entire company numbered six! Nobody seemed to regret that there was no three-act comedy, and nobody seemed puzzled at the variety of plots to be mastered, and the variety of personages played by each actor. Now if the intelligence of a cultured audience will hold out against such a strain as this, the woes of amateurs will be ended. Their chief lament is that they never can get their companies to rehearsal. Anything, even a vestry election, is allowed to stand in the way of the stage manager's fixtures, and I have heard it said of the first London clubs that a "full rehearsal" is a synonym for the actual production! Billing Hall may therefore have a page in the Amateurs' Genest, if that classic ever gets beyond its embryonic stage. Lady Winifride Cary-Elwes played prettily and with a clever comedy manner in the second piece; Miss Cary-Elwes and Mr. Townshend Ward starting the ball merrily with the smart little trifle first named. But the best wine had been kept till the last, in defiance of old-world injunction, and Mr. Burnand's setting of the curious antique easily took the honours; Mr. Gervase, Mr. Dudley, and Capt. Windsor Cary-Elwes rattling through the farce like a three-headed Wyndham.

Faircrouch under the *régime* of Lieut. Colonel Dashwood and the Hon. Philip Petre might be mistaken for a fashionable theatre in the heart of London. No laxity, no confusion. A seat for everyone and everyone in his seat. And across the footlights the orderliness of a barrack and the discipline of the household brigade. If their programme were as novel as their methods, or as perfect, there would be nothing to do but to make a string of names and bracket them together, with "Immaculate" written beyond. But in every Eden there is a serpent. At least so I have been told by a friend, who had the information direct from a daughter of Eve; so I cannot doubt it. And at Faircrouch the evil one takes the form of a fatal taste for inversion. Given a bill of the play consisting of "Sunset" and "Poor Pillicoddy," the demon turns all their energies into the farcical groove and maliciously lures them to neglect the better work. A roaring farce—it being rightly considered impolite to scream in districts west of Whitechapel—will always make its way. Like the sea there is always a movement about it. You have only to abandon yourself to that and you will become as welcome an object of mirth as though it was the sea itself you were embarked on. But a dainty little play like "Sunset" has to be built up by the actors, with thought and fancy, and without these it becomes nothing more than a tenderly written prose poem. Mr. Jerome's humour can make its way in the face of the dullest acting; but pathos has always to be acted down. The audience will help the manufacture of the one. They will only look on and critically regard the progress of the other. Mrs. Dashwood and Miss Mary Bretherton were a pretty pair of heroines and acted in both plays with sincerity and point. Mr. Basil Ready was a real country bumpkin as Young Stodd, and Mr. Maberly and Miss Symonds gave character to the old people. The farce was admirably acted throughout, and the stage management of this was notably good. Faircrouch has only to scotch that snake and fling it over the garden wall, and there will be no Amateur Eden to compare with it.



Our Omnibus=Box.

Whatever may be the broad merits of the controversy once again raised between managers and critics, it is pretty clear that Mr. Charles Wyndham has been far from happy either in the time or the manner of reviving it. The storm provoked by his refusal to submit the performance of "Papa's Honeymoon" to critical judgment in the usual way may be said to have subsided though it is now abundantly obvious that it has not been forgotten. With regard to that occasion, it never seems to have been fully understood that the performance was for one occasion only, and that a *matinée*, and, therefore, that the general issue between critic and manager was not directly raised, or, if so, not in a way favourable to the demonstration of the critic's views. At all events, Mr. Wyndham might very well have allowed the matter to rest. Other productions have appeared at his theatre, and the press have been invited and have responded in the usual way, so that we might fairly have supposed that the quarrels of lovers had brought about the traditional renewing of love, and that the high combating powers had kissed and made it up. But, stirred to wrath by some biting remarks in the *New York Spirit of the Times*, Mr. Wyndham, *diabolo suadente*, must needs deliver his soul by means of a letter to the

editor of that journal, and it is with this document that Mr. Clement Scott deals in his trenchant letter to the *Era*.

It is no part of our duty to do more than express regret that Mr. Wyndham should have so far forgotten what was due both to himself and to Mr. Scott as to indulge in a puerile pun on the latter gentleman's christian name. A much more serious thing is his imputation of motive in ascribing an hysterical attitude on the part of a certain critic. It would be the merest affectation to feign ignorance of the identity of the critic referred to, or that the whole letter is aimed directly at Mr. Scott. Mr. Wyndham is the last man in the world who should raise the scarified dramatist's parrot cry about "motive." No man owes more of his good fortune to the press than does Mr. Wyndham, and until he left off trying to please the public because he thought he was big enough and could afford to cater for himself alone, no one was more ready, by constant courtesy, to acknowledge it. But a change has come over all that. Not content with holding unique rank as an exponent of the lightest of modern light comedy, he must seek to extend his range by taking the most astounding liberties with old English comedy, and treating it as though it were Bronson Howard or Burnand. Up to that time the press were as welcome as the day, as well they might be, since his histrionic abilities would have been of little worth but for the prolonged and continuous chorus of praise that went throughout the country, until it was considered scarcely the right thing to visit town without "seeing Wyndham." Directly, however, his irreverent vagaries receive a mild but well-deserved castigation at the hands of the critical press—and punishment was surely never administered more judiciously or tenderly—than he gives himself all the petulant airs of a spoiled child robbed of some portion of its expected admiration, writes a letter that enables his judges to shut him up like a concertina, in half-a-dozen quiet and caustic lines, and then takes the ill-advised step of practically excluding critics from his next production by granting them admission only on the unworthy and impossible condition that they should write nothing about the play or the performance. Where is the hysteria now? In the critics who gravely and impassively followed the even course of their duty to the public; or in the manager who will not acknowledge the obvious mistake in judgment he has made, but "rounds" on those who have told him of it with ill-concealed temper, screams about "motive," and finally says he won't play any more? His former outbreak might have been forgiven him, or even the latter, but for his declaration that he means to repeat the experiment at no distant date.

Without going as far as Mr. Scott, and bidding the manager wait upon his patrons hat in hand, it is perfectly obvious that managers get far greater benefit from the press than the press from the managers. The advertisement received by a newspaper from a criticism, even from an unfavourable one, which is sometimes the best advertisement of all, far outweighs the value of the half guinea seat which some managers regard as an overwhelming favour. It is not to be supposed for a moment that any reputable paper would object to paying for its critic's stall. That is not the question, or at least, it is only the most insignificant part of it. The prudent manager knows full well that the important fact of all is, not the price of the seat, but its convenience for the purpose of seeing and hearing what goes on upon the stage so as to be able to form the clearest possible impression. Hitherto the courtesy and goodwill existing in all but a few isolated, but notorious cases, between managers and the press have made it a pleasant thing to submit to the *simulacrum* of a favour involved in the acceptance of a commodious stall. Suppose for a moment, that the condition of affairs were changed, and that the critics paid for their seats and took their chance with the ordinary public. Such a state of things would preclude the existence of the present friendly relations, and it cannot, therefore, be assumed that the seats would be reserved by the management as a matter of course, or by any mutually arranged system. Just imagine what a scramble there would be. In some theatres where crowded audiences are not the rule, it might not matter so much. But, take the Lyceum, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket; though, that of course, involves the incredible supposition that Mr. Irving, Mr. Augustus Harris, or Mr. Beerbohm Tree had lost his senses for the time being. What a hurry and a scramble there would be and

what endless difficulties would arise ! The person who would suffer most would be the manager, because the system by which the success of his efforts is recorded for the benefit of the public and therefore of himself, is out of order and works imperfectly.

As to the right of an editor to determine what is news ready for the public, that is unquestionable. So also, if he is foolish enough to insist upon it, is that of the manager to refuse or withhold free seats and invitations to a first or any other representation however important. But, when he offers seats to the representatives of the press on condition that they shall omit to do their obvious duty, he is guilty of a simple impertinence. Of course, that is, assuming they ask for seats in their professional capacity. There can be no harm in inviting them as private friends, and intimating courteously that they are not expected to make use of the occasion for professional purposes.

After all, let us hope that Mr. Wyndham's little fit of spleen will soon pass over, and that in a calmer and more reasonable mood, he may reconsider and forget his determination to quarrel with his bread and butter in the way he threatens. He is too old a favourite, he has afforded us all too many delightful hours to allow us to dwell very harshly on these ebullitions of temper. Perhaps the best way is to treat him off the stage as we have treated him throughout the great part of his career—refuse to take him seriously. We like to think of his mercurial gaiety, his bright irresponsible frivolity that refuses to be bound by the shackles of sober-sided conventionality. Why complain of his behaving like a spoilt child ? He *is* one—the critics spoiled him first and the public followed suit. The first corrupters are reaping the reward of their indulgence. Possibly if anyone could be found to spoil him further, the public might suffer too. Perhaps they will—indeed, it is not by any means certain that they have not already done so. At any rate, his truest friends are those who tell him of his mistakes, and the best amends he can make is to acknowledge it, and so take one step towards the old pleasant and cordial relationship.

In any case, every credit must be given to Mr. Scott for his spirited and eloquent defence of the rights of journalists. Not his ability alone, but the weight of his authority enable him to speak with an unequalled right to be heard with respect on this subject. He has done more than any man living to raise the tone of the stage, the status of the actor, and the privileges of the critic. His pen has done unwearied service in the cause for many years, and although he may now speak nominally only as a journalist, his services to the public and the profession, to say nothing of his ripe experience and mature judgment, give his words a larger audience and a deeper significance than any that could attend the utterance of one who spoke as journalist alone.

Not often does a popular play enjoy the advantage of having a leading character played within a few weeks of each other by two such actresses as Miss Olga Brandon and Miss Winifred Emery. That, however, is the pleasant fate of "Judah," in which the latter lady is now playing Vashti Dethic for some remaining nights. To put Miss Emery in such a part after the class of work she has been doing of late would seem rather like risky experiment, had she not recently proved her extraordinary versatility by playing in such diametrically opposite leading parts as those in "Clarissa" and "Miss Tomboy." It is not too much to say that it would be impossible to find another actress on the English stage—unless we except Miss Ellen Terry, to whom Miss Emery was understudy and upon whom she has largely formed her style—who could have created those parts, not only so gratefully but even without offence. Her Vashti, as might be expected, differs largely from that of Miss Brandon. There is less of the mystic about her and, in proportion, more of the human. Her affection for Judah is that of a loving woman, and not the yearning of one scarcely yet awakened from a trance-like sleep. Miss Brandon's devotion partook of the mysterious, weird nature of the woman herself. Miss Emery throws off the mystic when she puts on the passionate creature, not too bright and good for human nature's daily food. In other words, Miss Brandon does not seem to touch the earth at all, and possesses a charm of her own in consequence, while

Miss Emery's intense humanity in the horror and self-scorn with which she realises (which Miss Brandon never does fully) the loathsome nature of her sin, compels sympathy of an entirely different kind. Both of them are magnificent impersonations, but each gives a different reading of the same character, and it is impossible to put a finger on one or the other and say, "this is the best." At all events, Miss Emery, who is among the very brightest of our young actresses, has given a further proof both of power and versatility.

Intelligence has been received from New York of the death of Mr. Dion Boucicault in that city, on Thursday, Sept. 18th, in his 70th year. He was born in Dublin, Dec. 26th, 1820, and his first and most brilliant comedy, "London Assurance," was produced at Covent Garden in 1841, with a very brilliant cast. Its success caused him to adopt his own name in future (for his first work he used the *nom-de-plum* of Lee Morton). He wrote many plays, amongst his best being "Old Heads and Young Hearts" (1844), "Janet Pride" (1855), "The Colleen Bawn" (1860), "The Octoroon" (1861), "Dot" (1862), "Streets of London" (1863), "After Dark" (1868), "The Shaughraun" (1875). Other famous plays from his pen were "The Flying Scud" (1866), and "Formosa" (1869). He first appeared in London as an actor in "The Vampire," a piece of his own, at the Princess's in June 1852. His best character was that of Myles-na-Coppaleen. He married Miss Agnes Robertson, a very charming actress, and leaves two of his sons, Dion and Aubrey, on the stage. For some years Mr. Boucicault's health had been failing, and he sank from pneumonia and weak action of the heart.

Miss May Whitty (the subject of one of our photographs) made her first appearance at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, during the autumn stock season of 1881, and played minor characters in pieces produced by Captain Bainbridge. In the spring of 1882 she joined the Comedy Theatre company to appear in the first pieces, and occasionally in the other plays. Miss Whitty migrated to the Hare and Kendal company at the St. James's in November, 1883, for minor *rôles* and for understudy, during which engagement she appeared as Graham in "A Scrap of Paper," Suzanne in "The Ironmaster" (April 17, 1884), and Mary in "A Case for Eviction" (Sept. 22, 1885). Feeling that she required to gain more experience in her profession Miss Whitty left the St. James's in January, 1886, and joined a company touring in the smaller towns, to play leading business in such characters as Lady Teazle, Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Harcastle, Lydia Languish, Anne Chute, Claire Ffolliott, &c., and in the March following, was engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham for a tour of "The Candidate" and "Naval Engagements." In August of the same year (1886), Miss Whitty joined Messrs. Gatti's company to play Dora Vane in "Harbour Lights" on tour, and filled the character at the Adelphi during Miss Millward's absence, and also played Ruth in "In the Ranks." The young actress also appeared as Nance and Jess in "Hoodman Blind" at Mr. Eliot Galer's Theatre, Leicester, and at Christmas, 1887, filled the title-*rôle* in "The Lady of the Lake" in Messrs. Howard and Wyndham's Theatre, the Lyceum, Edinburgh. An engagement with Mr. Lart at the Globe Theatre followed, and Miss Whitty next joined Mr. Richard Mansfield's Company to appear as Alicia in "Prince Karl," and subsequently went with it to the Globe, where she also played Miss Neville, Miss Harcastle, and Lady Sneerwell. On the production of "Our Flat" by Mr. Willie Edouin at the Opera Comique (June, 1889), Miss Whitty played Lucy, but when the play was transferred to the Strand Theatre (September, 1889), she assumed the leading part of Margery, which she has played remarkably well up to the present time. Miss Whitty is a bright, clever actress, possessing considerable charm and versatility of character in her profession.

Mr. Joseph Tapley (whose portrait appears this month) at quite an early age sang at the festivals and before the City companies. At the commencement of 1880 some friends of his, considering that he possessed a good tenor voice, introduced him to Sir Arthur (then Dr.) Sullivan, who was at that time the



Photographed by Downey, London.

Copyright.

MISS MAY WHITTY.

"One who meant well, tried a little, failed much."

"CHRISTMAS SERMON," ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1875-1876



Photographed by Burraud, London and Liverpool.

Copyright.

MR. JOSEPH TAPLEY.

Clown.—"Would you have a love song, or a song of good life?"

Sir Toby.—"A love song, a love song!"

Sir Andrew.—"Ay, ay; I care not for good life."

"TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT II, SCENE III.

Principal of the National Training School for Music. Sir Arthur approved of the lad's quality of voice, and as Mr. Tapley's friends were not in a position to pay for his tuition, Sir Arthur very kindly arranged for a scholarship for him, which the young singer retained till the close of the school two years later. Whilst there he studied singing under the late J. B. Welch, and obtained a knowledge of harmony, pianoforte, Italian musical history, etc., under various masters. In 1884 Mr. Tapley made his lyrical *débüt* as Amiens in "As You Like It" at the Coombe Wood open-air performances, given under the direction of Lady Archibald Campbell and the late E. W. Godwin. Mr. Tapley's maiden efforts were so satisfactory, that he was engaged to fill the same part in Messrs. Hare and Kendal's revival of the play at St. James's (January 24, 1885), and subsequently toured with an operetta company, and sang at most of the large halls in London and the provinces. Mr. Tapley first appeared in comic opera at the Comedy Theatre to create the part of Francis in Paulton and Jakobowski's "Mynheer Jan" (Feb. 14th, 1887), but the opera did not prove a success, so he joined the Avenue Company, and appeared in the revival of "Madame Favart" (April 18th 1887), as Hector de Boispreau. This eventuated in a long engagement, as Mr. Tapley remained at the Avenue till February, 1890. During this period he created the tenor parts of Gaston de la Roche Noire in "The Old Guard" (Oct. 26, 1887), Count Maximilien de Rosen in "Nadgy" (Nov. 7, 1888), Tristram in "Launcelot the Lovely" (April 22, 1889), Florival in "La Prima Donna" (Oct. 16, 1889), and also appeared as Alphonse in the revival of "La Rose d'Auvergne" (Dec. 24, 1889). Mr. Tapley transferred his valuable services to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to resume his original part of Wilfrid in "Marjorie" (originally produced at a *matinée* there) July 18, 1889, and placed in the evening bill, Jan. 18, 1890), and is now playing Philip de Bellegarde in "Captain Thérèse" (produced Aug. 25, 1890). Mr. Joseph Tapley possesses a sweet and sympathetic tenor voice, has steadily improved in his style of singing and expression and in his acting, and has become a great favourite with the public.

Mr. Davenport Adams writes :—"The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal would appear for the first time in Merivale and Simpson's 'All for Her' at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Friday, September 5, drew me, as by a magnet, to Cottonopolis on the day I have named. The occasion promised to be eminently interesting, and it proved to be so. I found the big theatre crowded in every part by an audience evidently prepared to be delighted. Manchester is one of the Kendals' strongholds; this, too, was Mrs. Kendal's 'benefit' night, and 'All for Her,' doubtless, had for many local play-goers the attraction of comparative novelty. It was played in the country by John Clayton in 1876, with a company which included Miss Annie Baldwin, Miss Lilian Cavalier, Mr. Arthur Elwood, and Mr. Henry Moxon. In the following year, Clayton took it out again, with Miss Louise Moodie as the Lady Marsden; and during that tour the rôle of Radford was performed at Glasgow by Mr. Macintosh, now a member of the Lyceum company. Still more recently 'All for Her' has been seen in the provinces with Mr. Fred Gould as the Hugh Trevor and Miss Stembridge in the leading female part.

"The cast of the piece as revived by the Kendals, and as played by them not only at Manchester, but at Liverpool and Birmingham, previous to taking it to America for their forthcoming tour, presented Mr. Kendal as Trevor, Mr. J. E. Dodson as Radford, Mr. Joseph Carne as Lord Edendale, Mr. A. M. Denison as Colonel Damer, Mr. Seymour Hicks as Crake (the innkeeper), Miss Nellie Campbell as Mary Rivers, and Mrs. Kendal as Lady Marsden. I was rather disappointed with the efforts of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Carne, the former of whom seemed to me to lack subtlety, while the latter wanted more distinction of bearing. Probably, however, both have since improved. Mr. Denison's Colonel and Mr. Hicks' innkeeper were excellent, and Miss Campbell's performance, if a little immature, was very bright and engaging. The chief part in the piece is, of course, that of Trevor, to whom Mr. Kendal assigned an agreeable manliness, humour, and pathos, being equally successful in the semi-drunken scenes, the serious scenes with Lady Marsden, and the closing passages previous to Trevor's fine act of self-sacrifice. The rôle is both long and difficult to play, and Mr. Kendal came out of the ordeal with much effect and very great credit.

"By comparison, Mrs. Kendal had little to do. Lady Marsden makes only two brief appearances in act i, and she is not much more prominent in the third. In the second, however, she more than once 'fills the stage.' On the first occasion she has to be bright and winning, on the second earnest and tender, on the third burningly indignant. In all these phases she was admirable, looking, the while, charming in her white wig and her gowns 'of the period.' The costumes, by the way, had all been designed by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, and great pains had been taken with the general *mise-en-scène*. The popular verdict was unanimously favourable, and a new career seems open to the interesting and effective play, despite its occasional old-fashioned turns of speech and action."

Apropos of the allusion to Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick, in Part V. of the "Bath Stage Annals," in which the actor is depicted leaning against a pedestal surmounted with a bust of Shakespeare, the artist, in a letter to his friend, described his ideas on painting the bard's features, and, in speaking of the well-known statuette, says "Shakespeare's bust is a silly smiling thing, and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture." Gainsborough, in this matter, was a perfect judge. What was said of the heroes before Agamemmon—"they had no poet, and they died"—is applicable to the features of the Poet himself—

"They had no painter, and they died."

It is undoubtedly true, that a rude likeness may be drawn by a dauber, and we can rely so far upon the dismal resemblance; but what can be done with it in a period where *art* is required to render pictures endurable? If we correct the drawing, we perhaps expunge some absolute peculiarity in the features. If we allow imagination to infer the Poet's personal character from his mental power, we are calling upon fancy to regulate fact, and every man will draw a Shakespeare for himself.

Too late for notice this month, we have "The Struggle for Life," the English version of *La Lutte pour la Vie*, by Robert Buchanan and Fred Horner, at the Avenue on the 24th September; and as coming events, "Carmen up to Data," at the Gaiety on October 4; "The Sixth Commandment," by Robert Buchanan, at the Shaftesbury, once more under Miss Wallis's own management, on October 8; and the Lyric will open, under Mr. Horace Sedger's management, with "La Cigale," on October 9. With the commencement of October, too, Mr. Beerbohm Tree returns to the Haymarket with his company to play "A Village Priest" again, and Mrs. John Wood to the Court with "The Prime Minister." "Nerves" is still the attraction at the Comedy, and "The Solicitor" appears to be in for a long run at Toole's Theatre. Mr. Edward Terry will re-open his own theatre almost immediately with Mr. Law's comedy, "Culprits," which has been approved by provincial audiences; and Mr. Pinero is also writing a fresh play for Mr. Terry. The Vaudeville is being improved and enlarged, and when the alterations are completed Mr. Thomas Thorne will return to it and re-open probably with a revival. The Globe is also to re-open some time during October, this time under Mr. George Paget's management, and with an opera, "The Black Rover," by Mr. Searelle, of the music of which report speaks highly. The opera is to be lavishly put on the stage. On Monday, September 15, Miss Cissy Grahame took possession of the Opera Comique as lessee and manageress, and transferred to it "The Judge," which was so successful at Terry's, and which has been considerably improved by a re-adjustment of the third act. Mr. Penley has "developed" his comic business and made it even more laughable than it was originally. Before opening at her new home, Miss Grahame had the theatre cleaned and renovated, fresh upholstery introduced, and the place made generally more pleasing to the eye. Miss Grahame must also be congratulated on the perfect taste displayed in the mounting of her pieces. "Little Jack Sheppard," the burlesque written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, was revived at the Standard on August 18. Miss Fanny Robina was bright and clever in the title *role*, and Mr. J. J. Dallas excellent as Blueskin.

The Novelty Theatre re-opened under its old name on August 30, under the direction of Mrs. J. F. Brian, and with a play by Brian McCullough, entitled,

"Light o' Day," of which there is no occasion further to speak, as it was reminiscent of several melodramas, and could lay claim to little originality or brilliancy of dialogue. The author acted with some skill and humour as Bartholomew Brown, and Miss Nelly Nelson was clever as Tiddy Dunn. "Cheap prices" and complimentary orders entailing the purchase of a 6d. programme were the ruling of the management.

In the revival of "The Middleman" at the Shaftesbury on September 6, Mr. E. W. Gardiner should not be forgotten for his genuine comedy as Jesse Pegg; Mrs. Willard was Mary, Miss Bessie Hutton, Nancy, Mr. C. Harbury, Joseph Chandler, Mr. C. Fulton, Captain Julian Chandler.

For the illustrations to "A Million of Money" we are indebted to the courtesy of the proprietor of the "Lady's Pictorial."

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from August 9, 1890 to September 20, 1890.

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

- Aug. 25 "Captain Thérèse," comic opera in three acts, written by MM. Alexandre Bisson and F. C. Burnand, composed by R. Planquette. Prince of Wales's.
- " 27 "The Deacon," original comedy sketch in two acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. *Matinée*. Shaftesbury.
- " 30 "Light o' Day," sensational comedy-drama, by Brian McCullough. Novelty.
- Sept. 1 "A Legend of Vandale," original comedietta, by A. E. Drinkwater Grand.
- " 6 "A Million of Money," military, sporting and spectacular drama, in five acts, by Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. T.R. Drury Lane.
- " 6° "The Middleman," play in three acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. Shaftesbury.
- " 11° "Truth," comedy, in three acts, by Bronson Howard. Criterion.
- " 15 "The Village Forge," drama in five acts, by George Conquest and Tom Craven. Surrey.
- " 15 "Joan of Arc," historical drama, in four acts, by G. W. Innes (first time in London). Sadler's Wells.
- " 20 "Ravenswood," play in four acts, by Herman Merivale. Lyceum.
- In the Provinces, from August 11, 1890, to September 18, 1890.
- Aug. 18 "Capital and Labour," drama, in four acts. Victoria Opera House, Burnley.
- " 25 "Liberty," original sensational melodrama, in a prologue and four acts, by C. A. Clarke. Morton's Grand Hall, Bromley.
- " 28 "New York Politics," farcical comedy, by James Aikin (for copyright purposes). T.R. Brentford.
- " 29 "Culprits," farcical play, in three acts, by Arthur Law. Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool.
- " 29 "An Engagement," original duologue, by B. C. Stephenson. T.R. Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Sept. 1 "Niobe," original farcical comedy, in three acts, by Harry and Edward A. Paulton. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.
- " 5 "Time is Money," one act comedietta, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
- " 6 "For Better for Worse," original society melodrama, in four acts, by Miss M. E. Braddon. (For copyright purposes). West Cliff Saloon Theatre, Whitby.
- " 8 "The Unionist," one act piece, by E. R. Cleaton. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.
- " 12 "His Son-in-Law," farcical sketch, by W. G. Watson and Alfred Rodman. Herne Bay.

- „ 13 "Modern Ireland," Irish drama in five acts, by R. F. Sager. Public Hall, Bacup.
„ 17 "What Women Will Do," comedy-drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Jerome K. Jerome. T.R., Birmingham.
„ 18 "It Was A Dream," one act comedy-drama, by X. L. Prince of Wales's, Birmingham.

In Paris from August 15, 1890, to September 16, 1890.

- Sep. 1 "Le Pompier de Justine," farcical comedy, in three acts, by MM. Valabrégué and Davril. Folies Dramatiques.
„ 10 "Le Secret de Gilberte," play in five acts, by Theodore Massiac. Odéon.
„ 16^a "Le Duc Job," four act comedy by Léon Laya Français.



THE THEATRE.

Critics' Gallicisms.

BY G. W. DANCY.



R. E. A. Morton has recently revived an old difficulty by writing pathetically to the *Daily News* protesting against the use of the detestable word "curtain-raiser," which has passed into the currency of late, and is now written, without even the saving grace of inverted commas, as a translation of the French term *lever de rideau*. Mr. Morton's cry is one appealing to the heart of every critic who conscientiously does his best to preserve the purity of the language he writes. At first sight, it looks like a standing reproach to English journalists that they should have to fall back so frequently on French terms to express ideas perfectly familiar to English minds, but a careful consideration of the comparatively small number of such phrases will show that this is not the case to any humiliating extent.

Of course, the first excuse is that French is the language of the stage (Mr. Morton makes use of the plea) just as English is the language of sport, especially the turf, and Italian the language of opera and of music generally. That is only partially true, for while English turf talk is borrowed bodily, slang and all, by the French, and Italian is still almost exclusively the language of music and the ballet, French theatrical terms are far fewer in number and far less universally used by us than either English sporting jargon in France or Italian musical words in England. In addition to this, we have a large vocabulary of words to represent the common objects and mechanism of the stage wherein no foreign element is apparent, save, of course, in the derivative sense which affects the whole of the English tongue. The French words left are principally those which do not present any easily discovered or tolerably elegant equivalents in English, and it may be as well to run through some of them again with a view of considering how far they are now capable of naturalisation in their present form, and whether some of them cannot be fairly translated so as to retain their full meaning without a too hideous result.

I will start with three phrases, indicated by Mr. Morton. *Mise-en-scène*, as he truly says, is more than scenery, and *entr'acte* is less indefinite than interval, while for *ensemble* "linguistic jugglery can devise no synonym." With regard to *mise-en-scène*, Mr. William Archer, in an able article on the same subject written some years ago, raises the difficulty that if you represent the Gallicism by an Americanism and speak of "staging," you are still in the difficulty that you cannot substitute a cognate word for *metteur-en-scène*. "Putting on" is, perhaps, the nearest possible translation. But neither "staging" nor "mounting" is quite so comprehensive, and as it is the shortest and neatest way at present known of expressing the idea, I am afraid we must make the best of a bad job and retain it. So with *entr'acte* and *ensemble*. To Anglicise either of them directly would be a barbarism, and no English equivalent has yet been found for them from the time Theodore Hook made fun of the latter to the present day.

Then comes *succès d'estime*. Mr. Archer considers that it should be simply rendered "success of esteem"; *succès de scandale*, a phrase not frequently used, though unfortunately the thing is still existent, being represented by "success of scandal." This not only sounds to me exceedingly uncouth; but moreover fails to convey a sufficiently accurate meaning, even though I am not prepared to accept Mr. John Coleman's definition, "a success which enables the artist to air his reputation at the expense of the manager's pocket." *Pièce de circonstance* is another absolutely untranslatable phrase. In three easily intelligible words it conveys a definite idea which, if done into English, would render it necessary to walk round and round the mulberry bush, after which we should probably find that the precise shade of meaning had vanished. I was nearly using then an abomination, *nuance*, absolutely unjustifiable, inasmuch as "shade" represents it—well, to a shade. *Opera-bouffe*, again, is *opera-bouffe* and not comic opera, and there is no English term that will represent the French article. *Claque* is also a French commodity and may well be left to retain its French name. *Coup de théâtre*, on the other hand, is as well known here as on the other side of the Channel, but the ordinary means of translation utterly fail us here. "Stage stroke" has far too ludicrous a resemblance to "stage struck" to allow of such an alteration. *Coup de théâtre* must, then, stand. *Coulisses*, a term which has lately become familiar to English readers, in a political sense, may pretty generally be rendered "behind the scenes," but many occasions will arise when such a phrase must become awkward, if not impossible, and it will be necessary to use the shorter and neater Gallicism.

Ficelle, I should certainly object to, as translatable into "stage-trick" or "dodge." *Abandon*, *verve*, and *élan*, all three words used elsewhere than in connection with the theatre, and therefore in no wise to be considered technical terms, are yet not to be rendered with a satisfactory amount of exactitude by "dash," "go," or "energy," but care should be observed not to use either of these without real necessity. *Repertoire* becomes a miserable affectation with a whole-

some word like repertory to fall back on; *tragedienne*, *comédienne*, *artiste* are surely unnecessary when we can write tragedian, comedian, and artist. *Queue* was naturalised amongst us generations ago as an article of head-gear. In its theatrical meaning, it is thoroughly well understood and takes the place of no native word. Why, therefore, should it not stand? *Soubrette* also has been so long with us as to have a claim on our permanent hospitality. Abigail however, an old-fashioned word, may be considered a fairly efficient substitute. Another word occurs to me, not French, this time, but Italian—*scenariò*. A translation of this might be attempted. "Sketch" or "sketch plan" might cover it, but then some word would have to be added to give it a theatrical character, and the result becomes clumsy at once. What English word can we find to take the place of *ingénue*? There is the creature herself upon the stage. She occupies a well recognised position. Her parts are frequently of the highest importance and sometimes whole plays are written round her. What will you call her and her congeners? *Ingénue* is an awkward word both to English ears and English lips, but at present it seems the best we can do. Then there is that charming creature the *jeune premier*. "Juvenile lead" may be, as Mr. Archer objects, too technical to suit some tastes, but after all *jeune premier* is every whit as technical, the only difference being that the inelegance is draped in a foreign tongue, the very evil we are trying to avoid. *Première* again can always be rendered by "first night" or first representation.

Dénouement is another word of doubtful propriety. "Unravelling" and "untying" form excellent synonyms, and the writer's meaning can generally be conveyed by some such word as "end" or "conclusion." "Catastrophe," a word rather diffidently suggested by Mr. Archer would, I am afraid in the majority of cases convey a false, though absolutely unwarrantable, impression. Of *rôle* it may be said that "part" and "character" fill its place to admiration; but then we have to deal with the hybrid thing "title-rôle." *Nom-rôle* is sometimes used, but whether from prejudice or custom I do not know, "title part" and "name part" grate harshly on my ear. I will wind up with *entrepreneur* and *impresario*, words for which I must confess I have a preference over "manager" and "agent," though the foreign terms are generally used rather in connection with opera than the drama.

But stay; I must not forget our venerable friends *matinée* and *soirée*, though I fancy that they will both be generally recognised and adopted on the ground of long and faithful service. "Morning performance" will, of course, cover *matinée*, but what will take the place of *soirée*? It is seldom used, too, with regard to theatrical matters, pertaining rather to music and society. The gravest objection to it in my eyes is that now, as in the days of Mr. John Smaucker, it is so generally pronounced "swarry" boldly and shamelessly by people who ought to know better.

This brings me to the matter of pronunciation. This is and

always must be, as in the case of foreign words in general use, largely, if not entirely, a matter of fashionable caprice. The spread of education will operate, I am inclined to think, against any danger of savage mutilation in that way, and, in the long run, the all-conquering spirit of compromise will rule. Still, although I do not for a moment advocate that the mere acceptance of a word into general use should suffice to justify its disguise, possibly a cacophonous and unrecognisable one under our own pronunciation, there are one or two words that will present difficulties to our stubborn English tongues. *Soirée* I absolutely despair of; "swarry" it has been and is, "swarry" I am convinced it will be to the end of the chapter. *Ingénue*, with all words requiring the French nasal intonation, proves awkward to many now, but probably will not for long, and at the worst its bold anglicisation would not be very dreadful. But as I have said, fashion and compromise will work their will, and it is quite impossible to prophesy what the result will be.

After all, the number of foreign terms which have crept into dramatic criticism and nestled there is creditably small. Compared with the systematically alien technology of the sciences and the learned professions, the foreign phrases which are technical terms in fact form an absolutely diminutive element in the language of the drama. I think I have said enough to show that most of them produce something like a title to permanent retention. At the same time, there is an irritating and unworthy tendency on the part of some writers to give way to the temptation besetting the slovenly and poor of expression to drag in French phrases obviously capable of easy transmutation into the native vernacular; but this, I am happy to notice, is less frequent than it used to be. With regard to the instances I have given, there is another thing to be said. Now-a-days a smattering of French is so common, that the moderate and discreet use of these terms is not likely to puzzle anyone with the most modest education, and may, therefore, be free from the detestable affectation which too often formed the motive for interlarding sentences with intrusive and offensive Gallicisms. This I say, of course, absolutely without prejudice to the necessity of keeping our extremely composite language as free from corruption and foreign invasion as possible, though it may be usefully remembered in this connection that the pedantry of purity may become not less obnoxious than polyglot priggishness, and that the earnest writer, like Molière, will take his goods where he finds them, and justify his theft by the use he makes of it. His duty is to express his thought, and if his own language will not provide him with an apt instrument, let him go to another for it, and so enrich his own; but let him be sure of the poverty of his native tongue before disgracing it by going a-begging for it.

One reform I would earnestly advocate, in common, I think, with most men possessing a practical knowledge of the subject. It is the abolition of the absurd law which puts all foreign words into italics. In the old days when sporting writers found it necessary to

emphasise their puns in the same way, there may have been a reason for it. There is none to-day. If anyone thinks it an unimportant matter with regard to the appearance of printed matter, let him take a page of this article and place it side by side with any other page in the magazine and mark the difference—how broken and irregular is the one and how smooth and comely the other. Quotation marks, too, if not quite so unsightly, are equally unnecessary to indicate imported words. A consideration of some practical weight is the deeply rooted hatred in which italics are held by compositors on account of the awkwardness of setting them, and also it must be added, for your good compositor is also a bit of an artist, because of their untidy appearance when printed.

Indeed, I am sometimes inclined to believe that the conspicuous nature of their foreign garb sometimes leads to an exaggerated idea of the numerical strength of these friendly aliens. Those which are well known to us have done their work well on the whole. There is little danger that their really insignificant numbers will be increased. Admit them as they stand to our philological family circle and arrange them in native fashion. Protect them from abuse, and I do not fear that our language will be seriously injured thereby.



Poor Yorick !

By ARTHUR A. WOOD.



OF the many episodes that Shakespeare introduced in his plays, to elucidate the nicer shades of character in his personages, there is not one, perhaps, more subtle and pregnant than the incident of the jester's skull in the churchyard scene in Hamlet. That strong dramatic instinct of contrast, which no writer has in so marked a degree, that brings together, quite naturally and in due sequence, the real and the assumed madness of Lear and Edgar, or the passionate daring of Cassius and the steady bravery of Brutus, is never more forcibly indicated than in the colloquy between the speculative and visionary Prince of Denmark, and the matter-of-fact

and unsentimental Gravedigger, when the solemn mystery of death is illustrated and emphasised by the mouldering skull of the dead buffoon. Perhaps to most observant readers and spectators one or two pertinent questions in connection with this scene have presented themselves, as, How did the poor jester die, that at the end of twenty years, the period named by the Gravedigger, his skull was found with only a few bones, and which bones, as there were two skulls unearthed, might have belonged to the other? And by what marks could the Gravedigger know the difference between these two skulls? And was it the ordinary end of the jester's miserable vocation, for his body after death, or at least his bones, to be tumbled along with others equally disregarded into a hole, without any outward signs to mark their last resting-place, and liable to be disturbed by the first uncouth fellow, who, having "no soul for his business," selected a spot, the most convenient to himself, for the interment of a more important personage. It may be "considering too closely" to go into such matters, but it would be interesting to know how these poor mummies were treated when age or infirmity overtook them, and they could no longer set the table in a roar. There are instances on record of Royalty having left those, whose brilliancy illumined the grossness of their patrons' lives, to suffer in poverty and die in obscurity; or of priestly intolerance, that denied the simple dignity of Christian burial to the satirist, whose genius it was powerless to fetter or destroy. Perhaps the jester was treated in a somewhat similar way, and poor Yorick was thrown unconfined into his rude grave, as other lumber or rubbish is stowed away out of sight. It is not very difficult to believe such to have been the case, when bearing in mind that in so little regard were these jesters held while living, that any excess of buffoonery, or too great a freedom of speech, was occasionally corrected by a whipping. With the experience of such a life, and the probability of such an end to it, we may comprehend the wit and wisdom of Touchstone, a man of the world and a philosopher, when he elected to become the husband of a simple country wench, and to settle down into respectable dullness in the vicinity of Arden.

These jesters or "clowns" as they are sometimes, and not always properly, called, seem to have been of two kinds; the intentionally witty fellow and humourist, who could sing a good song, and divert by his mimicry—the Jester, in point of fact—and the half-witted Droll, whose amusing blunders and whimsical nonsense were encouraged by his patron, or restrained within due bounds by a stroke of the rod or a cuff on the ear. This was, more properly speaking, the Fool. Shakespeare has given us this character in his "King Lear." He utters bitter things, but they seem to be blurted out at random, and as if he himself were not quite conscious of their ull meaning, recalling the story, which I daresay most of us remember, of a minister of the Kirk, who having on one occasion preached all his congregation to sleep, excepting an imbecile, whom he recognised as a resident of the place, indignantly exclaimed, "An' ye're

a' asleep but daft Jamie the idiot ! " when the other replied, " Eeh meenister ! an' gin daft Jamie had no been an idiot he'd ha' been asleep tae ! "

Other of our older dramatists have introduced the professional jester and the fool into their plays ; but Shakespeare appears to be the only one who has given much prominence to the character. In all probability he had a personal acquaintance with some of them, and may have taken a hint from what he heard or saw. Tarleton, who was famous in his day, was the court jester of Elizabeth ; and of Will Somers, her royal father's favourite, Shakespeare might have heard much, though he might never have seen him. Very likely much of their drollery was traditional rather than original. Certain antics or witticisms which Will Somers found irresistible, would be considered indispensable by his successors ; and, perhaps, as a rule, it is safer for recognised buffoons to rely on the "gags" and the humours of their forefathers, than to venture on the quicksands of professional originality.

We are apt to consider the jester as one of the members of a royal or noble household, as the huntsman or falconer would be, and probably further back in our history such would be the case, as suggested by the "Wamba" in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe ;" but it is also probable when the drama in England began to take a definite form, that the "merry-man," or, as he is still called in some remote part of our provinces, the "pickle," attached to one of the very primitive strolling companies (those unfortunate dramatic artists, who were occasionally haled up before a justice of the peace and set in the stocks as rogues and vagabonds), would be retained for some special occasion such as a wedding-festival, or the visit of some great or royal personage, who might look for more entertainment than the ordinary resources of his host could supply. In still more recent days, recognised wags and admitted jesters have occasionally found their way to the tables of the titled or wealthy, in order that they may make a little mirth.

The last court jester of whom we have any account¹ was one Muckle-John. His predecessor was Archie Armstrong in the time of Charles I. This Archie fell into disgrace by a sarcasm on Archbishop Laud, and was condemned to have "his coat pulled over his ears," a punishment as degrading, I suppose, as unfrocking a clergyman. It seems the Archbishop, who was a person of short stature, was dining with the King, and Archie was desired by his Majesty to say grace, which he did in this fashion : "Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

In the days of the Commonwealth that followed, the jester and his first cousin, the player, must have had hard times. Naturally enough, the Puritanical party would have been averse to anything like mimetic sport or jesting, for a generous sympathy with mirth in even its most simple form, seems strangely incompatible with the profession of exceptional piety ; and the Trinculos and Festes of the period might have got much comic capital out of its tones and

phrases. It is just possible that a somewhat keener sense of the ridiculous would be of advantage to certain of our most notable exemplars of religious fervour, who love to pray standing at the corners of the streets where they may be seen of men.

Though the restoration of the Stuarts was also that of the drama in England, and that too in the grossest form our country has known—only a natural re-acting, probably, of the severe Puritan dynasty—we do not hear of any recognised court jester. In the court of His Majesty King Charles the Second (“*Dei gr : Def : Fid : &c.*”) a professed joker or buffoon might have been considered a superfluity ; and though as late as 1728 the Earl of Suffolk’s establishment included one, as we learn from Dean Swift’s epitaph on Dicky Pearce (not a very great effort, by the way, when we consider the writer and his materials to work on), the race became virtually extinct with Muckle-John.

Though Douce in his dissertation on the clowns and jesters of Shakespeare asserts that the private or court jester sprung from the “Vice” of the old miracle plays of a previous age, the character had existed ages before that time. An indiscreet jester in the reign of Tiberius, who had not learnt how to time his jokes or against whom to make them, met, as we are told, some persons in the streets of Rome carrying a dead body, and placing his ear to the lips of the corpse, pretended he had received a message from the other world rebuking the Emperor for his delay in the performance of certain promises he had made ; but the unfortunate wag paid dearly for his grim joke, as he was put to death by the Imperial order. We may be thankful we live in easier times, or the ranks of our paragraph writers and caricaturists might be thinned somewhat.

Josephus in his History also mentions one Trypho, a king’s jester, about 180 B.C., who was “appointed for jokes and laughter at festivals.” But Douce, who would no doubt be well acquainted with these and many other instances of the antiquity of the office, refers probably to the English jester only. It may be, then, that one of these proving a diverting fellow in his performance, was selected by a royal or noble personage to promote the hilarity of, what was very likely, rather a dull assemblage at home.

It was the duty of this character, called in the miracle plays the “Vice,” to contend with and put to flight the Prince of Darkness : and for this purpose he was armed with a light bat, or sword of lath, and not uncommonly was represented as a clown or rustic fellow. This wooden sword is clearly the forerunner of Harlequin’s magic bat, by means of which he belabours or mystifies the clown : for the latter grotesque character, in spite of the changes introduced by Grimaldi in the representation, is the lineal descendant of the Evil Spirit of the old Moralities. When the jester’s became a recognised vocation, we have the “Vice’s” sword transformed into the “Fool’s” stick with the inflated bladder, and more recently into the jester’s bauble. Shakespeare makes frequent allusion in his plays to this character of “Vice.” Hamlet, when indignantly

describing his uncle the usurper, calls him "a vice of kings;" and Falstaff threatens to beat Prince Hal out of his kingdom "with a dagger of lath." No doubt the jester of those days was sometimes an awkward or simple kind of fellow, or found it convenient to assume that character; and thus the term "clown" was used indifferently in Shakespeare's day either in its original meaning of an uncouth and clumsy rustic, or to signify a professed buffoon who probably assumed the manners and speech of such. We find in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" the character spoken of by Curio as "Feste the Jester," is set down in the *dramatis personæ* simply as "Clown," and is so ordinarily distinguished throughout the play. Yet he is anything but what that title would imply; while in some of the earlier editions of Hamlet, the stage-direction for the Grave-diggers is "Enter two clowns." The term was a convenient one, and was used indiscriminately for the actual character or the assumption of it. Even Touchstone, who is still less a clown than his affinity, the "corruptor of words" in Twelfth Night, is so described in the *dramatis personæ* of "As You Like It," although in his brief scene with the rustic William (the low comedy or "clown" proper of the play), he gives his opinion of the class pretty freely. Shakespeare seems to have been content to include several of his broad comedy characters under that comprehensive title, and did not, apparently, give himself much trouble to find appropriate names.

Thus, we have so designated the "satirical rogue" and boon companion of the two roystering knights in Twelfth Night, and the simple gull, who falls an easy victim to Autolycus in "A Winter's Tale," though no two comic personages could be more distinct. I shall continue this subject in the next issue of THE THEATRE if the Editors will permit me.



Stage Realities.

By W. H. HUDSON.



IN his *Noctes Atticæ* Aulus Gillius tells a singular story of a famous Greek actor named Polus. Playing on one occasion the title-*rôle* in Sophocles' tragedy, "Electra," he was seen to burst into broken sobs over the urn which was supposed to enshrine the remains of Orestes, whom Electra believes to be dead. The vast Athenian assembly was moved to a man by the actor's tears, but few present guessed their terrible significance. The urn, in fact, contained the ashes of the tragedian's only son.

The incident has been not without its counterparts in the history of the modern stage. Mrs. Siddons, as Lady Constance, wept motherly tears over her own boy, and Macready has described how the recent loss of his daughter gave poignancy to his emotion as Virginius. These stories, and others that might be added, show us indeed how, Diderot and his followers notwithstanding, the world of reality will sometimes invade the world of fiction, and the actor's feelings be heightened and coloured by the feelings of the man. Perhaps it is impossible for an outsider ever to realize how often genuine tears have been shed upon the stage—not the tears of Quin in "Coriolanus," or Mrs. Porter as Isabella, or Talma in "Simais, fils de Tamerlane," in which cases the performers were admittedly influenced only by the dramatic force of the situation, but the tears of those who have seen in the parts entrusted to them the faint reflections of individual griefs.

Not in this way alone, however, have fact and fiction been seen to overlap. The old Roman love of unrelieved realism (which, it may be suggested, was probably a main cause of the inability of that people to succeed in the higher regions of dramatic art), prompted them occasionally to introduce into their stage performances the actual exhibition of an occurrence in place of the mere imitation thereof. Thus we read that once, at least, the death of Hercules in "Hercules Fureus," was represented by the burning upon the stage of a criminal who had been lying under sentence of death, and who was thus made at once to satisfy the requirements of the outraged law, and to minister to the inhuman pleasure of the Roman populace. The revolting brutality of such an incident of course very properly blinds us to its artistic implications; but it may be pointed out that, viewed on its æsthetic side alone, it reveals no

greater misconception of the first principals of dramatic effect than is to be found in many modern developments of the realistic craze.

But apart altogether from such designed occurrences, stage history furnishes us with many cases in which death, with a strange and striking appropriateness, has stepped in to close the mimic scene. In France, the performer of the part of Judas in an old mystery-play, getting his neck entangled in a rope, was actually hanged before the spectators. Similarly, in a Passion Play performed in Sweden in 1513, one of the actors was so carried away by religious or dramatic excitement that he actually plunged his spear into the side of the person representing the Saviour, killing him on the spot. Every reader of Molière will recollect how, playing the part of the pretended invalid in his own *Malade Imaginaire*, the great dramatist was struck down by the real illness which so soon proved fatal. Coincidences even more singular than this are upon record. An actor of the name of Patterson, for example, was once appearing as the Duke in "Measure for Measure"—a rôle in which, it will be remembered, occurs the following lines :—

"Reason thus with life :—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep."

and scarcely had he uttered the words before he fell back into the arms of a brother-actor, dead. Another performer, named Palmer, expired during the representation of "The Stranger," with the significant words—

"O God, O God !
There is another and a better world,"

still upon his lips.

Perhaps among all recorded cases of designed stage realism none is more singular in its way than that mentioned in connection with a benefit performance which was given on behalf of Dr. Clancy. No one knows anything about Dr. Clancy now-a-days, but in his own times he enjoyed a certain reputation as the author of one or two plays. His benefit took place at Drury Lane, on April 2, 1744, and the play chosen for the occasion was "Œdipus," Dr. Clancy, who was himself blind, performing the part of Tiresias, the blind prophet. The bill of the play, headed with the pathetic line from Milton, "The day returns, but not to me returns," expressed the hope that the "novelty" of the performance, as well as the "unhappiness" of the doctor's case, would "engage the favour and protection of the British audience"; and it is certain that, from one cause or the other, the house was well filled. But it nevertheless seems to us that the representation must have been of a particularly painful and distressing character.

But though we have hitherto only referred to their pathetic or tragic aspects, stage realities have also their humorous side. It is said, for instance, that when a piece called the "Battle of Waterloo"

was first produced upon the English stage, the violence of national prejudices suddenly broke out in a somewhat curious way. As the play originally stood, a number of French soldiers had, in a particular battle scene, to drive their English enemies in confusion across the stage. This was well enough for a performance or two, but patience and endurance have their limits, and the English supers at length grew weary of having, night after night, to suffer ignominious defeat amid the cat-calls of the gallery and pit. One evening their patriotism proved too much for them. Instead of retreating at the proper cue, as dutiful "supers" ought to have done, they turned upon the "Johnny Crapauds" with all the hearty pugnacity of genuine Englishmen, and, much to the amusement of the house, and equally to the dismay of the management, drove them triumphantly from the scene.

It must have struck most spectators that the exigencies of dramatic performance often present extremely tempting opportunities for the exhibition of personal prejudices or spite. A dangerously suggestive situation in Lee's "*Rival Queens*" has been thus twice turned by distinguished actresses to meanly personal account. It happens that in a famous scene between the two heroines, Roxana and Statira, the former has to stab the latter with a dagger. Once in the hands of Mrs. Barry, and later in those of Peg Woffington, the dagger was aimed at the breast of the fair rival with a vigour which originated, not in the anger of the queen, but in the irritation of the actress. In much the same manner an incident in a play was once used by some "supers" for the punishment of a leading actor by whom they considered that they had been treated with scant respect. The actor, as an honest sailor, had to rescue a fair lady from the clutches of a band of pirates—in other words, from the offended "supers." But instead of accepting the rescue after a brief and heartless resistance, as the exigencies of the play required, the pirates fell in earnest upon the unfortunate sailor, and after bearing him by main force from the stage, returned, and, to the unspeakable astonishment of the audience, made the damsel secure in their own secluded cave.

It is notorious enough that when an actor gets well-warmed up to his work, the faint line between jest and earnest is apt to be overstepped. Edwin Forrest, the great American tragedian, was, in particular, noted for his "powerful" acting, and was somewhat inclined, when the opportunity served, to perform with a vigour which made it rather unpleasantly hot for those who had to play to him. On one occasion, while rehearsing a Roman play, he upbraided the "supers"—with whom he had to engage in a hand-to-hand struggle—for the lukewarmness of their attack. One of the band forthwith enquired if Forrest wished to make "a bully-fight of it," and Forrest said "Yes." And a "bully-fight" of it they certainly made. That night the mimic battle was indeed turned for once into a thorough-going game of fisticuffs. The Roman minions struck out like men who meant business; the hero answered with well-timed blow on blow. At length one super was knocked head


over heels, four retired to have their wounds dressed, and the others took to flight; and thus the Roman warrior was left breathless indeed from his exertions, but still the undisputed master of the field.

It may fairly be supposed that for once Forrest had as much realism as he desired, unless, indeed, he belonged to that class of men who never have enough of anything; like the manager, who, having fined a "super" for not making up black enough as a negro, afterwards discovered that it was upon a real negro that he had expended the vials of his wrath.



Curiosities of Theatrical Advertising.

Dedicated to Stage Managers.

 COMEDY," said H. J. Byron, "is like a cigar. If it's good, everyone wants a box; if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw." This aphorism contains a deal of truth, and the principle of it is, no doubt, the reason why some managers omit to keep their plays well advertised; and it must have been these self-sufficient men that gave existence to the proverb flatteringly cherished among themselves—"Good wine needs no bush." However, in spite of this axiom, there are numerous instances where a play, formerly a failure, has been turned into a success by adroit advertising; therefore, we cite the valuable advice contained in the following verses:—

"Go forth in haste
With bills and paste,
Proclaim to all creation
That men are wise
Who advertise
In this our generation."

The three main modes of attracting the public eye are journalistic, pictorial, and hand-bill advertisements, and the latter are often paraded and distributed in the west-end of London by means of

the humble sandwich-man, who was the subject of an amusing sketch in *Punch* some time ago. He was boarded between an advertisement of J. L. Toole, in the farce of "*Ici on Parle Française.*" "Ha! *Un interprète ambulant. Quelle bonne idée!*" exclaims a stranger from Paris who meets him in the street, and who wishes to know the way to the South Kensington Museum. "*Pardon, Monsieur Tôle,*" this gentleman says, "*mais par où-faut il prendre, s'il vous plait, pour arriver au Musée de Soutte Quinzingueton?*"

"The world," says a contemporary writer, "knows little of the wounds it inflicts on the peripatetic sandwich-man; and he conceals his embitterment under a placid condition of mental reservation, unrippled by the faintest indication of any disturbance. He is silent and cogitative, like a philosopher. Nothing is left to his discretion." The one thing required of him when between the boards is constant motion, and if he keeps on the move he fulfils his unenviable duty to his employer's satisfaction. A famous comedian was walking down the Strand a few years ago with a friend, when he came upon a long string of melancholy-looking sandwich-men with ridiculous caps, such as acting-managers very unkindly oblige these serfs to carry nowadays, though when thus arrayed they are paid threepence per day extra. "I pity those poor beggars," the friend said, "dressed up like that, and condemned to trudge the street for eighteen-pence." "Eighteen-pence and their board!" the actor retorted, with a sad smile.

A good deal might be said about pictorial advertisements, one of the largest of which was produced for the Adelphi drama, "*The Harbour Lights.*" It measured twenty feet by fourteen, and represented fifty-six double-crown sheets. It was printed in twenty-eight parts, and in five colours. One hundred and forty stones were used, one for each colour, twenty-eight times. Each stone cost £5, and weighed seven hundredweight. This huge poster cost something like £600 a thousand. Threepence a sheet was the charge for posting the bill, so that each time it was displayed it cost fourteen shillings, and if fifty copies were posted, which is about the number used in a town like Manchester, Birmingham, or Glasgow, the outlay was £35. This is the cost of one bill, and only intended to last a week or two, so our readers can conceive the amount of capital required to take a well-billed play on tour. Nearly £20,000 was spent on pictorial advertisements for "*The Silver King,*" and almost as much for "*The Lights o' London.*" The most amusing, and oftentimes the most striking of the sandwich-man's bills, are placed before the public by Willie Edouin, to advertise his successful Strand farces.

In America, when a manager wishes to make what he would call a "splurge," he supercedes the sandwich man or compliments him by a waggon with various devices erected upon it. When "*Pinafore*" was being played at New York, a full-rigged frigate, at least eight feet long, was carted through the principle avenues of traffic as a counterfeit presentment of that famous vessel; when "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" was revived at the Grand Opera House in the same city, a

large truck was seen in the streets with a little log hut built upon it, and out of the window an old negro with white hair was peering ; when the Madoc war was dramatized at the Old Bowery Theatre, a detachment of real Indians, with the genuine brogue of Killarney, were displayed in Broadway on fine afternoons. It does not say much for American theatrical combinations that the managers of one of them ostentatiously proclaim : " We pay our salaries regularly every Tuesday ; by so doing, we avoid lawsuits, are not compelled to constantly change our people, and always carry our watches in our pockets."

Many actors have provided amusing advertisements for their own benefit nights which have been the means of obtaining a full house, owing, probably, more to the wit and ingenuity displayed in the wording of them than to their abilities and talents as players.

The following letter from John Liston appeared in the newspapers in June, 1817, on the approach of his benefit :—

" *Mr. Liston to the Editor.*—SIR,—My benefit takes place this evening at Covent Garden Theatre, and I doubt not will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform *Fogran* in "The Slave," and *Leporello* in "The Libertine ;" and in the delineation of those arduous characters I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses and elegance in my manners. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause their most decided approbation. When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the *loveliness of my person* and *fascination of my face*, which are only equalled by the amiability of my professional character, having never pinched my children, nor kicked my wife out of bed, there is no doubt but this *Puff* will not be inserted in vain.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, J LISTON."

Kemble and Lewis chancing to be at Dublin at the same time, were both engaged by the manager for one night's performance in "Leon" and "The Copper Captain." Their announcement was coupled with the following delectable passage, which is a good sample of Irish puffing :—"They never performed together in the same piece, and in all *human probability*, they never will again ; this evening is the *summit* of the manager's *climax*. He has constantly gone higher and higher in his endeavours to delight the public ; beyond this, it is not in *nature* to go."

A member of the Company at Callenbach's Theatre, Berlin, was to have a benefit night, and the question was how to get together a large audience. Accordingly, some days before there appeared in the papers an advertisement to the following effect :—

A GENTLEMAN, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of 15,000 thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. Apply to.—

Hundreds of letters poured in, in reply to the advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day, each person who had sent a reply received the following note :—"The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going

to Callenbach's Theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in Box No. I." Of course the theatre was crammed. All the best paying places in the house were filled early in the evening by a motley male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the Royal Opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of Box No. I, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece when she should appear in company with her uncle. But uncles are proverbially "wicked old men," and in the present case neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre has not had such an audience for years.

A well-known provincial actor in Russia, wishing to fill the theatre on his benefit night at Smolensk, a town where the people are too stingy to take any other tickets but free passes, hit upon a dodge of his own for gaining a crowded audience. Obtaining the sanction of the police, he scattered a large number of red tickets—the usual colour of free passes—about the streets, at the same time arranging with the officials at the theatre that the free colour that night should be blue. In the evening the entrance to the theatre was crowded as it had never been before, and, when the inner door was opened, the public, most of whom had placed their fur cloaks and warm boots in the cloak-room, surged along the passage towards the seats. "These tickets are of no use," politely exclaimed the inspector, handing them back to the crowd on its arrival. "How so?" demanded the people in a chorus, "they are red ones." "We see that," replied the ticket inspector; "but they ought to be blue. You probably picked them up in the streets." The public turned red with confusion, and retired to get proper tickets at the cashier's office. The theatre was crammed with spectators, and M. Petroff was applauded by hundreds who would have torn him to pieces had they been aware at the time of the trick he had played upon them.

Thirty years ago the famous impresario, Mario Sonigli, of the Niccolini Theatre in Florence, got up a dramatic performance in which three eminent artists were to appear, namely, Adelaide Ristori, Tommaso Salvini, and Ernesto Rossi. When he sat down to compose the announcement, he was assailed by a terrible doubt. In arranging the names for the large posters, to which of the two actors of equal celebrity, Rossi and Salvini, was he to give the precedence, without offending the susceptibilities of the other? The wily impresario soon found a way out of the dilemma. Adelaide Ristori, being a lady, naturally stood first. As for the other two, he devised, in consultation with his printer, the following arrangement:—

ERNESTO
TOMMASO
SALVINI.
ROSSI.

Thus everybody was satisfied, and both actors afterwards applauded Mario Somigli as a man of genius.

An ingenious advertising agent, by arranging ordinary printers' types thus :—

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presents us with the portraits of the manager who does not and the manager who does advertise, and says : " Try it and see how you will look yourself."



A Failure!

By G. CANNINGE.

SOME years ago I went to the pit of a London theatre to see the *première* of a play written by an unknown author. The piece proved an undeniable failure. The first act was well received ; the second fairly so ; but in the third an unfortunate remark from the hero caused the storm—which I felt had been gathering—to break out in real earnest. Howls greeted sentiments, and the actors who spoke them, alike ; nay, even if a door would not open or shut properly, the public resented the accident as though it had been done on purpose to annoy them, and yelled in unison. The drama—which I will here call " Restitution "—was, no doubt, not a good one taken as a whole, though I could see that it contained plenty of what is called " good stuff," but it was badly stage-managed, was heavily charged with a superabundance of dialogue often bombastical and out of place, and worse than all, it had been suffered to retain some unfortunate expressions calculated to raise popular ridicule. For all that, some of the scenes struck me as singularly pretty and poetical, evidently the work of a man of a cultured intelligence, while some of the more stirring incidents were by no means devoid of an ingenuity in their contrivance.

Near me sat a group of young men who were unsparing in their denunciations, and, while allowing nothing good in the piece, unnerved the actors by a succession of would-be witty remarks.

At the close of the performance an ironical call was raised for the author, whom I will christen Alfred Fitzroy. It was his first attempt at stage literature, I afterwards learned, and he possibly imagined there might be a spark of genuineness in their demand for his appearance. Anyhow, Mr. "Fitzroy" stepped before the foot-lights, only, of course, to be greeted with a chorus of hootings and cries of "Get off," "Go home," and such-like pleasantries. I shall never forget the young man's face as he heard these shouts of derision.

I had never set eyes on him before, but I felt so truly sorry for him that instinctively I began applauding, and a few others, perhaps actuated by the same feelings as myself, followed my example. I sincerely trust poor Fitzroy heard our well-meant efforts.

As I came out I mixed with the stream that was pouring from the gallery; and turned in, with a small knot that had attracted my attention, at the door of a little tavern up a side street close to the theatre. I was anxious to hear what the "first-nighters" had to say about the play.

There were not more than three or four people at the bar when we entered. One of these turned to the new-comers and asked, "Well, what's the new piece like next door?" "Rot," answered one of the young men, more concisely than elegantly, then went on, "We 'ave ad a lark, I can tell ye." Turning to one of his pals, he added, "I say, Jim, did you 'ear me 'ollow out when the gal wouldn't give the bloke a kiss, 'Don't be shy, lady, you'll be sorry by-and-by?' " "Didn't I!" replied an admiring satellite, "I thought I'd a busted. And when t'other cove talked about the star a-sheddin' something or other," joined in a third, "Bill calls out, 'Shut it, ole man, never mind wat they're a-sheddin' of!' lor 'ow I larf'd." "No, but the best war when the hauthor kem out," cried a fourth, "I kicked up a row even till 'e did, but the moment 'e showed his 'ead we ——"

This was too much for me. I remembered the young man's face; and my blood, which had been boiling during the foregoing remarks, here boiled over.

"Yes, by G—d," I burst out, I daresay stupidly enough, for why was I championing the cause of a perfect stranger, "it's you, and such as you, that make a first night hideous! Do you suppose you could write one line of the dialogue you've just been ridiculing?" I asked, looking at the narrow brow and receding chin of the man who had objected to the "star-shedding" image. "Do you suppose that the author, the actors, actresses, down even to the very scene-shifters, were not doing all they knew to please you? Applaud if you please, hiss if you please, but have *patience* before you do the atter. And above all, don't call out an unoffending author for the mere pastime of baiting him when he comes in answer to your summons."

There was a dead silence in the room when I had finished. This

outbreak on my part was so evidently unexpected as to leave my hearers dumb with surprise. No doubt the whole scene must have appeared very ludicrous to a dispassionate observer ; but let me hope the young men I had addressed carried some of my hints away with them and profited by them.

Before the interesting group was able to recover their astonishment, I had drunk up the liquor I had ordered, and left the house.

Now comes a strange circumstance.

Less than a week after the production of "Restitution" I became acquainted with young Fitzroy through the intermediary of a mutual friend. I found him a gentle, quiet, studiously-inclined fellow, and, although I was some years his senior, we became fast friends. I had not known him many hours when I judged that he was in a consumption. I questioned our joint friend, who told me that Alfred had long been in a decline, but that the hard work and the irregular meals preceding the production, and the dismal failure of his play had rapidly accelerated the progress of the disease.

Why lengthen out in the telling what must be related. Eight months after I made his acquaintance poor Fitzroy died in my arms.

Previous to his death he had told me I could do what I pleased with his papers. On examining them, what interested me more than anything else was that portion of a carefully kept diary which had reference to his play. I may say that during his life-time I had never more than distantly alluded to "Restitution," for I saw at once that mention of it seemed to pain him. Here, however, in the pages of his journal, I found his inmost thoughts on the subject laid bare. As the several entries redound only to his credit, I shall venture to transcribe some of them. Their perusal may possibly give food for thought : may help us to realise the pains, sorrows, labours, and anxieties that are suffered by those who strive to minister to the public's pleasure. And I could not help thinking when I had come to the end of them that could those of my "young friends in front" who were so free in their denunciations and personalities but have had access to Fitzroy's diary, they would perhaps have been a little more merciful in their treatment of him on the first night of his first play.

"August 15, 18—. Finished the last line to-night. Thank God. 'Restitution,' you jade, what an infinity of trouble you have caused me ; anxious days in plenty, sleepless nights in abundance. Yet all is repaid by the satisfaction of reaching the 'finis' that at last crowns the work.

"Sept. 1. Read play to S—— yesterday. Can, I think, always rely on S——'s judgment—a capable, sound man. He liked the piece as a whole, but thought explanations too voluminous. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'the public don't want things explained. So long as an end is arrived at—and that end effective—they don't care a button as to means employed.' I feel that there is much common-sense in what he says, and shall cut explanation as to how 'Cyril' escaped from Newgate. Merely show audience that he *has* escaped ; and when 'Rose' says : 'If my husband were only here

he would ——' *Cyril* (entering): 'He *is* here!' *Rose*: 'Free!' *Cyril*: 'Free—to save your honour and mine!' That seems to me to save an anti-climax.

"*Sept.* 14. Having made the excision, read piece to R——. Very complimentary, till he came to third act, then he said, 'Fitzroy, my boy, this won't do.' 'What won't do?' 'End of act altogether too abrupt; you don't vouchsafe one word of explanation of how, or by what means, your hero escaped from prison.' 'But I thought ——' 'Never mind, my dear old fellow, what you thought; I've been a journalist thirty years, and I think I know what I'm talking about. Your plan would have served thirty or forty years ago right enough, but now an audience is much more exigent. It wants things explained, aye, and minutely explained, too. They want what they call their 'reason' satisfied, as well as their 'senses.' On considering the matter carefully am not at all sure that R—— is not right. Will think it out further.

"*Sept.* 15. Spent sleepless night, cough worrying all the time; thinking which of the two courses to pursue. At last resolved to restore original explanations.

"*Sept.* 20. Read piece to F——, of the Buskin Theatre. Said there were some good speeches—'cackle' I think he called them—but said he didn't think any man would have acted as the villain did under the circumstances. To use his own words, 'My dear boy, he wouldn't have done it.' Seemed provokingly cocksure about this; but as I am just as likely to be right on a question of human conduct as he, shall not alter motive. As an actor of experience, he may be right in saying that act ii. should be an exterior, though this will necessitate a re-writing of greater part of act. F—— added, that if I will write up the villain in act iv., he will try and introduce piece to H——, his manager.

"*Oct.* 2. Just got back piece from H——, tells me frankly he doesn't fancy it, but says it might suit M——.

"*Oct.* 10. Sent piece to M——, he won't let me read it to him. Hope he'll read it to himself.

(The next entry is two months later.)

"*Dec.* 12. Most polite note from M——. Has only had time to read first act; fears to retain MS. longer; reluctantly returns. In a P.S. he adds: 'Why not have it translated into Norwegian? From what I've read of act i. think it just the piece for the Norwegians. Ibsen, you know, was there last summer; charming place.' Can't afford to do this.

(There occurs another entry, four months later than the last, during which time Fitzroy seems to have tried nearly all the remaining London managers with his play.)

"*April* 7. Can it be possible! 'Restitution' as good as accepted. X——, the manager of the 'Parnassus' let me read it to him yesterday. Thought part would suit his wife; but said I must make radical changes first. Fancied that some of the leading man's speeches would be ineffective as coming from a man's lips, but

spoken by a woman would have stirring effect on audience. Urged me to transfer them from Cyril's part to Rose's. Would not allow second act to be an exterior on account of expense—set pieces, &c.—so must alter it back to interior. In conclusion he said: 'Then you must bring it up to date: from 1797 to to-day. Your idea picturesque, I daresay; but costumes, my dear sir'—and he shook his head wearily. 'In that case,' he went on, 'your prison will have to be Portsmouth and not Newgate. When these alterations, and a few others that will suggest themselves at rehearsal, have been carried out, I have no doubt the piece will come out well enough.' Just as I reached the hall door he called me back and said, 'I forgot to say all those explanations at the end of act must come out—can't be too terse nowadays; must chance whether audience will want to know *how* he got out of prison.'

"*May 1.* After month's incessant work, practically re-writing piece, brought it back to X—. Received me extremely civilly, but after 'hemming' and 'having' for some time, he at length said that, to his overwhelming regret, since the last time he had seen me he had been forced to accept a comedy from a well known author. This would, of course, preclude the possibility of doing my play, at least for a very long time to come. Deeply sorry for all the trouble he had given me; some future time, &c., &c. A crushing blow—almost mentally stunned me. Must try to bear up against it.

"*May 4.* Charming letter from Miss Q—, asking me to call with piece. Received me most cordially; had heard of play and would like to hear it. I read it. Expressed herself delighted; cried over act iv. 'Only one drawback.' 'What was that?' 'Not in blank verse. You know, I *always* play in blank verse. I can scarcely dis sever myself from the classical drama—so grand—so lofty.' *Would* I put my beautiful thoughts into blank verse and put the period back, say, to the Monmouth rebellion?—always a romantic period in history. After a long conversation at last agreed to do this; eight weeks' work in store for me.

"*June 5.* Wonder if galley slaves work as hard as I do? Hope not for their sakes, but then presumably they haven't got coughs, so in any case they score one over me. However, have done the new version at last. Will call on Miss Q—to-morrow.

"*June 6.* Called on Miss Q—. Read piece; enchanted with it; cried again, at act iii. this time. At close dried her eyes and said, after some little hesitation, that she feared she had something rather unpleasant to communicate to me—in fact a little disappointment. Waited breathless. She then explained that her manager, whom she had counted on to produce the play, had point blank refused to have anything to do with a blank-verse piece at his establishment; had, in fact, accepted a comic-opera and proposed to put it in rehearsal at once. Further, that 'the brute,' as she called him, had offered her a part and—she had accepted it.

"*Oct. 3.* Piece has lain in my drawer four months; haven't had the heart to push it since last blow.

"Oct 5. Wire from K——, of the 'Felicity,' to send play. Have done so—both versions.

"Oct 7. Can scarcely believe what I am writing. K—— *has accepted* 'Restitution,' but can't do it till next year, when his new theatre opens. Better then than never. Wish I could have gone to Ventnor, though; can't now, too expensive; will if piece is success.

"Oct 8. Went to see K——, most encouraging. Believes in play. Intends to make big production of it.

"Jan. 3, 18—. *At last*. Rehearsals of 'Restitution' have actually begun. Had our first one to-day; what a lot there is to do, seems as if hard work were only just beginning.

"Jan. 5. Very long rehearsal, awfully tired. Sorry to say U—— has thrown up his part; don't know where we can get so good a man; had counted on him.

"Jan. 7. Got a man in place of U——.; not nearly so good. Miss W—— says she can't act with him; if this is really the case don't know what we shall do.

"Jan. 17. Find I haven't written diary for ten days. Well, one entry will about do for all: 'Long rehearsal, hard work, worry, and anxiety.'

"Jan. 18. Tired out. Hardly able to hold pen. Ran down to Portsmouth for accurate information about prison discipline. Got back five. Then to 'London Library' to look up Parliamentary papers dealing with Prison Act of 18—. Hurried dinner; and off to a night rehearsal at 7. Rehearsed till 12.30; shouldn't mind fatigue if cough did not worry. Signed agreement with K——, not very good for me—5 p.c. on *profits*. Still, lucky to get piece done.

"Jan. 19. Rehearsed again. One or two of the company interest me. Miss B—— seems a nice, quiet girl; tells me she has been out of engagement eight months, but if piece 'catches on' she will be all right, in spite of the dresses she has to find—three handsome ones; if it's *not* a success does not know *what* will happen. L——, the little man who plays Ephraim, seems a decent chap, too; says this is his first London appearance; left a provincial engagement to come up, but believes greatly in his part, and expects it will do him good, if the piece is a success. How devoutly I trust it may be, for all our sakes. How *much* seems to depend on it!

"Jan. 23. Find I am wrong about length of warders' tunics. One must be so particular nowadays. Ran down to Portsmouth again. While there made enquiries in harbour about one or two details for the ship's rigging in act i. Expensive work these journeys, and so many tips.

"Jan. 25. Dress rehearsal, began 6.30, over at 2 a.m.; anxious beyond expression. All went fairly well; success predicted. But we haven't faced first night audience yet. C—— spoke apostrophe to stars beautifully; if nothing else goes with the audience, I think this will. Heaven, how often I've written and re-written that speech. Next time I open this diary may it be to record a success! If it is, I believe I shall go mad!

"Jan. 26. 1 a.m. All over. *A failure!* How can I write the word. Poor Miss B—; poor L—, and so many more. God help them, I can't bear——"

Here the record abruptly ends. After this my poor friend seems to have lost all heart. This is the last entry he ever wrote.



Our Play=Box.

"THE BLACK ROVER."

Melo dramatic opera, in three acts, written and composed by LUSCOMBE SEARELLE.
First produced in London at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1890.

Patronio	Mr. WM. HOGARTH.	Moro	Mr. ROYDON ERLYNSE.
Jacob	Mr. JOHN LE HAY.	The Black Rover ..	Mr. WM. LUDWIG.
Cedro Guzman ..	Mr. CHAS. COLLETTE.	Annetta	Miss F. LLOYD.
Chickanaque ..	Mr. SHIEL BARRY.	Sabina	Miss EFFIE CHAPUY.
Felix	Mr. MAURICE MANCINI.	Isidora	Miss BLANCHE FENTON.

It is certainly a novelty for the *libretto* and the music of an opera to be the work of one man; and judging from the lyrics of "The Black Rover," Mr. Searelle would perhaps have acted more wisely had he called in the aid of another. The opera is justly qualified as "melodramatic." It is founded on the legend, so universal throughout the world almost, of a phantom vessel doomed to sail the ocean, until intercession or expiation shall release it from its ban. In this case the pirate king has thrown overboard the mother of the heroine Isidora, and he and his crew will only find release from their mortal torments when they shall once more hear the lullaby that the mother sang to her child. Isidora is intended by her reputed father Patronio for the bride of a Count Montalba, but she is in love with a poor fisherman, one Felix. They have heard of a treasure buried by the pirates, and they go in search of this. It is specially guarded by the "Black Rover," who suddenly appears and carries them off to his ship. There they are to walk the plank, and so Isidora asks permission to utter the prayer she learnt at her mother's knee. She sings the lullaby, which releases the pirates from their thralldom, the vessel falls to pieces and sinks, but Isidora and her lover and companions (for Chickanaque, Jacob and Patronio have also been made prisoners), are all washed ashore on the Island of Cuba, where the scene is laid. They find the negroes in revolt, and are likely to be burned by them at the stake, but are saved by Chickanaque, who being a half-crazed creature, is looked upon with reverence by the blacks, and is allowed to go at large. The underplot consists in the fact that Pedro Guzman, the valet to the Count Montalba, assumes

his master's name, and that Sabina changes with Isidora and passes as the rich heiress. Whatever success the piece achieved was due to the excellence of the scenery, for the "Black Rover" is magnificently put on the stage, and to the very fine impersonation of the title-*rôle* by Mr. Ludwig. Neither Felix nor Isidora, the hero and heroine, found good exponents. Mr. John Le Hay was very clever and droll. Mr. Shiel Barry's Chickanaque was almost a repetition of his Gaspard in the "Cloches de Corneville." Mr. Charles Collette did all that was possible with a thankless part. Miss Effie Chapuy should have had more to do; the little she had, she did well, and sang very charmingly. Mr. Royden Erlynne gave a vivid colouring to the part of the bloodthirsty Moro.

"THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE."

A modern drama, in four acts, adapted from Alphonse Daudet's "La Lutte pour la Vie," by ROBERT BUCHANAN and FRED HORNER.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Thursday, September 25, 1890.

Paul Astier	Mr. GEO. ALEXANDER.	Esther de Sélény ..	Miss ALMA STANLEY.
Cheminéau, his friend	Mr. A. CHEVALIER.	La Maréchale de ..	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Count Adriani	Mr. BEN WEBSTER.	Sélény	Miss LAURA GRAVES.
Vallant	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Lydie	Miss LILIAN HINGSTON.
Antonin Caussade ..	Mr. FREDERICK KERR.	Countess Fodore ..	Miss GRANVILLE.
Védrine	Mr. BUCKLAW.	Madame de Quincam- poix	Miss STUART.
Heurtebrise	Mr. GEORGE CAPEL.	La Marquise de Rocanère ..	Miss MELITTA.
Duc de Brentigny ..	Mr. BATSON.	Marie	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Monsieur Noblet ..	Mr. ALFRED HOLLES.	Madame Paul Astier ..	
Stenne	Mr. E. H. KELLY.	Duchess Padovani ..	
Paskowitch	Mr. A. ROYSTON.		

When "La Lutte pour la Vie" was produced at Her Majesty's, in June last by M. Meyer, it was not appreciated by the English public even in its original, and with the powerful and sympathetic acting of Mme. Pasca and of M. Marais. One reason of this may have been that the author evidently mistook the teaching of the Darwinian theory as to the survival of the fittest, and chose to impute to him the doctrine that a man, *sans foy, sans loy*, may to gain his own ends sweep every obstacle from his path, reckless of the consequences to others; the other reason may have been that, as a rule, English people look with some contempt and even ridicule on a middle-aged woman's foolish love for a young husband. Such a character as the Duchess Padovani, who really shares the main interest of the play with Paul Astier, is therefore out of sympathy with her audience. The English adaptation is announced to have been made by Robert Buchanan and Fred Horner. Mr. Buchanan is stated in an interview recorded in a London newspaper to have laid claim to the entire adaptation. If so, whatever merits or shortcomings there may be in the work are attributable to him. The drama has been curtailed to four acts with some advantage, but there is a want of lightness and relief in it. It will be remembered that Paul Astier, having dissipated the fortune of the Duchess, seeks to gain her consent to a divorce. As she strenuously opposes this, he determines to rid himself of her by poison; but just as she is about to drink, his courage fails him, and he stays her hand. A wealthy Jewess, Esther de Sélény, is willing to accept him for her husband, and the Duchess having at length freed him to save him from the crime of further attempts upon her life, he is about to marry Esther, when he is shot down by the father of the girl Lydie whom he has seduced, in refutation of Astier's theory that the strong always destroy the weak, the latter sometimes in their turn rising in self-defence and destroying the strong. In the English version, Antonin Caussade,

the lover of Lydie, is made the instrument to avenge the wrongs inflicted on her and her father, who both die from the consequences of Astier's misdeeds. This I am inclined to think is an improvement on the original. The young fellow has a double motive for taking the law into his own hands. He has borne, almost with submission, the loss of the girl he loved, but when he finds her father, the man who has been also as a father to him, dead of a broken heart on her grave, an implacable hatred for the man who has wrought the double mischief fills his breast, he looks upon him as a monster that should no longer cumber the earth, and finding Astier in the arms of Esther, gloating over the present success of his schemes, and looking forward to even greater preferment before men in the future, Antonin unhesitatingly puts an end to his career. There is a fatal want of sympathy for all the characters in "The Struggle for Life." Even to poor Lydie—almost a weak confiding child, very sweetly played by Miss Laura Graves—our hearts cannot go out, for we know that she reckons on the divorce of the Duchess, and that she will then become Mme. Astier. Perhaps we feel most for Antonin Caussade, the struggling, honest, retiring young chemist, but it must be admitted that average audiences do not look beneath the surface; that a stuttering, hesitating man is not generally looked upon as a hero. All the more credit to Mr. Frederick Kerr, who through almost the entire second act could not only uphold the interest, and not cause the titter which his supposed infirmity is prone to raise, but could actually draw tears from many, and in the last act could rise to manly dignity, cold and stern, the instrument of justice though the slayer of his fellow man. Mr. Kerr's performance was a great one, and has not received the praise which in my opinion it deserves. Vaillant is made a cherry grateful old man by Mr. Nutcombe Gould in accordance with his text. The character was well played, but we see but too little of him in his sorrow to feel any great pity for him. And what are we to say of Chemineau? He is a thoughtless little Boulevardier. He, like Astier, has risen from nothing, but is different from Astier who, with readier wit and tact, can accommodate himself to his improved position. Chemineau remains but little better than a *gamin de Paris*, with an intense admiration, almost worship, for the patron whose dirty work he does without thinking of the results. He wears good clothes, but he *cannot* look a gentleman in them; he wears a good hat, but it is of the pattern to which he has been accustomed. He is almost intended for a *bon diable*, and this is the only fault I find with Mr. Chevalier's acting; we should have had at least a suspicion of the cloven foot in him. But he was almost too genial. His broken French was excellent (as it should be, for M. Chevalier is a Frenchman), and he contrived to light up the scenes in which he figured by his quaint manner. Still it would have been better had a light, instead of an eccentric, comedian been cast for the character. Miss Alina Stanley did well as Esther de Sélény—who is only a fictitious Countess. In reality she is a wealthy Jewess, ambitious, believing that Astier is the man who, through her fortune, can raise her to the position she aspires to, and what little of heart there is in her she gives to him. She is not an estimable character, but handsome and striking. Miss Kate Phillips's talents are thrown away on the part of the foolish tearful Maréchale de Sélény, who after all is an arrant humbug, for while she weeps over the memory of her warrior husband, she accepts time-serving, fortune-hunting little Chemineau.

Mr. Bucklaw is earnest as Védrine, a character that is superfluous ; and Mr. Ben Webster shines most in the latter portion of his acting as the foppish Count Adriani, another foolish character that could well be spared. Those who filled the remaining minor parts were equal to the occasion. It now comes to speaking of the two principals. Miss Genevieve Ward fully embodied the nobler attributes of the miserable wife of Paul Astier, and her scene with him where he intended poisoning her was highly wrought out ; where the strength was wanting, was that she gave almost a maternal tone to her affection for her sinful partner—it was chastened, enduring love with scarcely one touch of that passion which one would imagine should have inspired her persistent forgiveness of the insults heaped upon her. Miss Ward's reading may have been a correct one, but it did not tell so much with the audience as a more vivid rendering would have done. Only praise could be bestowed on Mr. Alexander's Paul Astier. Cold and heartless in the means to gain his end, he could warm into the semblance of the most passionate lover or cajole his humble victim with his honeyed words ; he could be stern and relentless and yet tremble and turn coward at the thought of the consequences his crime might bring upon him. In his death scene he could endeavour to defy that fate which he had so persistently through his life ignored, and in his last moments could prove there was one soft spot in his black heart as he uttered his only true words of love to Esther as he died in her arms. If good acting can make a play a success, "The Struggle for Life" should succeed. The mounting of the piece was superb, and yet in the very best taste, the dresses of the ladies who figure as guests were made by the most fashionable modistes, and as they were *ladies* who wore them, and not the ordinary supers, they looked at home in them ; and the male guests consisted of young *gentlemen* who wish to adopt the stage as a profession, and are gaining confidence by "standing on." Though personally I was much interested during the entire evening, I could not but feel that the existence of "The Struggle for Life" on the boards might not be a very prolonged one.

"SWEET LAVENDER."

Play in three acts, by A. W. PINERO.

Revived at Terry's Theatre, Monday, September 29, 1890.

<i>Original Production.</i>		<i>Revival.</i>
Mr. Geoffrey Wedderburn	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS. .. .	Mr. W. H. VERNON.
Clement Hale	Mr. BERNARD GOULD. .. .	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.
Doctor Delaney	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP. .. .	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.
Dick Phenyl	Mr. EDWARD TERRY... ..	Mr. EDWARD TERRY.
Horace Bream	Mr. FREDERICK KERR. .. .	Mr. HENRY DANA.
Mr. Maw	Mr. SAINT MATTHEWS. .. .	Mr. FRED. W. IRISH.
Mr. Euler	Mr. T. C. VALENTINE. .. .	Mr. PRINCE MILLER.
Mrs. Gillillian	Miss M. A. VICTOR. .. .	Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND.
Minnie	Miss MAUDE MILLETT. .. .	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
Ruth Rolt	Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON. ..	Mrs. F. H. MACKLIN.
Lavender	Miss ROSE NORREYS. .. .	Miss ELINORE LEYSHON.

"Sweet Lavender," one of the freshest and most enjoyable plays ever written, proved such a success with the original cast that appeared in it on its first production (March 21, 1888), that I have thought the names of those who then played would be welcome. Of the story there is no occasion to speak ; it was told in the May number of THE THEATRE, 1888. Sad it is to record that the scent in the revival is but faint compared with its original perfume. This is not owing to any loss of attraction in Mr. Terry's rendering of Dick Phenyl ; he is as genuine, as winning, and as droll as he has

ever been, and Mr. W. H. Vernon's masterly performance has strengthened the character he undertakes. Miss Elinore Leyshon is pleasant as Lavender, but she is not the guileless, child-like creature that the author pictures for us, and though Mrs. Macklin is womanly and attractive as Ruth Rolt, there is a want of tenderness in her representation; the actress gives one more the conception of a strong-minded rather than a long-suffering, betrayed woman. Miss Marie Linden has been seen to much greater advantage. She is too much of a coquette, instead of a brave-hearted English girl, and her lover, Mr. Dana, though he conscientiously portrays the typical American, is not interesting. Mr. Reeves Smith can do good things, but he is too phlegmatic and matter of fact. He throws no ardour into his love, does not convey the idea of a young fellow who would risk all his prospects in life for the sake of his sweetheart. Mr. Julian Cross gives one the impression of being good-hearted, but not of being a fashionable doctor. Miss Dolores Drummond, clever as she generally is, does not touch Mrs. Gilfillian with a light enough hand, and Bulger becomes but a common-place individual instead of an amusing one with Mr. Prince Miller. And yet with all this, "Sweet Lavender" is bound to afford some pleasure; but its delicacy of perfume is gone—it is as the pot-pourri of rose leaves to the rich sweet fragrance of the fresh cut flower.

"THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT."

Romantic play, in five acts, written by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Wednesday, October 8, 1890.

Prince Zosimoff	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Landlord of Lodging } House	Mr. HERBERT BASING.
Arcadius Snaminski..	M. MARIUS.	The Princess Orenburg	Mrs. RICHARDSON.
General Skobloff ..	Mr. IVAN WATSON.	Sophia	Miss MARION LEA.
Fedor Ivanovitch ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Pulcheria Ivanovna..	Miss COWEN.
Alexis Alexandrovitch	Mr. R. STOCKTON.	Anna	{ WALLIS (Miss Wallis).
General Wolenski ..	Mr. W. RUSSELL.	Catherine Petroska ..	Miss MAUDE BRENNAN.
Arthur Merrión ..	Mr. WILLIAM HERBERT.	Liza	Miss E. ROBINS.
Moustoff	Mr. M. BYRNES.	Katel	Miss C. BERNARD.
Kriloff Kriloffski ..	Mr. GEORGE SELDON.	Marfa	Miss J. ST. ANGE.
Petrovitch	Mr. G. FANE.		

In an "Author's Note" appearing on the programme, Mr. Buchanan states that he has taken certain suggestions from Dostoevsky's novel "Crime and Chastisement," but that he disclaims any endeavour to dramatise the work. And this statement may be thoroughly accepted, for though the main incidents, but slightly altered, take place both in the novel and the play, yet under Mr. Buchanan's treatment they are but such as have been used in many a melodrama. In the novel Fedor commits a murder on two women, partly to work out a theory of his own, and partly for the sake of plunder; in the play he strangles an old Jew, for having been accessory to the ruin of the girl he loves. In the novel Sonia gives herself to a life on the streets that she may save from starvation her worthless father and hungry family; in the play she is made the unwilling victim of the lust of a Prince. The novel is a study—curiously minute and searching—of the workings of the human heart and brain, and sets forth that a woman may be but a very out-cast in the eyes of the world and yet be as pure as snow in her innermost self. The play makes almost an idol of a man who has no ruler but his own strong will, which he enforces under the light definition of caprice, and in the culprit all that is in any way interesting is that, like the young minister in "Judah," from the

moment he commits the crime, although an unbeliever, he has no rest, but hears for ever the voice of conscience ringing in his ears, and only obtains peace when he confesses and makes atonement through the punishment meted out to him. This last character is Fedor Ivanovitch. His sweetheart Liza is beguiled to Prince Zosimoff's palace by Abramoff, who delivers to her a letter which he knows will bring about her ruin. Fedor discovers this and in his rage seizes the Jew by the throat and, without perhaps intending to do so, strangles him. A prey to remorse, Fedor unwittingly gives Zosimoff the clue by which he can hunt out the murderer—he uses the knowledge gained, to force Anna into a marriage with him; he brings her to an adjoining room to that which Liza occupies that Anna may overhear her brother Fedor's confession to the young girl that he wants to make his wife. Liza insists that, fallen as she is, she is unfit for him; he tries to prove that he is no better than she is by confessing that he is a murderer. When Fedor learns that Anna will sacrifice herself to a man that she abhors, to prevent him from giving her brother up to justice, he publicly owns to the crime and accepts the consequence in exile to Siberia. In a most improbable manner the author brings all his principal characters to that remote and inhospitable spot (even a young couple on their honeymoon trip). Retributive justice overtakes the Prince. He has followed Anna (to carry out his now shameful designs upon her) but finds that by an "order of the Czar" he is to be stripped of rank and riches and be sent to the mines; whilst Fedor is pardoned and restored to society for having saved the governor Snaminski's life. Liza is made happy in Fedor's repentance, for it is she who has first pointed out to him that it was only by confession that he could make his peace with Heaven; and Anna is supposed to marry her lover Alexis. Passing over such a glaring mistake as the rites of the Greek Church being performed in Russia, of all places, over a *Jew*, there was a fearful waste of words throughout the play, which was prolonged to an inordinate length (later it took nearly one hour less in performance through judicious excision), and the interest was in a great measure lost. It is pleasant to pass from the shortcomings of the play to the excellence of the acting. Miss Wallis, with rare self-denial in a manageress, did not take to herself the best part, but as Anna increased her reputation by her power in depicting agony of mind, and tenderness and affection towards her lover and brother. Miss E. Robins (who is more the heroine) was very sympathetic as the betrayed Liza. The confession of outrage inflicted on her was most delicately conveyed. Mr. Lewis Waller, had a very trying part, as Fedor, and made a distinct advance by his exhibition of remorse, and the workings of a troubled conscience. Mr. Herbert Waring was almost grand in his villainy; it was so thoroughly consistent throughout, and was shown with such quiet force. Miss Marion Lea played the hoyden well, and brightened up the play a little, as did Mr. William Herbert as her lover, and M. Marius as a police official. A good little bit of character acting was that of Mr. Ivan Watson, as a deaf and decrepit general. Miss Maud Brennan and Miss J. St. Ange, were also pleasant in their respective characters. The play was splendidly mounted, and it was not Miss Wallis's fault, or that of her company, that it was not accepted as a success.

“CARMEN UP TO DATA.”

Burlesque, in two acts, by GEO R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT. Music by MEYER LUTZ.
First produced in London at the Gaiety Theatre, Saturday, October 4, 1890.

Carmen	Miss F. ST. JOHN.	Larranaga	Miss GRACE WIXON.
Escamillo	Miss JENNY DAWSON.	Mercédes	Miss LETTY LIND.
Frasquita	Miss FLORENCE LEEVEY.		Miss FLO. HENDERSON.
Michalla	Miss MARIA JONES.		Miss E. ROBINA.
Alphonze	Miss KATIE BARRY.	Hilalgos	Miss MINNIE ROSS.
Juanita	Miss MAUDE WILNOT.		Miss MADGE MILDREN.
Inez	Miss EVA GREVILLE.	José	Mr. E. J. LONNEN.
Zorah	Miss ALICE GILBERT.	Dancalro	Mr. E. H. HASLEM.
Morales	Miss BLANCHE MASSEY.	Remendado	Mr. HORACE MILLS.
Intimidado	Miss MAUDE HOBSON.	Lillius Pastia	Mr. G. T. MINSHULL.
Partagas	Miss HETTY HAMER.	Capt. Zuniga	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

Merimeé's story in Bizet's famous opera had already been made the subject for burlesque three times before Messrs. Sims and Pettitt took it in hand, but in no case has the plot been more closely followed than by these, the latest, collaborators. Taken altogether they have produced an amusing work, but I am a little surprised that with such a bright



MISS FLORENCE LEEVEY

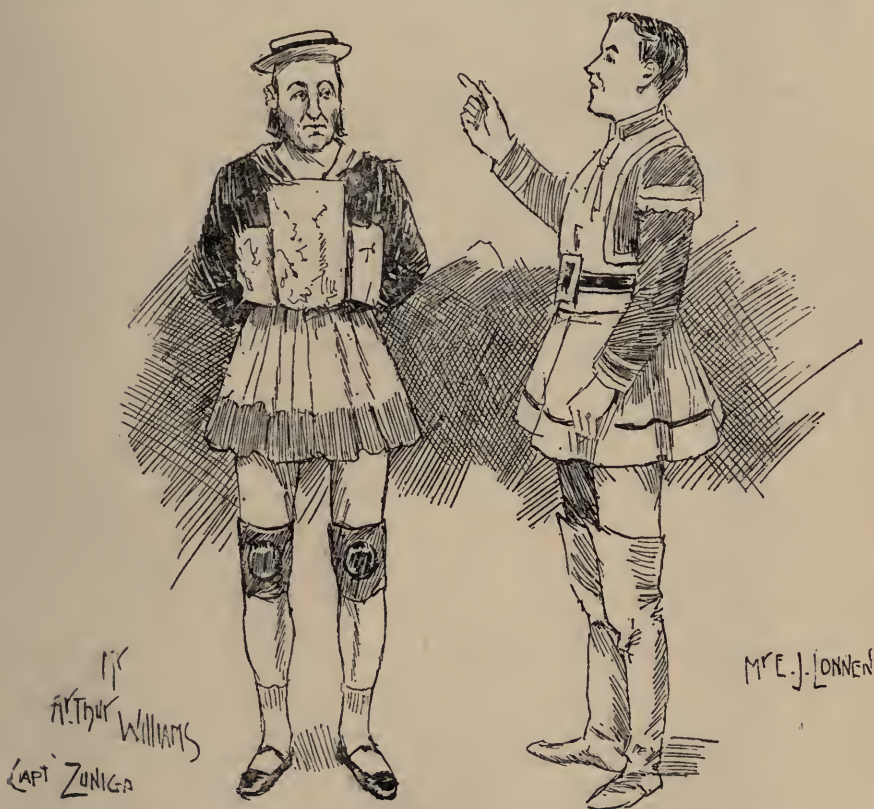
and genuinely comic actress in the title-*rôle*, they did not afford her greater opportunities for travestie. This said, there is but little other

fault to be found, for the book has many witty sayings, graceful lyrics, and some positively awful puns. And after all, as a rule in modern burlesque, but scant courtesy is paid to what the authors write. Those who play the parts introduce what they like in working up the characters, and often what originally consisted of but a few lines, develops into quite a long rôle. If the beautiful dresses, an eccentric if not elegant *pas-de-quatre*, a "Sequidellade Cuatro," a *pas seul* supposed to represent the action of a bull fight, some very charming ballads, and exquisite scenery had not sufficed to accomplish a success, the song of the "Bogie Man," which is not Spanish at all, but



American-Irish, would draw all the town to the Gaiety. Mr. Lonnen sings it with weird effect; it is not in any way comic, it is almost pathetic, and the effect of it is heightened by the "muted" chorus, the half-lights thrown on the scene, and the effective grouping. Mr. Lonnen follows the song by a peculiarly graceful sort of shadow dance and fills the character of José comically though without striking out into anything very original. Miss Florence St. John does all that the authors require of her. She is as sprightly as she is allowed to be

in accordance with the text, is an arrant little flirt, but then the ballads which she has to sing are sentimental—and she sings them with perfect taste and expression. Miss Jenny Dawson did not improve on what was set down for her as Escamillo. Miss Violet Cameron would have been better suited to the part. Mr. Arthur Williams makes up as an elderly and rather obese Capt. Zuniga ; he is droll in his manner, which is always favourably received by the public, and has no doubt by this time treated the character as he did that of Lurcher, and considerably improved it. Miss Maria Jones's talents are almost wasted, and Miss Letty Lind sings her own song, into which



she introduces some "farmyard" imitations, with much sweetness, and dances very bewitchingly. Of course a crowd of handsome girls, representing Spanish soldiers, smugglers, cigarette makers, and gipsies, fill in the picture with bright contrasts and telling choruses. Herr Meyer Lutz has done his share of the work well, his music is decidedly Spanish in character, original and yet suggestive of and frequently leading up to snatches of Bizet's melodies without plagiarising them. The burlesque was stage managed by Mr. Thomas W. Charles, who is an adept at his work. The St. John-Lonnen Company, as they may now be distinguished, were enthusiastically welcomed back to London after their travels, and they, the authors, the composer, and Mr. George Edwardes, were all called before the curtain at the close of the performance, so most of the audience was satisfied, I presume.

"LA CIGALE."

Original Opera Comique, in three acts, written by MM. CHIVOT and DURU, composed by AUDRAN.
The English version written and composed by F. C. BURNAND and IVAN CARYLL.
Produced for the first time in England at the Lyric Theatre, Thursday, October 9, 1890.

Chevalier Franz de Bernheim	CHEVALIER SCOVEL.	Tamburina	Miss BRANARD.
William	Mr. E. W. GARDEN.	Cecilia de Monti	Miss J. DESBOROUGH.
Vincent Knapps	Mr. MICHAEL DWYER.	Françoise	Miss MABEL LOVE.
The Duke of Fayensberg	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Rosina	Miss F. MELVILLE.
Cavaller	Mr. FRANCIS BARNARD.	Manetta	Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS.
Curfew Watch	Mr. JOHN PRACHEY.	Lella	Miss CHARLOTTE HOPE.
Mendicant	Mr. GEORGE MUDIE.	La Frivolini	Miss M. ST. CYR.
Mathew Vanderkooopen	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.	Cunille Duburri	Miss MAY SINCLAIR.
Charlotte	Miss EFFIE CLEMENTS.	Gervaise Trulleboom	Miss JULIE COUTEUR.
Juliette Grlsenach	Miss E. CARLINGTON.	Catherine	Miss A. NEWTON.
Alfzla	Miss GWYNNE.	The Duchess of Fayensburg	Miss ANNIE ROSE.
Zitarella	Miss LILLIE COMYNS.	Marton	Miss GERALDINE ULMAR.

Mr. Horace Sedger must be congratulated on the complete success of the "opera comique" with which he inaugurated his management of the most beautiful theatre in London. His productions at the Prince of Wales's have ever been distinguished by their elegance and the good taste displayed. "La Cigale" surpasses any of them in the beauty of the dresses and the perfection of the scenery, and the action of the play taking place in the environs of Bruges, the picturesque Flemish costumes, and the gay doings at a "Kermesse," are most effectively introduced. The pretty fable of "La Cigale et la Fourmi" has been followed and turned to good account by the English librettist, only that he gives to it the required happy ending for the heroine. Marton is one of two nieces of Matthew Vanderkooopen, gay, thoughtless, and longing to go on the stage; her cousin Charlotte, married to William, finds all her pleasure in rural domesticity. The festivities at the farm attending the wedding of the last two are at their height when the Chevalier Franz de Bernheim arrives with the Duchess of Fayensberg, with whom he is carrying on a strong flirtation. They hear the voice of the Duke, who has brought out La Frivolini and a number of the Bruges opera company to a pic-nic. The Duchess hides herself in a summer-house, and insists, in order that the Duke's suspicions may be disarmed, that her cavalier shall make love to the first girl he meets. This is Marton, who presently expresses her desire to become an operasinger. The Duke says that this may be managed through his influence if her capabilities are sufficiently good, and so she sings the song, "One among Three," which, though not the most musicianly, is the most taking number in the entire score, and gained a treble encore. Marton, a year later, is the *prima donna*, spending freely all she earns, her rustic lover Vincent is her secretary, and her uncle her manager. She has become deeply attached to the Chevalier, but as he is forced through the jealousy of the Duchess to pay the latter considerable attention, Marton is led to believe that he is faithless, and so at a grand ball given at the Ducal Palace, where she is to entertain the guests, she, after the manner of Adrienne Lecouvreur, sings, exposing in her song the supposed intrigue of the Duchess, and, exhausted by the emotion, faints away. Whilst unconscious, a transparency shows to her her old home, and she herself ragged and forsaken after dissipating all her wealth, sinking at the portals of the home in which she was once so happy. But when she recovers, and the ball-room is seen again, her peace is restored, for the Duchess assures Marton that she is truly loved by the Chevalier, who throws himself at her feet, the Duchess silencing anything that the Duke


may have to say about his wife's indiscretion by reminding him of his own peccadilloes with La Frivolini. Audran's music pleased every one, it was so bright and melodious, and the considerable portion of the opera, for which Mr. Ivan Caryll is responsible, gave equal satisfaction. Mr. Burnand's book is witty and poetic, and the lyrics contributed by Mr. Gilbert à Becket are graceful. Miss Geraldine Ulmar sang charmingly throughout, and surprised everyone by her talents as an actress. Miss Effie Clements' very sweet voice delighted all, the only regret being that she had not more numbers allotted to her. Chevalier Scovel was very nervous in his opening, but after his first song he much improved, and before the end of the evening had established himself as a favourite. Mr. Eric Lewis was admirable as the foppish, finicking Duke. Mr. Michael Dwyer sang with great taste and expression; and Mr. Lionel Brough, though last not by any means least, was droll and very amusing. Miss Lila Clay and her ladies' orchestra, which performed a very charming gavotte written by their conductress, must not be forgotten. "La Cigale" was a complete success, and Mr. Charles Harris, under whose stage direction it was produced, was with the principals, authors, composers, and Mr. Sedger, applauded to the echo for the result.

CECIL HOWARD.



Musical Silhouettes.

No. 7.—*THE INFANT PRODIGY.*

HE Infant Prodigy is one of those mixed blessings for which we are indebted to America, more or less. Juvenility from time immemorial, of course, has stood up, in the presence of its adoring parents and friends and relations, to "speak a piece" or "sing that charming little ballad about Twinkle, twinkle, little star." But until quite recent years we were not irritated by the infant vocalist, pestered by the youthful pianist, and enraged by the child reciter on the public platform.

When the Prodigy is confined to its own most immediate circle of admiring acquaintance, no one is the worse or the better for it. It is when it is pushed upon us in every programme, and thrust on our endurance at every entertainment, that it begins to get something of an annoyance. When little Tottie, the infant prima donna, stands up, a child of ten, with a forced and unnatural voice, and sings, in a

very squeaky falsetto, its one and only song—the acme of many weary hours' training—it is a delight to the audience, naturally. Not a woman in it but thinks of her own Polly, and whispers her neighbour of her certainty that that precocious and unpleasant child could “do it” much better. Indeed, Polly is accustomed to “doing it” at home, and gets lavish adulation from her relations, who, it is to be presumed, prefer that pert, forward, and conceited child to the real thing: than which, when it is real, nothing is sweeter under Heaven.

From “speaking a piece”—detestable phraseology!—in private, it is but a step to reciting in public. The Infant Prodigy's relations are delighted at the prospect, being one and all assured there never was so clever a child. So sooner or later those who are not worshippers of the family idol are compelled to sit out the ghastly infliction as well as they can, devoutly praying, probably, all the time for the days when children were children, and not undersized men and women.

Perhaps it may be intellectual progress—it is an age of progress, we are told—that develops thus early the talent or the genius of the Infant Prodigy. But even granting this, a forced plant is a sickly one, and many a home nursery is now a hotbed of juvenile precocity, most of which is waiting its opportunity to become known to the world, be it the world around it or that outside.

The artistic merits of such a ballad as “Twinkle, twinkle, little star” are, at first sight, not particularly perceptible. If a sane person got up and sang it, it would sound ridiculous. But let any infant from five to twelve, with a weak, quavering voice, proceeding from somewhere between the teeth and the epigastrium, stand up, either at home or on a platform, and sing the effusion, accompanied by a maternal prompter every other line, it will be received with a chorus of acclamation, as if it were a poem of highest merit set to divine melody.

As for the Pianist, we all know what he is. Is there—can there be—any true artistic feeling in the child of ten, who sits down and reels off classical music by the yard, music that would task the memory and capability of a grown man? If there be art in it at all, it is false art, a sham and an hypocrisy. The child may be a genius, but it is all too unnatural a genius for common sense to fall down and worship, let fools and fanatics do as they may.

Because, the younger the Infant the more do gaping men and silly women run after it. If a pianist four years of age could be brought out by some superhuman agency, would not the British public rush in crowds to hear him? There is not a pennyworth of art in it: nothing but idolatry, and the idol is the Glorified Infant.

Those who ought to see and understand the folly of precocity are often those who foster it. The schoolmistress, who at the end of every term brings forward her pet pupil at her “vacation concert,” for instance. The pet pupil of ten years old steps on the platform, to the envy of all the others' parents and the intense satisfaction of

her own, with the conceit and self-consciousness of a woman of thirty; she speaks her piece with a lovely monotony of voice and gesture, or sings her song in an expressionless voice and with an expressionless face, or she rattles off her fireworks—oh, how that piece has been strummed at all the term through!—without a shadow of musical feeling or a ghost of intelligent expression. Oh! worshippers of the Glorified Infant, do you ever think, and wonder, where the pretty children, with their quaint ways and their innocence, have vanished? They have nearly all departed from among us, and have left us nothing but that hateful apology for annoyance, that intensely uninteresting and most irritating nuisance to sensible men and women, the Infant Prodigy. The world is robbed of her little ones, and it is the reign and the era of the Glorified Infant.

SEMIBREVE.



Our Musical-Box.

Some little while ago the inclusion of the piano in the curriculum of the School Board was lengthily discussed, and is still being discussed. Sensible people protest and not without reason. They realise, perhaps, the horrors to come. But so great is the craze for training the children of the people to be ladies and gentlemen, whether the clay-material take kindly to the process or not, that the mentors of the coming generation listen to nothing but the desires of their souls to spend money. It seems to me that the pianoforte is very well in its place, which is certainly not in the Board School. How about the many—qualified or unqualified is not for me to say—who earn a straightened living by teaching at a remuneration in proportion to the pocket of the poor? They are closely concerned in this question; yet they are not thought of—have not, to my knowledge, been spoken of. Another point of view is this, Are there not enough musicians in our suburbs and towns? It is the fashion for Jane and Tommy to learn to play; consequently they practise and strum all day long, until their unlucky neighbours' ears are deafened, and their minds are distracted. They have to learn, because it is "the thing;" whether they have the talent for music is quite out of the question. Day is already made horrible and night hideous by the eternal pianoforte, beside, around and opposite. Ten-guinea "schoolroom models" utter their tin-kettle tones wherever you go; our "warranted" at fifteen pounds cash, has apparently a warrant for the disturbance of the peace wherever and whenever its possessor pleases. Half-a-guinea a month purchases a "fine-toned instrument, with all the latest improvements, check action," &c., &c., and spreads around it for the term of its natural life discord and annoyance enough to make one wish the pianoforte had never been invented. Doleful hymns all day Sunday; scales, exercises, and school pieces, arrangements of "Home, Sweet Home"—that surely are played in a satirical spirit—every week-day. The present is bad enough; if the School Board teach its gutterbrats music for nothing, what will it be in the future? Seriously, the greatest good to the greatest number is an excellent axiom; but does it apply in this case? Is the piano a necessity to a boy or girl

who is to be taught to make his or her way in the world? Plainly, the Education Act was not meant to go so far, and nothing has occurred, since its passing, to justify the folly of such a proceeding. The class it was meant to reach was that ignorant of the three R's—and its intention was to teach them those primary requirements. As for anything further, if the pupil had the voice and the aptitude to learn more, he or she will find out soon enough a way to do so—even if it be music, lessons in which can be obtained on low enough terms, goodness knows. But of Music, we have enough to spare, thanks to the cheap foreign piano. Some peace from this everlasting jangle would be welcome. A pianoforte should be a luxury, or if not that, at least, not looked upon as a necessity. Many an English girl can squall a ballad who cannot cook or sew. Music is an art; and not all the School Boards in the world can alter it, or make it an educational requirement.

How many "teachers of music," at five shillings a quarters' lessons, are there in London now starving? Too many to think of with an equable conscience. The School Board will only add to the number, because the girls or boys taught by them will, in time to come, turn professional teachers—ladies and gentlemen, God help them!—and—starve too.

When is the composer of "*Les Cloches*" going to give us something as good? It is an unpleasant truth, but nothing that has come from his gifted pen since has been worthy of comparison with that work, though, perhaps, "*Rip Van Winkle*" was a long way superior to either of its followers. "*Captain Thérèse*" is only a string of reminiscences; a collection of ancient musical bricks set up on a foundation which has been that of more operas than one can remember. Even this could be forgiven were only there something to recollect. There is not; the orchestration is graceful—that is all; the whole opera is one to cause sorrow, regret, wonder. Granted that the composer is hampered with a plot that does not exist and a fundamental idea that is as aged as the *gamut* itself. But this does not destroy the charm of other works that shall be nameless. Plot on the opera-stage is about the last thing but one that is thought about, probability being the absolute last. The regret comes in when sympathetic artists like Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Tapley, comical Mr. Monkhouse, and dry Mr. Ashley are compelled to play unsympathetic parts and sing uninteresting music. The part of the heroine is in the hands of Miss Attalie Claire, who is the owner of an excellent voice which would be more acceptable if one could hear what she sings. But this is, perhaps, not thought necessary. I was not stricken with wonderment at her acting. Miss Broughton was absent (for the first time for three years) the night I saw the opera; but her place was filled by Miss Florence Darley, who certainly played the part uncommonly well. As a whole, "*Captain Thérèse*" is nothing like so good as "*Marjorie*," which was not itself, in my opinion, a very great work either. I am afraid "*Captain Thérèse*" will not live in the memory like the inimitable "*Cloches*" did, has done, and will. The dresses and staging are superb, thanks to Mr. Charles Harris and Mr. Horace Sedger. But not all the staging in the world can take the place of the wanting charm: the music that might be there and isn't.

Since, however, Miss Attalie Claire has decided to return to grand opera, in consequence of which Miss Violet Cameron is going to play her part in "*Captain Thérèse*." If anything can make the opera a success, Miss Cameron might; but this remains to be seen. A change even more desirable still is that of Miss Guilia Warwick for Miss Fenton in "*The Black Rover*," as Isidora. I fear Miss Warwick will have a thankless task, speaking musically. "*The Black Rover*" is now preceded by an operetta entitled "*The Crusader and the Craven*," music by that caustic critic and clever musician, Mr. Percy Reeve, in which Miss Chapuy, Mr. Le Hay, and Mr. Hogarth are concerned.

In making an opera of "*The Black Rover*," Mr. Luscombe Searelle has completely spoilt a magnificent melodrama! Who wants music with such a story? It is a drag upon it; it is like harnessing a cart-horse and a racer to the same vehicle. Were it not for Mr. Ludwig, whose voice is a revelation, this feeling

would be stronger still. Comic opera it is not. There is nothing funny in the story ; what there is has been dragged in, neck and crop, and is based as an idea old as opera itself. Say, then, it is dramatic opera ; where is the dramatic music, and what do Mr. Le Hay and Mr. Charles Collette in this gallery ? The first interrogation is simply answered : Nowhere. There is plenty of music ; but the dramatic force is conspicuous by its absence. Did Mr. Luscombe Searelle think he was going to head an operatic revolution, upset the old order, and bring about a new one, with the music of "The Black Rover" ? I hope he did not. As for the artists, I like Miss Effie Chapuy, rather ; though the songs she sang had no more to do with the story than the man in the moon. Miss Blanche Fenton is, without question, the most self-conscious actress I ever saw ; she never once forgot herself in her part, which had some splendid melodramatic opportunities ; added to this, her vocalisation was most faulty. Mr. Hogarth had nothing to do or sing, which was to be regretted ; Mr. Shiel Barry was a Gaspardian old man ; and the tenor and hero—was painfully bad. I see that Mr. Philips-Tomes now plays the part. But Mr. Le Hay and Mr. Collette were fish out of water, and I felt very sorry for them. Mr. Roydon Erlynne was dramatic as the rebellious slave. Chorus, stage-effects, scenery, and accessories could not be better. But whether the public will like their melodramas set to commonplace music is open to doubt. Even Mr. Searelle must himself have had a doubt on the point or he would not have introduced the low-comedy comic-opera element into "The Black Rover."

It is a long while since London has seen a comic opera so deserving the name and so magnificently staged as "La Cigale" at the Lyric. To begin with the music, it *is* music ; not commonplace tune or imitation melodrama. The hand of M. Audran is audible all through it ; and the composer of "Olivette" and "La Mascotte" has excelled himself in grace of melody and felicity of orchestration. There is not a bar in the entire score that is not hearable over and over again. Where Mr. Ivan Caryll's co-operation comes in, is not easily detected (though most of the first-night critics seemed to be very *cognoscenti*), but it is no disrespect to that admirable chorus-master and conductor that the work of the French writer is at once recognisable. If some of our English and other composers want to know how and what to write, let them go and hear "La Cigale." I am not easy to please with opera comique ; but the music charmed and delighted me, as it will everyone who hears it. As for the staging, how Mr. Charles Harris must have revelled in such a chance ! Each "set" is superb ; the dresses and scenery are perfection. The title-part gives Miss Geraldine Ulmar opportunities that show how clever an artiste she is, and I question if any other could better interpret so arduous a *rôle*—made more arduous still by the ridiculous clamour of well-dressed fanatics for preposterous *encores*. Of course Chevalier Scovel looks his part, and sings it magnificently. But for the rest of the characters—*voilà tout*. No one else has anything to do, which is perhaps the one blot on the performance, all in all as near perfection as the most carping critic could desire, or the most exacting playgoer look for. I shall have more to say about "La Cigale" later on ; but there is little doubt about its success. London has put up with a good deal of rubbish styled "comic opera" ; but now, thanks to Mr. Horace Sedger, it has the real thing to show.

I advise Miss Ulmar, if she wishes to keep her voice, to decline all *encores*, that is, decline to repeat her songs. We do not expect Mr. Willard or Mr. Beerbohm Tree to repeat a strong scene, however greatly we admire it. The principle is not only a nuisance, but an unreasonable nuisance, and one which firm and decided action would soon put down. Some ignorami seem to look upon the human voice as a machine.

The musical world has been recruiting in the comic-opera stage of late. Mr. Ben Davies, formerly at the Lyric, sung at the first "Monday Pop.," and Mr. Alec March, of the Avenue and Lyric, &c., created a somewhat mixed impression at Norwich Festival.

The first "Monday Pop." took place on October 20, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé receiving an enthusiastic welcome home.

Madame Patey has met with the greatest success in Australia at her commencing concert at Sydney.

Signor Lago's autumn season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden commenced on October 18 with Verdi's "Aïda."

The music of the new Gaiety burlesque in "Carmen" is by M. Meyer Lutz, thank goodness! Don't let us have any more "little peaches" and "Razzle-Dazzles," please, Mr. George Edwardes. Keep those for the music-halls, or send them back to their native land, declined with thanks.

Senor Sarasate's first concert took place on October 18, when the customary enthusiasm prevailed, St. James's Hall being crowded. The wonderful violinist was assisted by Mr. W. G. Cusin's orchestra. A second "Sarasate" concert takes place on November 3.

Mr. George Grossmith's first recital on October 20 drew a large and fashionable audience to St. James's Hall.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Our Elmateurs' Play=Box.

You, my gentle and considerate readers, are men and women of the world—healthy, wealthy, and wise. And therefore you know all about babies. No one who is not "virtuous, &c.," can possibly take an interest in these diminutive sharers (with cats, dogs, and other pets) of our nursery language and patronising affection. And, *per contra*, no one to whom their charms appeal can possibly help being all the good things named. Since, therefore, it is necessary you should rise from the perusal of this column as from a gum-chewing *soirée* or a feast off the sweet caramel, G. and C. R., here is to the tickling of your palate with an assurance that you are virtuous, &c., and by unavoidable inference learned on the subject of babies. With me you have often stood on holy ground, and been inducted into the mysteries of baby-worship. You know that there comes a time when the nurse or the mother (I prefer the nurse, the responsibility seems less) entrusts you with the wee but priceless uninsured cargo of humanity. Your left hand is seized as though a professor of palmistry were hungering for his fee. It is plumped half-way down the infant's back. Your right is guided beneath the pulpy shapeless masses by compliment termed legs—and "you're happy now you've got it." Every eye in the room, and there are generally a good many, is fixed upon you; and in awful tones you are warned that if you move a muscle, it—the baby, not the muscle—will fall to pieces. I remind you of the experiences, because some amateurs are like babies. They must be handled, oh so gingerly, or the blood will fly to their little heads, and, dear, dear, how they will cry. Pat them, and what a hullabaloo. They, perhaps like the rest of us—always excepting you, G. and C. R.—must be hourly soothed with the warm syrup of flattery, and dandled and coaxed and cooed to, unless we want to see them in a naughty ickle tantums. And this the modern reviewer, saving only the modernest of the clique—Robert

Buchanan, to wit—least of all desires. Anything for peace ; that is, peace with honour. We have no wish to mop Great Queen Street or Lincoln's Inn Fields, wielded by the itching palm of a blue-blooded "juvenile" or a "legitimate heavy." On the contrary, we want to be thought kindly and charitable. So we put on our rose-coloured spectacles as often as we can, without endangering our eyesight, and, in the very torrent and tempest of our critical wrath, acquire and beget a temperance that gives it the unruffled smoothness of a seeming indulgent admiration.

But really, you ladies and gentlemen who enrol yourselves under the banner of Garrick, the spectacles must be laid aside. To borrow the language of our friend Captain Beresford, "you are, you know you are, don't you know." The art world is shaken to its foundations, and chaos is almost come again, because a tenor refused to shave his upper lip for a powder-and-patch comic opera. It is a crime, a heinous crime, a highly-ridiculous yet mortal sin, no doubt ; but can it weigh against yours? No. That was the vanity of the body, but yours is the vanity of the mind. He, poor fellow, for all we know, might be another Samson. Cut his hair, and he was cooked, dished, done for. His face might be that of a heaven-kissed Mercury, when bearded like the pard. Treat it to the edge of an oyster-shell (raise him to the dignity of a second Hypatia, in fact) or apply the new-fangled steel, and he might stand revealed a Silenus or a Vulcan. His first plea might be loss of beauty, his second loss of charm—either would serve ; and together they form an impregnable barrier. In addition, he could do little hurt to the piece he was cast for. No one but the authors and the manager care what happens to a comic opera. But you, you have laid violent hands upon a masterpiece, and that's quite another thing. You might have done what you liked with the giants of these days. They know how to look after themselves. Besides, we have them—and the poor—always with us, and of course they don't interest us. But Sheridan, whom from childhood we have been taught to reverence, whose name we lisped at our mother's knee! an outrage upon him is an outrage upon history! Think of that. It ought to curdle your blood to read of it, even if you don't believe it. If only you had known your words, or learned your positions. But perhaps you did not know positions were expected of you. Amateurs employ such curious methods. But if only you had come prepared in *some* way. Accustomed to your clothes and your wigs, and above playing with your swords as though you were so many witches on so many broomsticks. But there, of what use is scolding. Everything must have a beginning, the Garrick A.D.C. among the newest comers. To give them good advice will be better than cursing. They should put someone at their head who does know something. No company, in war or in acting, is of much use without a leader. Even the Lyceum would fall like a pack of cards if the master hand were withdrawn. Then, with a good chief, if they work hard, and obey his orders, and put away all little temptations to think themselves cleverer than Irving and Willard, and Hare and Tree, they need not be afraid to invite me again. But not to Sheridan. No, let them try Sims. It's the same initial, but there's a difference inside.

From blame and judgment to pity ! Like the judges of whom descriptive reporters—not, let us hope, drawing upon their imagination for their facts—tell us that they sum up in strong sentences, each one of which carries the wretched prisoner's heart an inch nearer the bottom of the ocean of despair. That the black cap is fitted with unflinching hand and sentence pronounced with firm voice. And that then, when the duty that is demanded of them is done, "his lordship gave evidence of being under the influence of uncontrollable emotion." It is just so with his highness who sits down below and keeps watch o'er the life of poor Punch. He, too, has—to put the case in a nutshell—more often than not to condense his opinions under the stress of emotion ; but he is more consistent than his brother of the bench. For if he be moved he lets it count one to the prisoner, and he has the courage, moreover, to let everyone know as much. And here is a case in point. Nothing like having an apt illustration to avoid misconception. Three weeks ago there was what our American cousins would call a "two nights' stand" at Stafford. A compact little party of well-known amateurs raided from London and stuck-up the town. Oh, for charity, you bet. All schemed out beforehand, just lovely. Top families mad to help

them, and everything right as rain, fit for them to ride in and paint the place red. And did they? Not much. Why? Well, that's the legend; and if you'll do as the Romans did and lend me your ears, I'll expound; for it's here that the pity comes in and spoils my wrath at their failing. They were good enough to do the trick. A better little troop never started out. But whether it's a bank or the county families at theatricals in a concert hall, you can't handle the plunder unless your pals work it all properly for you. Now there's something that ought to be quoted here about good intentions, only somebody might object to the strength of the language. The intentions were excellent, of course, in getting them a big town hall; but intentions are apt to run away with people who organise this sort of thing without technical knowledge to serve as a bridle. To put "Caste" and "The Parvenu," little plays wanting a little theatre and little effects, into a huge barn of a place, was suicidal. Half the fine dialogue was lost to those sitting beyond the first few rows, and what the plot of either play could have seemed to any who came fresh to the comedies, passes speculation. The audience were to be pitied, for they had room to feel their own atmosphere about them: always a fatal thing. They should be packed like herrings. Then each spark of interest or amusement will circulate through the whole crowd, and not fizzle out through coming into contact with the cold dignity of a self-conscious individual. But more to be pitied were the actors. They worked like Trojans, but they were doomed by Fate (*i.e.*, the cheerless hall and the cheerless audience) and nothing could save them.

There has not been showier work, or more thorough, done in the provinces this vacation; and London ought to have the benefit of this preliminary run. When Sam and Polly are matched, "Caste" is about complete. The stronger the Esther and George, the stronger the play; but they may be as bad as barnstormers (and this precious hall nearly compelled them to be) and the "putty" lovers and dear old Eccles will pull them through. Mrs. Walkes and Mr. Lavies are among the best low comedy lovers amateurs can produce. They are actors of many moods, and luckily were in good spirits and not afraid to give way to them, and they let the parts carry them whithersoever they listed. That is a fairly safe plan to adopt when the work is straightforward, and there was little to find fault with from the tea in act i, to the tea in act iii. The "serious spoons" are never all your fancy pictures them, unless an Amy Roselle or a Florence Gerard is sharing those natural scenes with a Forbes-Robertson or a Conway. But Mrs. Charles Sim does nothing that has not merit of some kind, and in Esther she gets so near the note that brings a lump in the throat and dims the eye, that want of fervour may be forgiven. Mr. Ashby-Darby is young for D'Alroy. It is not that he does not look old enough for a husband, or that he cannot make love prettily, or that he is not the *preux chevalier* in look and bearing. All this he manages well, but the last act depends entirely on George's dignity, and it must be the dignity of a self-reliant man, and that Mr. Darby has not mastered. Mr. Walkes repeats with great effect the impersonation of Mr. S. B. Bancroft without which no gentleman's Hawtree is complete. He does for the part all that can be done, which is not saying much, for the good scenes are *nil* and the incidents few. Mr. Trollope's Eccles was the biggest success of the visit. It was studied, it was natural, it satisfied the critic, and it satisfied the boy in the gallery: and that is the paradox of acting. It is not wise to be subtle at Drury Lane, and elaborate bits of business were hardly noticeable in the Stafford wilderness; but plenty of broad effects were there, too, and Eccles ought to be first in Mr. Trollope's repertory of character parts. "The Parvenu" came off with better luck but worse effect. There was less to miss, but then less was got over the footlights. Mrs. Leston, from the Avenue Theatre, and Mr. Walkes were capital as Lady Pettigrew and Sir Fulke, both performances being vigorous and pointed to an unusual degree. Mr. Trollope was good but not alert enough for Ledger, and Mr. Lavies walked through Charlie with ease; Mrs. Walkes was bright and pert as Peggy, and Mrs. Sim and Mr. Darby surprised everybody as Gwendolen and Claud. They are thankless parts to act, honeyed and cloying, but the make-believe was worthy of professionals, and their earnestness would not be denied. For about the first time on record, most likely, these were the heroes of the play.

"Why don't you write your own criticisms; Davy always did," said Mrs. Garrick to Kean; and there was good sense in the remark. Nobody can possibly

fathom your intentions like yourself, and therefore nobody but yourself can do you justice. But if it's well to arrange for your criticisms, how infinitely better to look after the play as well. Write your own pieces, and you are sure to please one person at any rate. Adopt somebody else's, and you are pretty safe to satisfy none. You know exactly what you can do, or rather what you think you can do—the same thing in your eyes—what you look best in, what sentiments sound true, and which light is the more becoming, the gas of the evening or the limelight of noon. It was a fine stroke of policy, then, on the part of the Hon. Mrs. Alistair Hay and the Hon. Marie Hay, to rummage out the pieces in which they were to be principals in Dupplin Castle. Odd little bits of other plays cropped up now and again. Curious memories were brought to light by a turn of the key in the lock at the unwhitting command of these disciples of Mrs. Holford, who, for the instruction of those not posted in matters theatrical I say it, is the only lady aristocrat of the time who has written a play worthy to be remembered. But, taken as the work of novices, *The Prince of Colonna* and *The Lady Grizel* were full of promise and showed a liberal hand for the bestowal of plums in situation and dialogue. The first is a story of Venice. Mr. Hadow, a burgher of that city, has wealth, ambition, and one fair daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well. She, Lucia by name, is not above looking in the glass and translating into words its dumb confessions of her beauty. And as, like Beatrice, she sits and sighs "Heigho" for a lover, a gallant appears, in very squalid garb. He is a prince who has dissembled; anyone can tell that, for his manners have the repose which stamps the caste of the Colonna, and in his flashing eye the pride of race is seated. Lucia loves him; but her papa, when he comes in, does not. He has the soul of a shop keeper, and values the book of mankind by its binding. He sees only an artisan, and, not being a Socialist or an advanced thinker of any school, he objects to the peasant-born for a son-in-law. Very like the Deschappelles and the horticultural Claude. The Prince stands in danger of being kicked out by the guard, but after making sure that Lucia loves him, for himself alone, it is a case of "further disguise is useless, I am Don Cæsar de Bazan." "And a gentle consort made he, And her gentle mind was such, That she grew a noble lady, And the people loved her much:" from the Lord of Burleigh. But Lucia did not long that he should turn a village painter, at least we are not told so, and was overjoyed to become a Princess. A very sweet and pretty little tale, acted with grace and delicate feeling by the authoresses (Mrs. Hay playing the Prince) who looked the usual "pictures by an old master," and wore their beautiful costumes with an ease and elegance many an actress might have envied.

The Lady Grizel has no such comedy element. It is deep, dark, gruesome tragedy. A Caledonian version of *Romeo and Juliet*! What Helen's babies would term "bluggy." Earl Malcolm of Inverness, making good his escape after a rout during the troubles of 1745, meets Lord Ralph Nevill, the brother of his lady-love. Romeo and Tybalt, being on different sides, have a short set to, and the fiery Tybalt falls. Romeo pursues his flight to Juliet's chamber, where he hides behind the arras. She, poor fluttered dove, knows of the battle and is wildly anxious for her Montague, who forthwith steps out and is clasped to her tender bosom. She would kill him with too much cherishing, but he has sterner business in hand, and is about to start on his confession when a page brings her tidings that her brother Tybalt's soul has fled, and at the bidding of her Romeo's sword. Then Shakespeare and these clever daughters of Scotia part company. He of Stratford thought a woman's passion set at naught the ties of kindred, faith, and country. If she gave her heart, she gave it all. Father, mother, friends, comfort, duty, pride, everything, went into the opposite scale, and one hour of real love outweighed all and made it kick the beam. They of Dupplin think otherwise. A sister's affection they fancy will for the moment put to flight the bride's. It is a false notion, and spoils the artistic value of their work. But it brings on their catastrophe, and the means they will argue are justified by the end. Poor Romeo is exiled from that loving heart, and the lips which cried his virtues heap scorn and hatred on his head. The tramp of armed men is heard in the corridors. He thinks he is beset by Capulets. "He cannot meet his ladye's unforgiving eyes, and cannot live without her love . . .

so dies." A dagger in his heart, and he crawls to her feet to kiss out his love with the last faint breath. At that the Lady Grizel's love revives. From what seemed ashes, in a moment a consuming flame leaps up, and nothing but death can satiate it. So Juliet the wavering, Juliet the faithless, Juliet who cared so little for her lord that she could stab his heart with words, is sorry when she sees what she's done, and makes the fatal dagger do double service now that remorse and regret are useless. And on her suicide the curtain falls. Tragedy is generally out of place on the amateur stage, but if there were many actors as full of fire as these, it need not be banished with such rigour. As the young Earl, Mrs. Hay was quite impressive, and her fellow-author made an earnest Grizel. Mr. Hadow was Lord Ralph, removed from the scene quite early in the action; and as a boy page, Miss Gladys Hadow looked very pretty and acted with becoming spirit. There is a wide field for slight and sketchy, yet ambitious, plays like these, giving actors scope for costume, a thing dear to the amateur; and if the authors would publish them, they would soon be heard of again.

Nobody reads Leigh Hunt nowadays, so I shall be safe in giving my readers a few lines of his. Not with the intent of borrowing the trick played off by Launcelot Bargiss on his Hypatia and pretending they are my own, for who that is sane dare challenge the detective genius of the *P.M.G.* Plagiarist Commissioner. But "safe" in the sense that there will be freshness and entertainment in them, almost as much indeed as there would be in an equal quantity of my own prose, and without the labour to me of composition! Thus then they run. "I never think of poor Leander's fate, And how he swam, and how his bride sat late, And watched the dreadful dawning of the light, But as I would of two that died last night. So might they row have lived, and so have died; The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side." I never see Tom Robertson's masterpiece without thinking of this scrap of simple verse. Let *Caste* be acted only decently, and the story's heart, to all, still beats against its side. We have seen it a hundred times, maybe. Speaking for myself, I vow I could play prompter from the stalls without a book. We have informed ourselves, with emphasis, that the so-and-so'd thing is played out. But once we are settled down to it again, and George and Esther have to part, and Sam and Polly are bravely keeping that little house in Stangate above water, that lump in the throat *will* come. And when the curtain falls we inaudibly consign the gasman to other regions for turning up the lights before we have had time to wipe our eyes and assume an air of well bred indifference. Sir Kenneth Kemp could not have chosen a more human play for his Norwich week, or one more certain to please everybody. The country favourites he gathers around him lend their work a personal interest, and with a theme so true there is nothing wanting to the success of his annual experiment. The acting of *Caste* has now become a very relative affair. It is either better than such a revival or worse than the other. You can say nothing very positive, for in every mind there is a standard, and your words will be understood as applying to that. The Norwich amateurs were not on a level with the Criterion actors of a year ago, but they were more than a match for several country companies I have seen. On the one hand they could not show the clear depths of pathos nor let themselves be carried whither-soever the spirit of comedy listeth. On the other, there was no possibility of mistaking the heroes for anything but military men, and the heroines for women whom "society" would out of necessity refuse to recognise. What was lost in stage effectiveness was gained in natural manner and appearance. Mr. Leo Trevor, a comedian of marked versatility, was perhaps the most finished of all as Eccles, whose chronic drunkenness had served as a fine basis for an original study of great merit. Mr. Brandram threw energy and spirit into his reading of Sam, which belonged to the perky, quick-witted Hare school rather than the sullen and moody Brookfield. Mr. Bourke and Miss Muriel Wylford played with startling earnestness as the hardly used lovers, the chief defect being a tendency to drawing room naturalism. With more breadth and less realistic colouring, they would be excellent. Captain Horton was a dignified Hawtree, with a sly undercurrent of caustic humour; Mrs. Washington spoke the Marquizzys' tiresome lines better than anyone I ever heard, Mrs. Stirling and Miss Le Thié excepted; and Miss

Kathleen Henry, forgetful of the laws of class and that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, identified herself with Polly the light-hearted "extra-lady," and with pretty looks and merry laughs and teasing ways flooded the stage with sunshine. *Caste* was played to crowded houses on September 13 and 14, and on the 15th an adaptation by Mr. Arthur Waugh from *Oliver Twist*, set to Music by Mr. Claud Nugent, and called *Corney Courtied; or, the Beadle's Bride*, was produced with great success, the melodious numbers being frequently encored.

What with parsons at the play in town, and Noncon Boanerges pounding the pulpit in denunciation of them, their creed, and their charity, the Church is in a fair way to shake hands with the Stage. Those whom the former will not lead the latter will drive towards tolerance; and once bigotry's knocked on the head, logic and common sense come uppermost in life, and the first thing seen to be an absurd inconsistency is war between any two great powers. Just to give Mr. Jones, Mr. Willard, and Mr. Spurgeon a little help, Owlesbury Church last month accepted the aid of the Longwood amateurs for some bells it wanted, and *A Happy Pair* and *Creatures of Impulse* were played to an overflowing audience. The effects were a little cloudy perhaps. Many of the characters looked like old friends seen through a blurring mist. You know how a haze will confuse you. This nose is surely more pronounced than when we used to sit together chatting and smoking far into the night. And that walk! can that be dear old So-and-so's? The mist will serve the purpose of a magnifying glass and throw into unnatural relief the most peculiar features of your object. So with these Longwood actors. But despite innumerable faults, and sins against their authors no dramatist would ever forgive, they managed to hold the mirror up to nature so that their audience could see the reflection, and seeing it declare their hearty approbation. I shall therefore refuse to publish their iniquities, since crime we are told is purely a matter of longitude and latitude, and what we in London think artistic suicide or murder may, for aught I know, be counted virtue within the sound of Owlesbury bells. Miss Cowper Coles and the Hon. Douglas Carnegie got happily through the bickerings of that wondrously witty young married couple, Edwin and Angelina Honeyton. The Earl of Northesk entered with democratic fervour into the humours of Sergeant Kloogne, of whom he gave a really diverting picture. Mr. Carnegie was a burly farmer. Lady Helen Lacey made a winsome niece to the eccentric and lively old lady of Miss Coles. Mr. Lionel Bethel flung down the glove to Mr. Adonis Dixey and gave us an amusing burlesque of Mr. Irving; and Mrs. Butler played the landlady with the unfailing severity of the race.



Our Omnibus=Box.

WE have been shouting too soon. In sympathy with Mr. Willard, we rejoiced in the cordial reception given to his experimental clerical *matinée* of "Judah." But, like Mr. Willard, we had reckoned without our host. We had assumed that the infinitesimal proportion of ecclesiastical objections to the enterprising manager's play represented substantially the opposition to it. Like him, we had rashly failed to take into account the possibilities of sulky silence, which would bide its time to make an attack upon the new departure. The first to fulminate upon the novel abomination was Mr. Spurgeon, who waxed abusively eloquent on the subject. The irreverent scoff at Mr. Spurgeon and recall a time when, as they assert, he celebrated the birth of twin Spurgeons by taking a party to a theatre or a circus, or some other "workshop of the devil." It is very easy to say, as we are strongly tempted to do, "Oh, it doesn't matter, it is only Mr. Spurgeon." It is not only Mr. Spurgeon. The Newington Causeway prelate has a following, and that not a small one. Many, no doubt, go to hear him largely, if not entirely, out of curiosity, but many also follow him week after week and hang upon his lips for utterances that are invested with a spurious dignity of inspiration. The occasion is an odd one. He is advising an obscure theological school in the ethics of preaching. But before going into that, let us hear what the teacher of preachers has to say about the stage. "The Christian Church of the present day," he says, "has played the harlot beyond the Church in any age. There are no amusements," he adds, "too vile for her. Her pastors have filled a theatre of late, and have set their mark by their clamours on the labours of play actors. To this we had come at last to which we never came before—no, not in Rome's darkest hour. And, if you do not love Christ enough to be indignant about it, the Lord have mercy upon you."

We will discuss neither Mr. Spurgeon's opinion of the modern stage nor his comparison with Rome (does he mean the Empire, by-the-way, or his old bugbear, the Church?), for his knowledge of both is about on a par. Indeed, on other occasions he might boastfully confess that both might be represented by a negative quantity. Perhaps we ought to assume that he knows what he is talking about, but if he were tackled, he would probably consider himself insulted (it is an old joke) if anyone dared suppose that he ever entered a theatre, or had any knowledge "of the labours of play-actors." Mr. Spurgeon does not, however, stand alone, and perhaps one of the aptest illustrations of the weaknesses of his position is to be found in a curious article in the Baptist *Freeman*, a journal which, in our ignorance, we believe not to have the pontifical sanction of the great Dissenting Cardinal. Speaking of the "Judah" *matinée* it says:—"A somewhat ingenious advertisement, as it appeared to us, was lately devised by the manager of a London theatre. A number of parsons were invited to attend the performance of a certain play. Its moral was, according to report, that it does not pay to tell a lie. Whether or not there was a slight tap for those who have been misled by Tract No. 90 we cannot say."

We will leave on one side, as we can afford to do, the sneer at the "somewhat ingenious advertisement," "a number of parsons," and the spite of which the late Miss Miggs, of Barnaby Rudge fame, might have been proud; but we will come to "its moral, according to report," that "it does not pay to tell a lie." We assume that the Baptist *Freeman*, being run as a religious paper, pours its profits, whatever they may be, into religious laps and is edited by religious persons. Might we go further and hope that the report that brought that moral to the religious editorial ears was one duly certified from religious sources? The question is pertinent and important, because none but the editor

of a religious paper, relying on the report of a thing he had not seen, would ever draw such a conclusion as is here set forth. That "it does not pay to tell a lie" is a shamelessly polemical way of putting it, to say the least; and if one studies "Judah" with any but a jaundiced Baptist eye, it is clear that the moral is rather that if Judah Llewellyn and Vashti Dethic had lowered themselves to the standard of Baptist journalists their joint lie would have paid them remarkably well.

Perhaps we may best measure the Baptist journalist by what follows. "None of our staff had an invitation," he says. If this is so, there was clearly an error on Mr. Willard's part, and in a measure he may be held remotely responsible for the curious mental wanderings of the Baptist journalist. The next we may believe, if we like—"or would have accepted it had one come." Why refuse it? He wanted the information. If that was only to be obtained at the risk of damnation, why expose the inaccurate one to the peril? Or perhaps the misinformer was considered the most likely subject for sacrifice. It is clear that there was a dearth of information. "Nor can we learn, after making some inquiries, that any minister connected with the Baptist Union was present. We should certainly have passed the matter by without notice, but we have received several inquiries, and learn that it has been made the occasion of more unproven and uncharitable scandal. Brethren who did not go surely need not advertise their superior unworldliness until they have proof positive that others did. It is not the holiest spirit to enter the pulpit with the profession, 'God, I thank Thee I am not as other men are,' until there be some clear evidence as to what 'other men are.'"

So far the motive of the criticism is pretty clear, without the added evidence of the following passage:—"We must not forget that clergymen of a certain section of the Established Church make no secret of their interest in the theatre. In London there are those who openly accompany their choirs in attending a play. We expect that, were the truth known, it was gentlemen of this class who were invited and were present. There is a Church and State Guild. The fact is, theatrical people altogether mistake our abstinence from the theatre. It is not through sourness of spirit, nor is it because of ignorance of the character of the modern drama. And certainly it is not from any unwillingness to enjoy innocent pleasure. It is because we believe the tendency of the stage is unhealthy. It is antagonistic to true religion. Its moral influence is sometimes very bad."

But how do these gentlemen know? How do they get over their "ignorance of the character of the modern drama"? Not, surely, from personal attendance. Report, whence gained is not disclosed, is the only authority, and how poor a source it is may be best judged from what follows. The Baptist *Freeman* then proceeds to deal with "The Deacon." After getting the plot in a more or less distorted fashion from "a theatrical paper," the writer premises that "we know something of the deacons of particular Baptist churches. They are, as a rule, large-hearted, broad-thoughted men, and would never act in a fashion like this," *i.e.*, as in the play, and goes on to draw the following extraordinary inferences:—"What can be the lesson of such a play? The noble thing in life is to court an actress, the ignoble to live an unworldly Christian life. A singularly worthy class of men are held up to scorn. The theatre is all that is glorious, and the chapel all that is contemptible. Our young people are not likely to be encouraged to live noble lives by attending a play like this."

Can any greater perversity be conceived than this? Not one word is said in the play about the nobility of courting an actress, nor, it is scarcely necessary to say, about the ignoble thing being to lead an unworldly Christian life. In somewhat crude and sketchy fashion the ignorant prejudice against actors and actresses is satirised with a completely good-humoured hand. There is no trace of contemptuous feeling shown or evoked against the deacon himself, for whom, in fact, our sympathies are asked, since his hatred of all connected with the stage is accounted for by the pathetic story of his daughter's disappearance.

It is absolutely untrue that a singularly worthy class of men are held up to scorn. The laughter is without a sting in it for the most sensitive hide. The sudden conversion of the worthy sausage-maker is far too sudden and too-unconvincing to be taken seriously, and if anyone is laughed at it is the sausage-maker and local magnate, the man who will compel his hands in future to attend the theatre as he has previously forced them to abstain from it, and not an earnestly religious man of any denomination.

These misrepresentations are so absurd and conceived in so petty a spirit, that the evil they are capable of would be insignificant if they were read by people who had the means of comparing them with the facts as shown by the actual performances. But that is not the case. The people who read the *Freeman* are already predisposed to regard the theatre with horror, and who can wonder if statements, such as we have quoted, are accepted as Gospel, and operate to confirm the already too bitter, unreasoning hatred? It may be that there are people so constituted that the theatre will work moral evil in them, if they do not avoid its temptations; but that is no justification for a libellous distortion of known facts for the purpose, more or less honestly undertaken, of rousing religious and often fanatical prejudice.

In the same article there is a further illustration of this unfairly hostile spirit. Here the writer pays THE THEATRE the honour of quoting it. "Then we open THE THEATRE and extract the story of another play ('The Bookmaker.') Now, in seeking the welfare of the people at the present hour, we find that gambling is a terrible curse, and that we are called upon to make the most resolute efforts to check it. What is the theatre doing to help to stop the abomination? The magazine article thus concludes: 'The Bookmaker' is a healthy play, well written, and should achieve success wherever acted.' But we do not hesitate to express our opinion that it is calculated to give young men an admiration for gambling and the 'bookmaker.' Here, again, the theatre is in clear opposition to the Church. We are not professing to state all our grounds for abstention from the modern theatre. We content ourselves by stating that these two plays, which have just appeared, and have been picked out almost at random, are in definite, vigorous antagonism to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Poor "Bookmaker"! What has he done to deserve this? What will Mr. Piggott think of this savage assault upon the morality of his harmless little play? But what, above all, are we to think of the moral fibre of the young men in whom the spectacle of a successful bookmaker by his advice enabling a young lady to win some money excites such an "admiration for gambling and the bookmaker" as to lead them into temptation? If there are such young people then the theatre is no place for them, nor is there any place for them among men and women fairly responsible for their actions. Anyone whom "The Bookmaker" would lure from the path of rectitude should be early placed under the kindly but strict supervision of friends lest he fare worse in the less sympathetic but highly necessary confinement of one of Her Majesty's gaols or lunatic asylums. We do not propose to follow the writer into its assertion as to the definite, vigorous antagonism to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We should probably differ too widely as to what constitutes the necessary elements of that spirit, and so drift into a religious controversy quite beyond the scope of this magazine. We will content ourselves with asking the *Freeman* if it thinks that the moral tone of "The Bookmaker" would have been elevated if, instead of representing the principal character as a fairly good and absolutely human creature, the author had invested him with the orthodox infernal attributes of horns, hoofs, pitchfork, and tail, and if he believes that in such a case a single young person, whether of the weakest or the strongest moral constitution, would have been in the slightest degree turned against the evils of gambling if he had the gambling spirit in him.

Miss Mary Collette (whose portrait appears in this month's issue), has already given evidence that she will support the reputation of the dramatic family from which she springs. The young actress's grandparents were Mr. and Mrs.



Photographed by Barraud, London.

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MISS MARY COLLETTE.

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

--THOMAS CAREW.



Photographed by Barraud, London.

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MR. CHAS. WYNDHAM & MISS MARY MOORE,
IN "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

. "shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?"

"RICHARD III," ACT IV., SCENE II.

Wilton, of Mr. Chute's Bristol stock company; her aunt, the celebrated Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft); her mother, Blanche, was associated with all the successes of the little theatre in Tottenham Street, and her father is Charles Collette, the well-known actor. Miss Collette's "absolute first appearance" was as Wilkins Micawber, junior, at the Theatre Royal, Southampton, January 20, 1883, when she was of course quite a child. In 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal engaged the young aspirant as an understudy at the St. James's, and she travelled with them during their autumn tour, and made her really first appearance as an actress at the Theatre Royal, Hull, September 10, 1888, as Suzanne in "The Ironmaster," during her first week played Lucy Franklin in "A Scrap of Paper," and Felicity Gunnion in "The Squire," and remained with the Kendals till December 1, having gained favourable notice in all the principal towns they visited. From January 21 to March 23, 1889, Miss Collette was a member of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's Opera Comique Company, creating the part of Rosie in "Tares," and playing Matilda Jane in "A Regular Fix." On February 12 she created Mildred Selwyn in Sydney Grundy's play "A Fool's Paradise," at the Gaiety, and achieved a success, which was repeated on April 4, as Nell in Alec Nelson's "The Landlady." On May 31, Miss Collette was the original Winifred, at the Prince of Wales's, in Mr. Sapte's "Marah," re-named "The Convict's Wife." October 10 saw her playing Nellie in "The Colonel," at the Comedy Theatre, under Miss Henrietta Lindley's management, and after touring with the play reappeared in London as Maria in "The School for Scandal," December 12, on the occasion of Miss Annie Rose's *matinée* at the Vaudeville. This performance induced Mr. Thomas Thorne to engage her for a long term, commencing January 11, 1890, when she again played Maria. On February 9, Miss Collette made a most decided hit as Jenny in the first production of "Clarissa," and filled the part throughout the run, as she did also of Dolly Primrose in "Miss Tomboy." April 25, 1890, she created Ethel Evergreen (a great success) in John Aylmer's comedy "Changes," and May 22, 1890, Kitty in Mrs. Bancroft's play, "A Riverside Story." Besides this record of two years' good work, Miss Collette has appeared in numerous entertainments in the cause of charity, and as a *tour de force* recited "Oh, Monsieur!" in French at one of her father's *matinées* given at the Prince of Wales', May 30, 1889, and did so with as pure an accent as a Frenchwoman's. Miss Collette was a favourite pupil of the late John Maclean, learned music and the piano under Miss Fanny Davies and Matilde Wurm, and is still studying singing under Signor Fiari, of the R.A.M., who expresses the highest opinion of her capabilities. The young actress has an intense love for her profession, and in it she is certain to make her mark.

"Still Waters Run Deep," in which Miss Mary Moore and Mr. Charles Wyndham are now appearing, gives us most acceptable subjects for one of our photographs. There is no necessity at present to again give a record of either actor or actress; the versatile powers of the one and the beauty and sympathetic acting of the other have made for them a world-wide reputation.

Mr. Alec Nelson's comedietta "Madcap," produced for the first time at the Comedy on the evening of Friday, October 17, was, if a little wanting in originality, pleasing, and touched the right chord; save that he made his heroine transform herself into a street arab, and climb down by the ivy from an upstairs window, which turned her into a little too much of a tomboy, the story is very simple. It is merely that Daphne has been brought up by Mrs. Barton whose son Jack has for a tutor one John Read. Though participating in all Jack's games, and with a strong partiality for racing, cricket, lawn tennis, &c., Daphne has a true heart in her little bosom, and prefers the more staid tutor to the volatile Jack, who proposes, but is refused in a very pretty little scene. The tutor says that he must leave, but Daphne is sufficiently clever to lead him on to an avowal whilst he is announcing his intention. This would have been very charming had it not been spoilt to a certain extent by Daphne's having only a moment before appeared as a poor boy, she having put on this dress which was intended to be worn in some coming private theatricals. Miss Rhoda Larkin played Daphne naïvely and with very great charm. She contrived to give one the idea of a madcap, but yet of a gentlewoman at the same time. Mr. P. S. Champion was fresh and natural as the youthful Jack Barton, but Mr. G. Kennedy was too staid as the tutor John Read. Miss Helen Lambert

was a pleasant Mrs. Barton. The audience appeared pleased with the little piece, gave it a good reception, and called for the author. "Madcap" preceded "Nerves" which continues to attract, thanks to the excellence of the acting of Messrs. Hawtrey and Edward Righton and Mesdames Sophie Larkin, Lottie Venne, and Lydia Cowell. Owing to the illness of Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Mr. H. Kemble has resumed the part of Buxom Brittle, and Miss Vane Featherston strengthens the cast by her most capable rendering of Violet Armytage, originally played by Miss Maud Millett.

"His Last Chance," played on Monday, October 13, at the Gaiety, is the work of Herbert Harraden, to which Ethel Harraden has contributed some pretty music. The little musical comedietta was well interpreted by Miss Loie Fuller who sang nicely, and by Mr. Minshull, the lady having to entice a very bashful lover into making a proposal.

The "Playgoers' Club" had a treat on Tuesday evening, October 7, when W. Davenport Adams, one of our most observant critics, chatted with them—for we will not call it lectured to the members—on the drama of his recollection since the year 1868. Wisely, perhaps, he did not tell them so much of what has been going on in London—for it is easy now-a-days for those who take an interest in the stage, and the doings thereon, to obtain information as to everything that has happened during the past twenty-six years—but picked out the plums in the same way that in his two pleasant little works "Byways" and "Rambles in Bookland," he takes us off the beaten track of London into the pleasant sidepaths of the provinces (for we suppose we can look upon Edinburgh and Glasgow in dramatic doings as merely byways compared with the great Roman road of London). And so he gave us little bits of information as to Phelps, Amy Sedgwick, Julia Matthews, Adelaide Neilson, Kate Saville, and Miss Glyn in their early days, and of the parts in which they appeared in the modern Athens. Told us something of Celeste, Helen Faucit, and of the Haymarket company; touched upon Buckstone and his nattiness of attire; recorded the parts in which Wilson Barrett and Miss Heath shone, made a passing reference to Schneider; paid a well-deserved tribute to Mapleson, and the admirable combination of vocalists who gave such excellent performances at cheap prices; told us how great Mackintosh and Charles Groves used to be in pantomime; and reminded us how H. J. Loveday, now Mr. Irving's right hand, once led the orchestra at the Royal. He referred to Florence St. John, then known as Florence Leslie, and the *naïveté* of her histrionic efforts when she first appeared as a member of the pantomime company at the Gaiety in Edinburgh; and then going on to Glasgow he gave us some interesting casts of plays there, and what Fanny Brough, Laura Linden, and E. W. Garden did, and how Rose Leclercq and Florence Terry were the heroines in "Broken Hearts," and what a loss to comedy was the death of Frederick Marshall. He touched on Henry Hamilton as Caleb Deecie in "Two Roses," long before he had become a dramatic author, praised Craven Robertson and his two sisters, and paid a well deserved tribute to Richard Younge's capabilities as a comedian; and so he referred to George Alexander and the excellent comic songs he used to sing as quite a boy, and how he used to make up so well; and spoke of Salvini and Irving's charming performance of Charles I, and how he (W. D. A.'s) *éloge* was kindly set down to his having partaken of a chicken and champagne supper. He also reminded us of Phyllis Glover, and of how Rutland Barrington supported Mrs. Howard Paul in her entertainment, and of interviews with Charles Mathews; and of Mrs. Stirling's performance of Lady Teazle when she was sixty years of age; and how that when Mrs. Bernard Beere went to Glasgow to play juvenile lead in old comedy, under the ægis of Mrs. Chippendale, she was so amateurish that no one would have imagined that she would ever have played "La Tosca," and he was even able to record almost a failure of Ellen Terry in the part of "Frou-Frou," and hinted that Richard Mansfield, the now character actor and tragedian, once played one of Grossmith's parts in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and expressed his wish that Mrs. Kendal in "All for Her," Miss Wallis as Isabella in "Measure for Measure," and Mrs. Langtry as Galatea could now be seen in London.

We have been able to give but the merest outline of the many interesting little memories that were recalled. We must only add that which Davenport

Adams said as to himself and the work of the critic and the mission of the drama. He owned himself to be an enthusiast, that he loved the play, and that he considered the first "mission" of the drama was to entertain. If with that could be combined instruction and moral elevation, so much the better, though he of course does not for a moment support anything that is coarse, low, or impure, and he also gave us the spirit in which to record "first nights"; and it would be well if all critics were animated by the same spirit—that of kindness towards manager, author, and actor, bearing in mind that a few words written by a man whose liver, perhaps, is out of order, or whose work is distasteful to him, may exercise a life long evil influence over the career of those whom he passes under survey—his recorded words may mean to them either obscurity and poverty, or good repute and competence. Mr. B. W. Findon was in the chair. The Playgoers mustered in great force, and held an animated debate afterwards, winding up with a cordial and well-deserved vote of thanks to their entertainer for the absorbing facts he had set before them. For those who are interested in the matter, it may be well to mention that a verbatim report will be found in the *Stage* newspaper of October 10, 1890.

The American rights of that charming little comedy of Mr. Fred Romer's, "April Showers," has been purchased by Mr. Palmer, for Madison Square Theatre, New York, where it will be shortly produced.

Saturday evening, September 19, saw the 200th performance of "A Pair of Spectacles," which was celebrated by the return of Mr. John Hare after his holiday, to take up the part of Benjamin Goldfinch. The piece went with renewed zest and appears likely to continue its prosperous run. During the short absence of Miss Kate Rorke in October, her part was played by Miss Laura Hanson.

The fresh attraction during the past month at St. George's Hall has been Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch called "Seaside Mania." It is one of the brightest that this popular entertainer has given us, passing in review and cleverly satirising everyday characters. The songs "I Took a Holiday in the Bosom of my Family," a very droll effusion on "Sky Signs," and a Scotch song were amongst the best numbers. Misses Fanny Holland and Kate Tully, Messrs. Alfred Reed, Avalon Collard, and J. L. Mackay are very amusing in "Carnival Time," by Malcolm Watson and Corney Grain, which continues to be an attraction.

"The Black Rover" has been considerably improved since its first performance. Mr. Charles Collette's part has been written up by himself; and the clever comedian has considerably brightened the third act. Mr. Sinclair Dunn replaced Mr. Mancini for a time, and Miss Giulia Warwick on the evening of the 18th appeared as Isidora with manifest advantage. "The Crusader and the Craven," with an amusing libretto by Mr. W. Allison, and some bright and taking music by Mr. Percy Reeve has strengthened the programme, effectively rendered as it has been by Miss Effie Chapuy as Dame Alice, Mr. William Hogarth as the Crusader Sir Rupert, and Mr. John Le Hay as the Minstrel Blondel.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company re-appeared at the Haymarket on October 5th after a most successful tour in the provinces. The interrupted run of "A Village Priest" was resumed, and Mr. Grundy's play was again most favourably received. Miss Julia Neilson for a few nights appeared as Margaret, and played the part with great tenderness. She was also seen to much advantage in W. S. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy," as Clarice, with Mr. Nutcombe Gould as the Duc D'Orleans, Mr. F. Terry as D'Aulnay, Mr. Charles Allan as Doctor Choquart, and Mr. Leith as the Abbé Dubois. Mr. Carl Ambruster's selection of new pieces with which he returned from abroad afforded a great treat to musical amateurs.

"Sweet Nancy" was revived at the Royalty Theatre under the management of Miss Harriett Jay on October 6. The changes in the cast consisted in Mr. Yorke Stephens as Sir Roger Tempest, which he played very well, his only

fault being that he was a little too juvenile. Mr. Garthorne was but a stolid conventional Frank Musgrave, Miss McNulty was a very fascinating Mrs. Huntly. The third act has been considerably amended. "Pepper's Diary" by Mr. Arthur Morris, which was the *lever de rideau* was an amusing trifle, taken from the French, and excellently played by Messrs. Hendrie and H. V. Esmond and Miss McNulty.

The Court Theatre re-opened on October 11 with Mr. Pinero's four act farce the "Cabinet Minister," with but two important changes in the cast. Miss Carlotta Leclercq appearing as the Dowager Countess of Drumdurris, and Mr. Frank Rodney as Valentine White; both were thoroughly efficient. The play went with a laugh from start to finish.

Mr. E. S. Willard took leave of London audiences on the evening of September 27, appearing as Cyrus Blenkarn in the second act of "The Middleman," and the Welsh Minister in "Judah," with Miss Winifred Emery as Vashti Dethic and Mr. E. W. Gardiner as Juxon Prall. Mr. Willard was greeted almost with affection. The little speech he made was graceful and grateful, and at its close the audience expressed their wishes for his speedy return.

"Still Waters Run Deep," which was such a success in the early part of the year 1888, was revived at the Criterion on October 13. Mrs. Bernard Beere, happily recovered from her serious illness, was once more able to appear as Mrs. Sternhold, a character which she has considerably altered from the original reading, and which she may certainly be considered to have improved. Mr. Wyndham was again excellent as John Mildmay, and Miss Mary Moore a very sweet Mrs. Mildmay. Mr. Blakeley resumed with much unction the character of Potter, Mr. S. Valentine was Dunbilk, and Mr. F. Atherley clever as Langford. The new Captain Hawksley was Mr. Arthur Elwood, who adopted an excellent reading, making of the adventurer a thorough gentleman in outward appearance and manner. He was cool and incisive, but could be tigerish enough when occasion arose. "Dearest Mamma" was also played, in which Mr. W. Blakeley was a very amusing Browser, E. Maurice a thoroughly cynical Nettle Croker. Miss M. A. Victor genuinely comic as the meddling Mrs. Breezley Fizzle, and Miss E. Terriss delightful as Edith Clinton.

A special dramatic performance of "The School for Scandal," under the direction of Mr. Edward Hastings, was given at the Crystal Palace on Thursday afternoon, October 16. Should Mr. Beerbohm Tree contemplate producing the play at the Haymarket he will have to alter very considerably his reading of Sir Peter Teazle to make it acceptable to the London public, for he makes the old *beau* a man of seventy at least, querulous, senile, and lacking that distinction which would persuade a young woman to marry him. Mrs. Tree's Lady Teazle was a graceful performance. The Charles Surface of Mr. Terry was a little too foppish, and scarcely robust enough, and Mr. Lewis Waller was too genial as Joseph. The Sir Benjamin Backbite of Mr. Eric Lewis, the Sir Oliver Surface of Mr. H. Kemble, the Moses of Mr. Edward Righton, and the Trip of Mr. Charles Brookfield were all excellent. Miss Ettie Williams played Maria very sweetly.

Mr. Clement Scott has very kindly consented to act as Chairman to a committee which is organising a benefit for the widow of the late Charles Du Val, on November 19, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, the use of which has very generously been given by Mr. Lancaster, the proprietor. The case is a most deserving one, and already many liberal offers of assistance have been made, so that the programme should prove an attractive one.

Mr. Edward Compton informs us that at the termination of the Compton Comedy Company's present tour (during which they complete ten years' work with the old comedies), it is his intention to play in London for a time, commencing operations about a year hence, *i.e.*, in November, 1891. Mr. Compton will not depend on the old plays, as heretofore, when he comes to town, but will rely entirely upon new ones, one of which, by a celebrated author, he will produce in the provinces about January next.

It has transpired that Mr. Arthur Goddard intends calling the work that he has for some time been engaged upon respecting the contemporary stage, and which is about to be published by Messrs. Dean and Son, "Players of the Period." It will include anecdotal, biographical, and critical monographs of Messrs. Irving, Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, Bancroft, Willard, and fifteen other actors of the day. The work will contain photographs of the subjects, and numerous character portraits by Messrs. F. Barnard, J. Bernard Partridge, Townsend, Pilotel, and other well-known artists.

The autumn Exhibition of the 19th Century Art Society opened to the public on Monday, the 26th October, at the Conduit Street Galleries.

In our October issue, in Mr. W. Davenport Adams' article on "E. S. Willard," at page 162, line 9, for *Asa Trenchard* read *Sir Edward Trenchard*.

New plays produced and important revivals in London, from September 20, 1890, to October 16, 1890:—

(*Revivals are marked thus*°).

- Sept. 22° "Venus," burlesque, in three acts, by William Yardley, Edward Rose and Augustus Harris, music by John Crook. Grand.
- " 22 "The Follies of the Day," realistic drama, in four acts, by H. P. Grattan and J. Eldred. Standard.
- " 23 "The Black Rover," melodramatic opera, in three acts, written and composed by Luscombe Searelle. Globe.
- " 25 "The Struggle for Life," four act drama, adapted from Alphonse Daudet's *La Lutte pour la Vie*, by Robert Buchanan and Fred Horner. Avenue.
- " 27 "The Whirlwind," four act comedy, by Sydney Rosenfeld (for copyright purposes). Elephant and Castle.
- " 29 "Fallen Among Thieves," drama in five acts, by Frank Harvey. Grand.
- Oct. 4 "Carmen up to Data," two act burlesque, written by G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz (first time in London). Gaiety.
- " 6° "Sweet Nancy," comedy, in three acts, by Robert Buchanan. Royalty.
- " 6 "Pepper's Diary," comedietta, by Arthur Morris. Royalty.
- " 6° "A Village Priest," by Sydney Grundy. Haymarket.
- " 7 "The Crusader and the Craven," mediæval operetta, words by W. Allison, music by Percy Reeve. Globe.
- " 8 "The Sixth Commandment," romantic play, in five acts, by Robert Buchanan. Shaftesbury.
- " 9 "La Cigale," original opera comique, in three acts, written by MM. Chivot and Duru, composed by Audran. English version written and composed by F. C. Burnand and Ivan Caryll. Lyric.
- " 11° "The Cabinet Minister," farce, in four acts, by A. W. Pinero. Court.
- " 13* "Still Waters Run Deep," comedy, in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Criterion.
- " 13 "His Last Chance," comedietta, in one act, by Herbert Harraden, music by Ethel Harraden. Gaiety.
- " 17 "Madcap," comedietta, in one act, by Alec Nelson. Comedy.

In the Provinces, from September 18, 1890, to October 16, 1890.

- Sept. 22 "The Gamekeeper's Wife," one act "fore piece," by Mrs. Hodgson and Archibald Hodgson. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.
- " 22 "Carmen up to Data," burlesque, in two acts, by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz. Shakespeare, Liverpool.
- " 22 "Unreal Riches," original play, in one act, by Cecil Raleigh. Theatre Royal, Reading.
- " 22 "The Junior Partner," three-act farcical comedy, by Thomas Naden. T.R., Windsor.
- " 20 "The Accuser," drama, in three acts, by Richard Lee. T.R., Margate.

- Sept. 29 "Acting the Law," melodrama, in five acts, by Don Glover. T.R., Brentford.
- " 30 "Black Diamonds; or, Lights and Shadows of Pit Life," realistic drama, in five acts, by K. Fenlon Mackay and Louis S. Denbigh, (for copyright purposes). Alexandra, Southend.
- Oct. 2 "May and December," one-act play, by Wynn Miller. Amphitheatre, Ramsgate.
- " 3 "Surprises; or, A Day at Coney Island," musical comedy, in three acts, by Clarence Burnette. T.R., Workington.
- " 3 "Men of Metal," original drama, in four acts, by C. A. Clarke and Hugh R. Silver. T.R., Barnsley.
- " 6 "Blanche Farreau," military drama, in four acts, adapted by William Calvert from Charles Gibbon's novel "For the King." New Royal, Liverpool.
- " 9 "Jesmond Dene," drama, in four acts (authors unannounced) T.R., Ipswich.
- " 10 "The Night Express," play written in a prologue and three acts, by Gerald Holcroft. T.R., Edmonton.
- " 16^o "School for Scandal," Sheridan's comedy. Crystal Palace.

In Paris, from September 16, 1890, to October 14, 1890.

- Sept. 20 "Madame Othello," three-act vaudeville, by Maxime Boucheron and Ernest Morel. Cluny.
- " 24^o "La Maitresse Legitime," four-act comedy, by Louis Daryl. Odéon.
- " 27 "L'Ogre," five-act drama, by Jules de Marthold. Ambigu.
- Oct. 7 "L'Art de Tromper les Femmes," three-act comedy, by Paul Ferrier and Emile de Najac. Gymnase.
- " 8 "Marie Stuart, Reine d'Ecosse," five-act drama, by L. Cressonois and C. Samson, incidental. Théâtre Historique (Chateau d'Eau).
- " 10 "Ces Monstres d'Hommes," farcical comedy, in three acts, by M.M. René Lafon and Darsay. Déjazet.
- " 14 "Les Femmes des Amis," comedy, in three acts, by M.M. Blum and Toché. Palais Royal.



THE THEATRE.

DECEMBER, 1890.

The Worship of Bad Plays.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.



ALL, who take a sincere interest in the drama, must have observed, with something like alarm, a tendency in recent years to make the stage a pulpit and a platform instead of a place of legitimize and general amusement. It is assumed on very insufficient evidence that literature is divorced from the drama. This is the common cant of the superior young person. It is argued that the Philistines hold possession of the stalls. The superfine young gentlemen of to-day try to din into our ears that our dramatic system is all wrong, that conventionality is throttling the poor old drama, that all our plays are constructed, and arranged, on a false system, and that the day of a dramatic revolution is at hand. We are told that the people who go to the play don't want to be amused or interested—they want to be instructed. In the future they are not to be stimulated, but talked at. The theatre is not to be a reaction and a relief from the worries of the day, but an aggravation of its argumentative horrors. Unquestionably the experiment announced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree of a series of "Unpopular Mondays" at the Haymarket delighted the active, earnest, and energetic revolutionists. Here was a chance of seeing all the plays that had been buried for years at the dictation of the vain and muddle-headed managers of the old school. The light would dawn at last; the new era would begin.

With characteristic energy and independence the Haymarket manager started the series with a play that was supposed to be the *bête-noire* of managers. At last "Beau Austin," by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, was to smell the footlights. It had been offered to many managers, including Mr. Henry Irving, and apparently rejected by all. Doubtless they all admired its literature, but doubted its staying power. Among the enthusiastic admirers of "Beau Austin" were Mr. George Moore and Mr. William Archer. On them had been conferred the privilege of reading this masterpiece. Mr. George Moore rushed into print and asked with tears in his voice when "Beau Austin" was to be produced; Mr. William

Archer, loyal and true to the Editor of the *Scots Observer*—a converted Irvingite, who thinks that no one but a born idiot could praise “Ravenswood” at the Lyceum—read “Beau Austin,” delighted in it, and very generously, according to his own showing, tried to get it acted. He had a strong opinion, and in that opinion he was sincere.

But I question if many playgoers who saw “Beau Austin” on the occasion of its first production could have conceived it possible that a critic and authority usually so temperate, so judicial, and so unemotional, could have been led away—obviously with sincerity—to place “Beau Austin” on such a pinnacle of fame. Mr. Archer very candidly tells us that he was prejudiced in favour of “Beau Austin.” He admits having read the play cursorily five years ago, and it is obvious that the perusal of the play must have created a stronger impression than he imagined, for he seemed in the case of “Beau Austin” to be sounding the war-hoop, and to be raising the cry of Stevenson and Henley to the rescue as recently he raised the cry of Ibsen to the front.

Did anyone ever hear such praise as this from William Archer :—

“I was prepared for, I had braced myself up to accept the said starting point. While on the other hand the classic simplicity and symmetry of the action, the poignancy of the emotional process, the incomparable grace and subtlety of the style, all came upon me with the vividness of new sensations. Believe me or not as you please the play gripped me so that I felt the entr’actes a positive nuisance. They invited me to exchange greetings with an old friend returned only a few hours before, from three years’ voyaging east of the sun and west of the moon. But I would much rather have remained in my seat and kept the illusion unbroken ; not that I loved—less, but that I loved ‘Beau Austin’ more.”

Or again—

“What a keen and unaccustomed joy it was to hear such finely chased prose spoken on the English stage.” I should not be surprised if this scene were to make ‘Beau Austin’ a stage classic. No actor or actress of any literary intelligence but will long for an opportunity to give his or her reading of this noble passage.”

Or again—

“I shall always reckon that Monday evening among the most remarkable of my theatrical experiences.”

Or again—

“It was a play of incontestable literary interest by two of the finest craftsmen of our time both in prose and verse.”

Or again—

“A better made play (in the best sense of the phrase) it would be difficult to cite.”

And finally—

“In short Mr. Tree could not have launched his new enterprise more judiciously. People who care only for the violent delights of melodrama will probably condemn ‘Beau Austin,’ as they would ‘Le Chandelier,’ or ‘On ne Badine pas avec L’Amour.’ Those on the other hand who are athirst for more delicate and complex sensations than the English stage is wont to afford, will

make a point of waiting on the 'Beau' at their earliest opportunity. And they are to be numbered I believe by thousands."

Whew! whew! Mr. Archer, you positively take my breath away. I don't quite know whether I am on my head or my heels. Why they used to accuse me of gush, as they politely called it, and exaggeration, but you have fairly beaten me at my own game of lawful enthusiasm, without which the stage and players must die. What do you say? Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley are two of the finest craftsmen in their line in prose or verse? The author of the prologue to "Beau Austin" with its unscannable lines the finest craftsmen in verse! Which of the two is it, Mr. Archer, I beg you to tell me, who reminds you of Alfred de Musset? What is the passage in the new play that can hold a candle to "Le Chandelier" or "On ne Badine pas." A stage classic is to be the future triumph for "Beau Austin" is it? A better made play it would be difficult to cite! Ye Gods! and Mr. William Archer has read nearly every play ever written since the days of Shakespeare and long before he was born. In all the range of Mr. Archer's wide experience, he cannot quote a better made play than "Beau Austin." Well, I have heard of the clannishness of Scotsmen, but this beats cock-fighting.

But why not, dear friend Archer, with all your love of literature and the modern Athens, why not praise this unexampled masterpiece without "contemning" the "violent delights of melodrama." Why imagine, as the superfine school continually does, that melodrama is the only fare that the British public loves; nay, the only fare that is placed upon the dramatic dinner table. Only the other day, dear Mr. Archer, you praised Mr. Carton's "Sunlight and Shadow," and I do not think you would endorse the opinion of one of your friends who called it "sentimental cat lap." I don't think you wholly objected to the "Middleman," or "Judah," or "The Profligate," and you and I don't think that one of these plays could be classed among the "violent delights of melodrama." There are no violent melodramatic delights in "A Pair of Spectacles," a charmingly written play that is drawing crowded houses to the Garrick. Is it just to assume that the whole playgoing world is to be branded with Philistinism because it cannot accept "Beau Austin" as a stage classic, or will not compare its authors with Alfred de Musset? Is it honest, is it straightforward to imply, as the superfine and superior person does constantly imply, that hundreds of excellent dramatists who have worked successfully for the stage since the Robertson revival are necessarily devoid of literary taste and faculty because they have not written books or poems?

Luckily, Mr. Archer, you have given me one loop-hole for escape. Although you indirectly institute a comparison between "Beau Austin" and the masterpieces of Alfred de Musset; although you think it will become a stage classic; although you cannot with all your learning quote a better made play, not even among the store of your beloved Ibsen; although you think the author of "Dr. Jekyll

and Mr. Hyde" and the editor of the *Scots Observer* two of the finest craftsmen of our time in prose and verse, still you candidly own, by a side wind, that "the play has its faults of construction, of development, perhaps even of style," which is a pretty strong reservation for a masterpiece and a future stage classic.

I am sometimes told, Mr. Archer, that you and I are exact opposites; that I am impressionable, whilst you are reserved, that I am the advocate, whereas you are the judge. It is quite true that I had not the advantage of reading the play beforehand—a privilege reserved for yourself, Mr. George Moore, and a few others—I did not take my seat with my brain charged with the wit and humour and epigram of the "two finest craftsmen of our time." I had to pick up the literary excellence of the play—as the general public was compelled to do—through the glasses of the spectators, and as you well know actors and actresses are not always very distinct or perfect on a first night. But I tell you candidly, I thought that the whole of the opening dialogue at the tea-table, admirable as it may be in literature, was far too protracted and prosy for the stage. It worried me, whilst it evidently stimulated you. I was not stimulated or exhilarated, I was depressed, and so were dozens—and they were not fools—who sat around me. Now, of course, though Sheridan cannot be mentioned in the same breath as the author of "Beau Austin," still he was a literary man as well as a dramatist. He never bored his audiences. His dialogue sparkles in our ears to-day, although we know it all by heart. You cannot cite a better made play than "Beau Austin"? Well, everyone to his tastes. I can cite a far better made play, one out of ten thousand better made plays. I shall be content with the "School for Scandal," until I find a better modern play.

How strange it is that our opinions should be so diametrically opposed on a mere technical matter alone. I wonder if "wine tasters" differ so absolutely as we do. Fancy, if I cracked up a bottle of fine claret, as '74 port, and you judged old champagne as Madeira. They would call one or other of us an ignoramus, would they not? When I remember that never-ending dialogue at the starting of the play, which told me nothing that I wanted to know; when I recall Dorothy's spontaneous confession and her lover's reception of it; when I ponder over the main motive which you yourself condemn; when I picture to myself the soiling of Dorothy, the sudden conversion of the Beau and the triviality of the last scene with the dumb Duke, I honestly should not be far wrong if I called "Beau Austin" a very badly made play as plays go. I think I am pretty quick and alert to sympathetic and human interest, but I seldom remember to have been interested less over what you call an ambitious work that has a decided literary flavour in it. Now was it possible to have collected, in all London, a more sympathetic and intelligent audience, but do you honestly think, dear Mr. Archer, that one-third of these would have cared to sit the play out again? I very much doubt it myself.

I turn from the earnest enthusiasm of Mr. William Archer, and

find in *The Hawk* an anonymous article that goes even further still in its desire to induce the public to patronise bad plays. The writer says :—

“‘Beau Austin,’ whether it is interesting or dull, whether it is well-written or ill-written, whether it draws or loses money, is, thank Heaven, a play *which two men have tried to write well*. I don’t care if it is only a series of scenes, a sequence of unconsequential incidents, disconnected and crude judged as a dramatic work. To my mind there is a freshness and originality in every line that is spoken which is invigorating, and reminds one of coming out of the mental fog of melodrama into the breezy heights of literature. ‘Beau Austin’ is a play to read : a play to be read over and over again.”

There they are at it again ! The mental fog of melodrama. The “Beau Austinites” will not believe that comedy is ever played in England. They will not recognise the fact that a dramatist lives who has been educated beyond the School Board standard. They forget that even Mr. Tree, the apostle of the new superfine religion, the rock to which the young superior person clings, does not disdain melodrama, and is actually desecrating the sacred stage of the Haymarket with “Called Back,” and having coquetted with “Beau Austin,” does not disdain the commercial aspect of affairs. But the recommendation that we should all go and admire “Beau Austin” because two men have *tried to write well* is too delicious for words. A burden is taken off my own soul, and I feel as if someone had given me absolution for my sins—it must have been “The Village Priest,” Mr. Beerbohm Tree—for I know that most of the plays that I myself tried to write well turned out the most disastrous failures. Oh ! how often I have tried to write well for the stage, and how I have been laughed at for my pains. They told me that my plays might be all very well to read, but they bored everyone to listen to them. I did not think my critics were right at the time, but I honestly do so now. So I took a mighty resolve, and left off writing for the stage altogether. I found out it was not my trade. I had justified myself as a critic by being a failure in art, so I stuck to the old calling.

There is a natural tendency to think that a popular writer in other departments of literature *must* succeed as a dramatist. But it is not so. Browning and Tennyson, amongst poets, have failed as dramatists. It does not follow that Swinburne, who can write dramatic poems, would write a stage play. Thackeray and Dickens were dramatic enough, but they were not dramatists. Mr. Walter Besant sticks to his novels, and does extremely well. It is almost impossible for the most brilliant writer to write well for the stage who does not understand the stage. Why, then, should it be considered impossible for Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson or Mr. W. E. Henley to fail at the outset as dramatists because they are said to be “two of the finest craftsmen of our time in prose and verse.” I don’t say that in time they will not write a very admirable play, but I don’t think that time has come yet. They do not as yet understand the stage. They have not studied audiences. They are new to the dramatic business. They are clever amateurs !

But, seriously, is not a little nonsense occasionally spoken about the divorce of literature and the drama?

Can it be maintained on any trustworthy evidence that literature and the drama are divorced when the Garrick Theatre was dedicated to literature, at the time that Mr. Pinero gave us his literary play, "The Profligate"? Will the superior person deny to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones the quality of literature when he reads, as he may read to advantage, the dialogue contained in "The Middleman" and "Judah"? No. Literature and the drama are lovers, and cannot be separated; they may have their tiffs, their misunderstandings, and their unhappy hours, but the course of their true love ever must run smooth. *Amantium irae amoris integratio est.* The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love. I can imagine the drama saying to its lover literature, in the words of Judah Llewellyn, the hero recently despised by the superior person, the hero put on a lower scale than Master Walter, and the pinchbeck heroes of Sheridan Knowles:—

"Not for every blessing in the world will I part with you; heap them all up—fame, riches, health, peace of mind, length of days, honour, friendship, every joy of body, mind, and soul that the heart of man can desire, put them in one scale and your love in the other, I will not have them, I don't want them, I want your love, I will not barter you away for all the world contains."

And then the despised literature might answer, "Oh! but think what I am."

"You are yourself" would be the drama's quick reply.

"You are myself; whatever you are I will make myself, that I may be like you, I will deserve you, be sure. If you are evil, I will be evil too, so that at the last I may taste every drop of suffering that you taste, feel every pang, and keep your soul side by side with mine for ever!



“ Antony and Cleopatra : ”

Its Stage History.

By WM. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



THE revival of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's, under the auspices of Mrs. Langtry, has once more drawn public attention to that which Coleridge characterized as "by far the most powerful" of the Master's historical plays. After an interval of seventeen years, the tragedy is once more attracting London audiences, and "old stagers" are, as usual, boring the younger playgoers—this time by dwelling upon the Antonys and the Cleopatras whom they have seen in the course of their career.

The list cannot, in any case, be a long one. Nor, in truth, is the whole stage history of the work at all full or lengthy. "Antony and Cleopatra" has never been one of the most popular of the Shakespearean series. It cannot have been performed frequently before the Restoration, for there is not a single record of any representation; and after the Restoration, though Shakespeare's drama was interpreted from time to time, its vogue was, for a long period, considerably inferior to that of "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," the tragedy which Dryden wrote on the same subject, and in direct imitation of the Shakespearean manner.

A play called "Antony and Cleopatra" was entered on the Stationers' Register, on November 20th, 1608, and it is assumed that this must have been the work by Shakespeare. Previous to this date there had been, as everybody knows, a drama called "Cleopatra," founded by Samuel Daniel upon Plutarch and a French history of the triumvirate, and another called "Antony," translated by the Countess of Pembroke from the French of Garnier. To neither of these plays, however, was Shakespeare indebted: he went straight to Plutarch (in North's version), and built upon the Life of Marcus Antonius the magnificent structure that we see.

"Antony and Cleopatra" was first printed in the folio of 1623. After that we do not hear of it again until January, 1759, when it was brought out at Drury Lane under the auspices of Garrick. "It had long lain dormant," says Davies, in his "Miscellanies,"—"I believe ever since it was first exhibited" (whenever that may have been). It was revived by Garrick, according to the chronicler, "from his passionate desire to give the public as much of their admired poet as possible." The poet was not, indeed, given in his

entirety, but as "altered" by Edward Capell — with certain characters omitted and various passages transposed. The play, we read, had "all the advantages of new scenes, habits, and other decorations," and it was undeniably well cast, according to the standard of the time. Garrick, of course, was Antony; Mrs. Yates, Cleopatra; Holland, Thyreus (to whom was allotted the description of Cleopatra in her barge, which is set down in the text for Enobarbus); Berry, Enobarbus; Fleetwood, Cæsar; Wilkinson, Canidius; Mrs. Glen, Octavia; and so on. Nevertheless, the production, Davies says, "did not answer" either Garrick's or the public's expectation—perhaps because the great actor was himself a comparative failure in the piece. "It must be confessed," we are told, "that, in Antony, he wanted one necessary accomplishment: his person was not sufficiently important or commanding to represent the part." On the other hand, Mrs. Yates's "fine figure and pleasing manner of speaking were well adapted to the enchanting Cleopatra." Practical result—a "run" of six nights only, and complete silence about the affair on the part of Garrick's early biographers. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald gives only a few lines to the revival, which evidently made but little impression, save upon Davies, who devotes an interesting section of his "Miscellanies" to comments upon the play.

From 1759 we have to leap to 1813—so far as the recorded representations of the tragedy are concerned. After 1759, as well as before it, "All for Love" was frequently performed, but its prototype, for some not very intelligible reason, was neglected. At length, in 1813, "Antony and Cleopatra" was "put on" at Covent Garden, in a version attributed to John Philip Kemble. In this "acting edition" "All for Love" was largely drawn upon. The fourth act, Genest tells us, was nearly all Dryden, whose work was also prominent in act ii. The whole concluded with a funeral procession. Charles Mayne Young was the Antony, Mrs. Faucit the Cleopatra, Abbott the Cæsar, Egerton the Enobarbus, Terry the Ventidius, Murray the Thyreus, and Barrymore the Lepidus. The staging of the composite tragedy appears to have been well done; but the revival, as a whole, did not secure the popular favour, and it lasted for only nine nights.

Twenty years were destined to pass before London witnessed another resuscitation of Shakespeare's work. Then, again, it was "crossed" with Dryden. The locale was Drury Lane; the time, November, 1833; the manager, Alfred Bunn; the leading actor, Macready. Bunn says nothing about the production in his "Reminiscences of the Stage." Macready, however, has several references to it in his "Diary." He was not on good terms with Bunn, and, moreover, was in bad health: some of his allusions, therefore, are rather querulous. On November 16th, he went to the theatre about his dress for Antony, which he "persisted, after evasion and delay, in seeing." On the same day he "read Plutarch's Life of Antony, and then gave a very careful reading to the

part itself, which is long, and I fear not effective." Two days later he mentions that he has "settled dresses for Antony, of which nothing was allowed to be new but a cloak" (generous manager!). November 19th: "Went to rehearsal of Antony, which was in a very backward state, and mounted with very inappropriate scenery, though beautifully painted by Stanfield." November 20th: "Read Antony through the whole evening, and discovering many things to improve and bring out the effect of the part." Next day the performance took place; and Macready apparently was not satisfied with his share in it, for on November 22nd he says he acted Antony better that night than on the previous one. Even then, however, the impersonation was, in his own opinion, "hasty, unprepared, unfinished." It was submitted to the public only thrice—the shortest of all the "runs," so far! The Cleopatra on each occasion was Miss Phillips, and the Enobarbus was Cooper. The cast, taken altogether, appears to have been mediocre, and the upshot proportionately depressing.

The tragedy, it is clear, never had so much justice done to it as when, in October, 1849,* it was produced at Sadlers' Wells, under the direction, able and enthusiastic, of Phelps. Here, for the first time, it was presented in its integrity, as well as (to quote Phelps's biographer) "with great splendour." "George Daniel"—the veteran "D. G." of the Cumberland edition of plays—"said it was the most magnificent revival that had appeared since the palmy days of the great and classical John Kemble." Frederick Guest Tomlins, writing in one of the daily papers, observed that the piece was "in all respects very interestingly and impressively represented and placed upon the stage." The cast was "admirable," he declared. Miss Glyn, the Cleopatra, "imparted singular grace, animation, warmth, and earnestness" to her impersonation. Phelps's Antony was "careful and effective"; Henry Marston's Pompeius, "admirable." George Bennett was the Enobarbus, whom he endowed with a "rugged honesty of manner." After this, Miss Glyn starred at the Standard in 1855, with Henry Marston as her Antony, and the production was pronounced to be "one of the greatest triumphs ever known at that end of the town." Twelve years later—in 1867—the play was brought out at the Princess's with Miss Glyn again as the heroine, Mr. Henry Loraine (now playing Proculeius in Mrs. Langtry's revival at the Princess's), as the Antony, and Henry Forrester as the Cæsar. I never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Glyn's Cleopatra, but I can imagine that, though lacking in charm of face and figure and deportment, it would be eminently intellectual and forcible.

I need not dwell upon the Drury Lane revival in 1873, which is so well within the memory of most playgoers. Here the old policy of "adaptation" was resorted to, the executioner being Mr. Andrew Halliday—an excellent play-wright, but not quite a Shakespeare. He compressed the five acts into four, and also "edited" the text.

* Not 1850, as so frequently stated.

The scenery was by William Beverly. The Cleopatra was Miss Wallis, the present ruler of the Shaftesbury Theatre, who, very young as she then was, displayed much intelligence and some skill in her treatment of her difficult and arduous *rôle*. The veteran James Anderson was the Antony, Cæsar being played by H. Sinclair and Enobarbus by Jack Ryder. Miss Wallis afterwards appeared in the provinces in her own abbreviated version of the tragedy, with a vigorous if somewhat rugged Antony in the person of the late F. Clemments. Country audiences had previously had the privilege of witnessing the revivals of "Antony and Cleopatra," promoted by the late Charles Calvert—revivals in which Walter Montgomery and Miss Reinhardt played the leading *rôles*.

An accomplished writer of our time has said of "Antony and Cleopatra" that, in the United States, it has "failed to find favour with histrionic stars, and its stage history is, so far as English records of American undertakings are concerned, a blank." That may be, but American records are a little more fruitful. From them we learn that the tragedy was brought out in New York in 1846, with George Vandenhoff and Mrs. Bland in the title parts. There is also a trace of it in 1859, when it was seen again in New York, with Eddy and Madame Ponisi in the chief characters, Mr. J. W. Howe as Cæsar, and Mrs. G. C. Germon in the *rôle* of Charmian. Quite lately the play has been produced in the theatrical metropolis of America with an Antony and a Cleopatra in the persons of Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown-Potter—a handsome couple, and a picturesque, if little more.

That Shakespeare's remarkable success in the delineation of Cleopatra and her surroundings should have roused his successors to emulation is not to be wondered at. The subject, always fascinating, was made by Shakespeare more fascinating still. Hence, no doubt, the "Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt," of Thomas May, acted in 1626 and printed a few years later. Of Dryden's "All for Love" (January, 1677-8) I have already spoken. Davies said of it, quite truly, that its author, "in endeavouring to imitate his master, has excelled himself." Other writers have had the temerity to take, not only Shakespeare's subject, but his title. So small a man as Sir Charles Sedley had the assurance so to do, producing his "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Duke's Theatre in 1677. In this he had the valuable help of Betterton as Antony, the Cleopatra being Mrs. Mary Lee. Crosby, Medbourne, Sandford, Harris, Mrs. Hughes, and Mrs. Betterton were also in the cast. Sedley "borrowed very little" from Shakespeare, but "spoiled what he took." He made Thyreus in love with Cleopatra, and Antony jealous of him. The two rivals fight for the lady, and Thyreus is killed. For the rest, the main lines of the tale are followed.

The same may be said of the "Antony and Cleopatra" written in prose and verse by Henry Brooke (author of "The Fool of Quality") and published with other "literary remains" in 1778. This, like its predecessors, is a five-act tragedy; nor is it by any means without

poetic and dramatic merit. The style has sincerity and vigour : had Shakespeare not written, this play might have held the stage, at any rate, for a time ; but, after Shakespeare, why need anyone write ? A notable feature of Brooke's effort is the inclusion in the *personæ* of Cleopatra's two children, Alexander and Cleopatra. The short scenes in which these youngsters appear are not ineffective ; but, alas ! why are they allowed to call each other "Ally" and "Patty" ? Mr. Henry Brooke can hardly have rejoiced in the possession of the sense of humour.

Yet another "Antony and Cleopatra" remains to be mentioned. Not a tragedy this time—a farce, and a farce which smells strongly of a Gallic origin. The author was that prolific dramatist, Charles Selby ; the place of first performance, the Adelphi Theatre ; the date November, 1842. The scene is laid several stairs up in a lodging in Paris. The characters, Antony and Cleopatra—"a gentleman in town" and a grisette—live in adjoining rooms, and are separated only by a locked door. They discover—talking to each other, one on each side of the door—that they have just met at a masked ball. Antony is much enamoured of the unknown fair, and would fain penetrate into her apartment. She asks his name :—

He : Antony.

She : La, how very odd ! I'm Cleopatra.

He : Indeed ! Extraordinary genealogical coincidence ! We are bound to imitate our great prototypes. They had no wall between them. Let us be historically correct . . .

She : No, no, no ! Historians differ.

But there the classical allusions end. Though entitled "Antony and Cleopatra," the farce has next to nothing to do with Shakespeare. I will only add, for the sake of completeness, that Wright and Miss Woolgar (following Miss Murray) played in the piece, as they did in the sequel which Selby wrote for them under the title of "Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled."

Finally : "Antony and Cleopatra" has not escaped travestie. The parodist was that most forgivable of sinners, Mr. Burnand, who called his work "Antony and Cleopatra ; or, History and Her-Story"—a characteristic title.

Of Shakespeare's tragedy as drama and as poetry I say nothing in this place, preferring to confine myself strictly to its stage history. The published criticisms on the play are legion—not the least interesting, I may say, being that which was contributed to this magazine in February and March, 1887, by Mr. H. Schütz-Wilson. To that excellent essay I have much pleasure in drawing the attention of my readers.



Modern Stage Superstitions.

BY A. J. D.



E hear a great deal nowadays about the close relationship existing between Church and Stage, and the conclusion popularly deduced from the union of those dissimilar institutions is that the clerical friendship recently extended towards the denizens of stage-land has exercised a distinctly beneficial effect upon the theatre in many ways. Let this, regarded from a moral and a theological standpoint, be as it may : on such delicate and debatable ground it would be dangerous to trespass. It is very clear, however, that in the matter of superstition the stage is still very far behind the times. The spread of education has swept away most of the ancient superstitions which owed their origin to the ignorance and mysticism of the Dark Ages, and which held until comparatively recently a prominent place in the minds of the community at large. Yet, although this same educational influence has made itself felt to an equal degree in the dramatic world, it certainly appears to have failed to exercise the same effect. This is in itself surprising ; but when, in addition, it is remembered that the Church has bestowed special attention upon the extensive and daily increasing community of actors and actresses, and that in spite of its teachings the faith in good luck, bad luck, omens, charms, and all the paraphernalia of superstitious belief, still prevails behind the scenes as extensively as of yore, the subject of this article is invested with a certain amount of serious interest, which deserves more than passing notice.

Into the origin of the many curious superstitions which sway the minds and guide the actions of nine actors and actresses out of ten I have no intention to enter. It is sufficient for my purpose that they exist, and though in numerous cases it would be possible to trace them back to a condition closely akin to that of Pooh-Bah's "protoplasmal primordial atomic globule," there are one or two theatrical superstitions still extant so eccentric and ludicrous, that the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon one that they owe their existence to the exuberant jocularly of some irrepressible humourist.

Take, for instance, the curious notion of exorcising the evil spirit of bad luck by hurling fragments of coal from the stage to the gallery of a theatre. This curious performance was at one time also considered absolutely necessary before playing in a new theatre ; the popular idea being that a curse hung over the building—a curse of so peculiar a nature that nothing but the projection of a lump of Silkstone or Wallsend through space would dissipate it.

Much importance is attached to black cats. In some theatres a black cat is considered the embodiment of good luck; in others the appearance on the stage of a feline pet of sable hue is calculated to create a veritable panic.

To a black cat is attributed the successful run of "The Private Secretary." As is generally known, that play, on its original production, proved anything but a success, and the wiseacres viewed its removal from the Prince of Wales's Theatre to the Globe with disapproval. The Globe, they said, is an unlucky theatre, and failure is certain to stare Mr. Hawtrey in the face in the course of a week or two at the utmost. Their gloomy predictions were not realised, however, for the play in its new quarters became an instantaneous success. Amongst the company this change was attributed to the appearance of a black cat on the stage.

Miss Fannie Leslie some time since informed an interviewer that she regards black cats as very lucky when they cross the stage at rehearsal.

To open an umbrella or parasol on the stage is usually looked upon as a proceeding calculated to result in the most terrible consequences, involving not only the person who performs the operation but his or her associates as well. The umbrella seems indeed to have a very bad name on the stage, for it bodes ill for all concerned if one of these useful articles is placed on the prompter's table.

Perhaps the most popular superstition—if one may use the adjective—is that it is unlucky to speak the "tag" of a play at rehearsal. Any nonsense may be spoken save the author's final words, and terrible nonsense indeed is usually uttered, nonsense thoroughly calculated to frighten half-a-dozen evil sprites bent upon "wrecking" a piece.

To stumble on entering a theatre or on going on the stage is another omen of dreadful import, though its effects are not always disastrous. Mr. Toole relates an instance to this effect in his "Reminiscences":—"On the 9th July, 1853," the famous comedian tells us, "I made my first appearance on the Edinburgh stage as Hector Timid in the play of 'The Dead Shot.' I had travelled from Dublin, and arrived in Edinburgh in the afternoon, very tired and weary. I put up at Milne's Hotel in Leigh Street, and after a rehearsal went to bed fairly worn out. I left instructions with the landlady to call me and bring me a cup of tea at a certain hour which would give me plenty of time to get to the theatre; but she forgot her instructions, and I was still sleeping soundly when a messenger arrived from the theatre to enquire for me. The curtain was up. I was in a terrible fright. I sprang out of bed, dressed, rushed to the theatre, and was just in time to scramble upon the stage and take up my cue. In entering, I stumbled over a mat and almost fell, and this so worried and upset me that throughout the whole piece I was nervous and wretched. Next day, however, I was agreeably surprised to find the critics unanimous in their praise of my acting, specially pointing out how 'appropriate to the character of Hector Timid' was the uneasy

manner and faltering gait of the young comedian.'” In Mr. Toole’s case the accident proved anything but of ill-omen.

Virtues respectively good and bad are supposed to be associated with the possession of a crooked back and what are vulgarly termed cross-eyes. Madame Patti entertains a peculiar objection to persons who are afflicted in the latter way—the *jettore*, or “evil eye” as Italians term it—and Madame Sarah Bernhardt always takes good care that there is no cross-eyed person on the stage when entering upon her nightly labours. A hunchback, on the other hand, is regarded, for some unknown and mysterious reason, with anything but aversion. Indeed to meet a hunchback is looked upon as an omen of singularly favourable import, and to touch the hunch is to insure a run of good luck.

The actor who thoughtlessly whistles in his dressing-room or in the dressing-rooms of any of his colleagues does a terrible thing, for the general supposition is that the person standing nearest the door of the apartment is destined to be stricken with illness. That the whistling of Locke’s music to “Macbeth” is also calculated to bring the run of a play to an abrupt termination is also a very old superstition which carries much weight in the theatrical profession.

Among minor superstitions is the fear of a yellow clarinet in the orchestra, and the belief in the ill-luck of peacock’s feathers, and the colour lavender. Cobwebs behind the scenes are regarded with an amount of respect closely bordering on reverence.

Many actors and actresses have implicit faith in the lucky properties of certain garments or special portions of their wardrobes, such as wigs, gloves, shoes, and other minor details, believing that the wearing of them will ensure a favourable reception at the hands of their audience, and—who knows—perhaps glowing criticisms in the papers. I am afraid, however, that the average dramatic critic is rather a matter-of-fact sort of individual, whose soul is not likely to be swayed by any mystic influence of this sort.

Friday is so universally regarded as an unlucky day, that it is not surprising to find that the fifth day of the week should be looked upon in the romantic world of the drama as one to be carefully avoided when setting forth on a theatrical campaign. Still there are exceptions even to this very general rule. Friday is, I believe, Mr. Edward Terry’s favourite day, and he invariably selects that day for the production of his new plays in the provinces. Mr. Augustin Daly’s luck, too, has been frequently associated with Friday.

The number 13 is considered by some to possess talismanic properties. A dinner party of thirteen in ordinary society is a fatality fraught with the most direful results, but the ill-luck attaching to the number is carried still farther in stageland. Madame Jane Hading has a horror of anything with 13 in it; Mr. Fred Leslie, on the other hand, has dressed in room No. 13 at the Gaiety Theatre, and so has Miss Letty Lind, and the latter popular lady attributes the enthusiastic reception accorded her on her first appearance to the fact that she attired herself under the shadow of the so-called unlucky number.

Many other superstitions equally curious might be named, but generally speaking, they are either of minor importance, or else prevail only among certain sections of the theatrical community.



Not Anchored Yet !

I.



NOTHER year is numbered with the dead,
Once more, our island-home, of lonely bliss !
My breast again shelters your pillowed head,
And lips, unstained, can give your birthday kiss !
At rest, yet restless, we are wandering
To promised land of perfect unity,
Where we shall dream at last, and closer cling
For sorrow never stirs that waveless sea.
Beloved ! bear with me life's storm and fret
We see the Harbour Lights ! Not Anchored Yet !

II.

Not Anchored Yet ! But how could I have born
A year's fierce storm without your loving hand,
How dark it seemed ! and yet we saw the morn,
Faint not ! Endure ! there's still our promised Land !
Dear love ! What you have lost I can't restore.
No prayer can make this year as other years,
But for your loss, I'll love you more and more
And give you faithfulness to dry your tears !
Somewhere the lost are living, nor forget
To pray for us—who wait—Not Anchored Yet !

C. S.



Our Portraits.

No. CCLIII.—MISS ROSINA FILIPPI.

Miss Rosina Filippi, the fair subject of our first photograph, is an Italian by birth, though brought up and educated in England, and is proud in the knowledge that her mother is the only woman who has ever attained the position of professor in the Milan Conservatoire. At an early age, Miss Filippi made her *débüt* as Mary Moleseye at a *matinée* of "Doctor Davey," given by Miss Le Thiere. The *débütante* showed such promise that she was almost immediately engaged by Mr. Benson for a five weeks' tour, during which she appeared as Juliet, Ophelia, Lady Teazle, Pauline Deschappelles, &c. This was followed by a short engagement with Miss Genevieve Ward. Miss Filippi then returned to Mr. Benson's company to resume her former characters, and after this the young actress played for some time with Mrs. Langtry as Rosalie in "Princess George" (Jan. 20, 1885). In July of the same year, Miss Filippi appeared as Millicent Pickering Peck ("On 'Change") at Toole's Theatre, under Miss Eweretta Lawrence's management. Her next engagement of importance was with Mr. Tree to play Felise in "The Red Lamp" (April 20, 1887). A tour, commencing March 5, 1888, as Rosa Colombier, "the gutta-percha girl," in "The Arabian Nights," next succeeded, and then came a long engagement at the Court Theatre. Under Mrs. John Wood's management, Miss Filippi appeared as Diana, in "Mamma" (Sept. 24, 1888), Mrs. Ephraim B. Vanstreek, in "Aunt Jack" (July 13, 1889), and is now playing with extraordinary success the Hon. Mrs. Gaylustre, in "The Cabinet Minister" (April 23, 1890). Miss Filippi has also appeared at *matinées* with Mr. Hermann Vezin, as Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," and as Helen, in "The Hunchback," and in every part she has undertaken has received great commendation. It is not only as an actress, however, that Miss Filippi has been successful, for she is the authoress of that pretty pantomime for children entitled, "Little Goody Two Shoes," produced at the Court Theatre, December 26, 1888; and also of a gracefully constructed Masque of Months, entitled, "An Idyl of New Year's Eve," which was given at Chelsea Town Hall, January 31st of this year, and in which Miss Norreys, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Florence Wood, Mrs. Phelps, and others appeared.

No. CCLIV. MR. FRED TERRY.

Mr. Fred Terry, the subject of our second portrait, is a member of the clever Terry family, and is worthily upholding their dramatic reputation. His first appearance was not in a speaking part—he walked on in the club scene in "Money," the play with which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft opened the Haymarket Theatre, January 31, 1880. Mr. Terry's first part was that of Bertie Fitzurce, in "New Men and Old Acres," when the play was given at the Crystal Palace, in May, 1880, and he toured in the autumn of that year with Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale's comedy company. The provinces engaged his attention for a considerable time, until he joined Mr. Charles Kelley's company, which was touring with the comedy, "Pair o' Wings," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice." The year 1883 was passed in Miss Marie de Grey's provincial company, during which time Mr. Terry played Joseph Surface, Mercutio, Beauseant, Gratiano, and such characters, and at the close of the year, and during part of 1884, he appeared on tour as Captain Holcroft ("In the Ranks.") On July 8, 1884, the subject of our photograph came to London to play Sebastian, in "Twelfth Night," at the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Terry's next character of importance



Photographed by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

Copyright.

MISS ROSINA FILIPPI.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

— JAMES BEATTIE,
"THE MINSTREL."



Photographed by Barraud, Oxford Street, W.

Copyright.

MR. FRED. TERRY.

"Ay, now comes my turn, those d——d family pictures
will ruin me."

— CHARLES SURFACE, in
"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

was that of Gilbert Vaughan in "Called Back," this was in 1884-5, and he subsequently went to America for a year, and returned to England in the spring of 1887. The autumn of that year, and the early spring of 1888 were again spent in America as a member of Miss Fortescue's company. Mr. Terry has since remained in London. Among the parts which he has played, since his return from the United States, may be mentioned: Eugene Lambert, in "The Pompadour" (Haymarket, March 31, 1888), Valrean ("Frou-Frou," Globe, July 26, 1888), George and Gerald Anstruther ("Marina," Gaiety, August 4, 1888), Chevalier D'Aubigny ("The Duke's Boast," Avenue, March 21, 1889), Eustace Errol ("Calumny," Shaftesbury, April 4, 1889), Olivier Deschamps ("Esther Sandraz," Prince of Wales's, June 11, 1889), The Dauphin ("King John," Crystal Palace, Sept. 19, 1889), Jack Hall ("The Jackal," Strand, Nov. 28, 1889), Dr. Bill, in the play of that name (Avenue, Feb. 1, 1890), Armand D'Arcey ("The Village Priest," Haymarket, April 3, 1890), D'Aulnay ("Comedy and Tragedy," Haymarket, May 7, 1890), John Fenwick ("Beau Austin," Haymarket, Nov. 3, 1890), and has now resumed the character of Gilbert Vaughan in "Called Back," revived at the Haymarket, Nov. 10, 1890. Mr. Fred Terry was born Nov. 9th, 1863.



Our Play-Box.

"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW."

Original Play, in three acts, by R. C. CARTON.

First produced at the Avenue Theatre, Saturday evening, November 1, 1890.

Dr. Latimer	Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD.	Scolliek	Mr. ALFRED HOLLES.
Mark Denzil	Mr. YORKE STEPHENS.	Helen	Miss MARION TERRY.
George Addis	Mr. GEO. ALEXANDER.	Maud	Miss MAUDE MILLETT.
Mr. Bamfield	Mr. BEN WEBSTER.	Janet Felton	Miss ADA NEILSON.

This is one of the most delightful plays that has been seen for a considerable time. There was sufficient incident to keep the interest thoroughly alive, the dialogue was crisp, epigrammatic, and infinitely above the average, and in it were two types of English womanhood in the sisters that were specially true to life. Granted many of the audience said the writing reminded them of that of Robertson and Albery, it might have done so; but it was no mere imitation—the memory was revived in the sparkle and the humanity. "Sunlight and Shadow" does not contain very much of a story. Helen Latimer is the daughter of a hard-working country doctor, and though from his position she has not too many pleasures, she finds her happiness in ministering to the comforts and wants of those around her. Like many an unselfish woman, she is rather tyrannised over by her younger sister, Maud, a bright, saucy English girl—a little spoilt, perhaps, on account of her beauty—and so Helen is her willing slave, and makes her pretty gowns and dresses her nut-brown hair. Maud in the meantime enjoys her love-making with good-natured but empty-headed young Bamfield. Helen's glimpse of life-long happiness is revealed to her. Mark Denzil, an old friend of her father's, proposes marriage to her; it is not the ardent, impulsive love of a younger man, but it is deep-felt. Denzil's youth has been stormy; he married beneath him, and his wife turned out all that

was bad. He believes her to be dead, and so he looks forward to a new life with Helen. Just as she has accepted him, Janet Felton, his wife, breaks in upon them, and so their dream is ended. Four months elapse, and Helen has become almost resigned, when she learns that George Addis, the poor, plain, crippled choir-master has loved her all his life. By a turn of fortune he is now in a position to offer her his hand. She cannot marry the man she loves; but she has been as a sister to Addis, and he thinks that in time she may give him her heart. Whilst she is weighing the momentous question of her future, Addis opens a letter that has been handed to him, which assures him of Janet Felton's death. Shall he keep this knowledge



to himself and profit by his silence to obtain the one hope of his existence? He is tempted almost beyond human strength; but he is honourable, and he loves with an unselfish love, and so when Denzil returns, only for one last interview with Helen, Addis tells them that the obstacle to their union is now removed. I cannot say which played better—Miss Marion Terry, in her pure, unselfish, graceful womanhood, or Mr. George Alexander in his noble long-suffering, and self-denial—both afforded an artistic treat. Miss Maude Millett was very sunny and natural; and Mr. Yorke Stephens manly and sympathetic. Mr. Nutcombe Gould was the essence of cheeriness and *bonhomie*. Miss Ada Neilson's *part* was a little melodramatic, therefore once or twice the actress was out of the picture, but

scarcely through her own fault. Mr. Ben Webster was good as one of those vacuous, good-tempered young men that "smart" young ladies so often on the stage appear to fall in love with—I suppose that



they may rule them the easier; and Mr. Alfred Holles, in the small part of a bibulous gardener, gave a capital character sketch. The piece was a decided success.

"BEAU AUSTIN."

Original Comedy, in four acts, by W. E. HENLEY and ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

First produced at the Haymarket Theatre, Monday evening, November 3, 1890.

George Frederick	} Mr. TREE.	A Royal Duke .. .	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Austin (The Beau) ..		Dorothy Musgrave ..	Mrs. TREE.
John Fenwick .. .	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Miss Evelina Foster ..	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ
Anthony Musgrave ..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.	Barbara Ridley .. .	Miss AYLWARD.
Menteth .. .	Mr. BROOKFIELD.		

Time, 1820.

PROLOGUE TO "BEAU AUSTIN."

"To all and singular," as Dryden says,
 We bring a fancy of those Georgian days,
 Whose style still breathed a faint and fine perfume
 Of old-world courtliness and old-world bloom :
 When speech was elegant and talk was fit,
 For slang had not been canonised as wit ;
 When manners reigned, when breeding had the wall,
 And Women—yes !—were ladies first of all ;
 When Grace was conscious of its graceliness,
 And man—though Man !—was not ashamed to dress.
 A brave formality, a measured case,
 Were his—and her's—whose effort was to please.
 And to excel in pleasing was to reign
 And, if you sighed, never to sigh in vain.

But then, as now—it may be, something more—
 Woman and man were human to the core.
 The hearts that throbbed behind that quaint attire
 Burned with a plenitude of essential fire.
 They too could risk, they also could rebel,
 They could love wisely—they could love too well.
 In that great duel of Sex, that ancient strife
 Which is the very central fact of life,
 They could—and did—engage it breath for breath,
 They could—and did—get wounded unto death,
 As at all times since time for us began,
 Woman was truly woman, Man was man;
 And joy and sorrow were as much at home
 In trifling Tunbridge as in mighty Rome.

Dead—dead and done with! Swift from shine to shade—
 The roaring generations flit and fade.
 To this one, fading, flitting, like the rest,
 We come to proffer—be it worst or best—
 A sketch, a shadow, of the brave old time;
 A hint of what it might have held sublime;
 A dream, an idyll, call it what you will,
 Of man, still Man, and Woman—Woman still!

W. E. HENLEY.

Haymarket Theatre,
 November 3rd, 1890.

In the above prologue, which was distributed to the audience, but which might with advantage have been spoken, the part author gives us a foretaste of that which he and his collaborator desired to set before us. Save that they rather post-dated their period in their dialogue and sentiment, the picture was an excellent sketch; but as a play—it was a sketch—the canvas was not sufficiently covered, the motives of the principal characters were too abruptly explained. A few lines added to the dialogue, which was for the most part graceful and scholarly, would have made the drama infinitely more effective. As it now stands, it appears as though there had been excision, or that the authors had not sufficiently elaborated their work. Some six months before the story opens, Dorothy Musgrave has met and been captivated by Beau Austin. He has taken every advantage of her passion, and then left her. She has been for a considerable time engaged to John Fenwick, a worthy country squire. He claims her hand, and she tells him how she has fallen, and she entreats of him not to take vengeance on her betrayer. Fenwick does what he considers is the next best thing he can, and goes straight to Austin, and so works upon his feelings that the hitherto heartless *roué* at once promises that he will ask Dorothy to be his wife. The all-conquering Beau humbly, almost piteously, sues to her for her hand, acknowledging how basely he has acted, but though she still loves him, she will not marry him—he is not to her what she pictured to herself, and she is unfit now to be any man's wife. Indeed, she is indignant that Austin should imagine she would accept his tardy reparation. Her brother, Anthony Musgrave, a hot-headed youth, "cornet in the Prince's Own," learns from the talking of Barbara Ridley, her maid, of his sister's fall, and calls her seducer to account. In the presence of a "Royal Duke" and the fashionable world assembled on the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Anthony insults Austin, and then strikes him. The Beau, determined to prove how sincere is his repentance, accepts the insult, pleads in extenuation of the young fellow's anger that he had misconceived his (the Beau's) conduct, inasmuch as he had offered himself to Dorothy, but that

she, rightly considering him unworthy, had refused him. Dorothy, convinced now that she is truly loved, kneels at her lover's feet, and accepts him. The repentance of Austin, and the change in Dorothy's feelings, are too sudden. As a work of literary merit, and as a faithful reproduction of the dress and manners of nearly a century ago, "Beau Austin" should be seen by all. No better example of the "Beau" of the period could be found than in Mr. Tree, whether as to dress, courtliness, or deportment. Mr. Edmund Maurice is good as the young military blood of the day, and Mr. Brookfield is excellent as the old valet. Mr. Fred Terry is a fine manly young fellow. Mrs. Tree is tender, but wants power. Miss Rose Leclercq has a comparatively thankless part as a lady who lives in the recollection of her former conquests, and not without hope that she may achieve more, but makes it amusing. Miss Aylward was not only a pleasing little waiting-maid, but showed considerable strength. For such occasions as Mr. Tree's "Monday nights" "Beau Austin" would probably prove acceptable a few times, but it would have to be much strengthened to become a lasting attraction.

"MY FRIEND JARLET."

Original Play, in one act, by ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY and E. B. NORMAN.

First produced in London at Terry's Theatre, Wednesday evening, November 5, 1890.

Paul Latour.. ..	Mr. HENRY DANA.		Prussian Officer	Mr. A. WELLESLEY.
Emilie Jarlet	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.		Marie Leroux	Miss ELINORE LEYSHON..

This little piece was done by the "Old Stagers" during the Canterbury Week of 1887, and Mr. Terry soon after purchased the rights of it. It is rather strong for a one-act drama. Jarlet is a scamp who has been living on Latour, a rich young fellow of good family. The two are shut up in a village near Paris by the Prussians, the action of the play occurring during the Franco-German war, 1870. In the house where they are staying is Marie Leroux, an humble girl, with whom Latour falls in love and proposes to marry. As his settling down will not suit Jarlet, he points out to him that ill-assorted marriages seldom turn out happily, and quotes his own, showing how he wedded beneath him, soon got tired of his wife, and left her and her child. Presently he questions Marie as to her antecedents, and discovers that she is his own daughter. He is so shocked at his conduct in trying to destroy his child's happiness that, to make amends, he goes as a substitute for Latour, who has drawn a lot which sentences him to be shot with others for taking part in a sortie. Julian Cross acted with rugged force in the principal character, and Miss Leyshon was sympathetic.

"SMOKE."

Comedietta, by B. WEBSTER, JUN.

Revived at the Opera Comique, Thursday evening, November 6, 1890.

Rueben Armstrong ..	Mr. R. S. BOLEYN.		Ellen Armstrong ..	Miss Cissy GRAHAME.
James Brown	Mr. COMPTON COURTS.		Abigail Armstrong ..	Miss M. A. GIFFARD.
Mr. Richard Burton ..	Mr. W. LESTOCQ.			

This is scarcely of sufficient importance to appear in THE THEATRE Play-Box, but that the play is interesting from the fact that it was first produced at the Adelphi, December 26th, 1870; with John Billington as Armstrong, Mrs. Billington as Abigail, Miss Furtado as Ellen, C. H. Stephenson as Richard Burton, and Ashley as James Brown. It is an adaptation from the French, and depicts forcibly the change that may be produced in a man by suspicion and jealousy.

Reuben Armstrong had been a hard-working mechanic, a total abstainer, and fond of his wife and home. Gradually he becomes dissipated, loses his situation, and is rapidly going to the bad altogether. His old master, Richard Burton, just returned from the Cape, discovers the reason. Reuben believes that Ellen, whom he looked upon as all that was good and pure, has had a child before her marriage to him, and that her constant absences from home, and the disappearance of her various little trinkets for the support of the child, are accounted for by this. He does not let his wife know his suspicions and therefore she cannot understand the change in him, but remains gentle and kind, trying to win him back. The mystery is explained. The child that Ellen visits is an illegitimate one of her dead sister's, who had made her promise that the secret of her fall should not be made known. Abigail Armstrong is a cheery, hard-headed creature who sees her brother's faults and who lords it over her lowly admirer James Brown, on whom she fathers many of Reuben's misdeeds, but whom she eventually rewards for his good-natured compliance by marrying. These two parts were inimitably played. Mr. Boleyn acted powerfully. Miss Grahame was all tenderness, and Mr. Lestocq bluff and kindly. "Smoke" was well received.

"TWO RECRUITS."

Farcical play, in three acts, by FRANK WYATT.

First produced at Toole's Theatre, Saturday evening, November 8, 1890.

Mr. Eldred	Mr. A. CHEVALIER.	Mrs. Eldred	Miss RUTH RUTLAND.
Frank Selwyn	Mr. H. EVERSFIELD.	Violet Fane	Miss V. THORNEYCROFT.
Jack Selwyn	Mr. W. GUISE.	Tricksey	Miss DELIA CARLYLE.
Colonel Gunning ..	Mr. W. CHERSMAN.	Martha	Mrs. H. LEIGH.
Thomas Gurgles.. ..	Mr. HENRY W. BRAME.	Sally Flapper	Miss JULIA SEAMAN.
Joe Gurgles	Mr. F. KAYE.		

A more extraordinary piece of work than Mr. Frank Wyatt's "Two Recruits," was perhaps never seen on any stage. Very laughable at times, and with a surprise in it, of which the author gives one no inkling until it comes, and then, like some of the dialogue, not quite in the best taste. The father of Frank and Jack Selwyn has made an extraordinary will by which they are left almost completely in the power of a despicable creature, Mr. Eldred. He has sole control over their education, pocket-money, &c.; in only one thing is his authority divided—they may marry if they can obtain his mother, Mrs. Eldred's, consent, or his. Frank is so disgusted with his treatment and Eldred's endeavour to force on him his shrewish, spiteful daughter Tricksey, that having to escort Mrs. Eldred (a lady old enough to be his grandmother) to town, he carries her off to a registrar's office and marries her. When he returns he has become Eldred's stepfather, and reminding one of "Vice-Versa," he lords it over his quondam tyrant, sends him to bed early, makes him write impositions, and generally bullies him. Jack Selwyn is engaged to a romantic young lady who thinks he should do something heroic, and so he determines to enlist, but from some unexplained cause instead of doing so he goes into retirement at Highgate for some months, during which time Thomas Gurgles, who has enlisted under his name, covers himself with military glory but at the same time takes unto himself Sally Flapper. This comes to the ears of Violet through Colonel Gunning, and she is prepared to discard her supposed hero, when he appears in military uniform—why we know not as he has no right to wear it—but he explains matters. Violet overlooks his not having gone to the wars and been thoroughly deceitful and at once

forgives him. Some of the most amusing bits of the play are those in which Joe Gurgles and Martha, two old servants, take part. These two were most excellently played by Mr. F. Kaye and Mrs. H. Leigh. Mr. Chevalier, who has to represent a Pecksniff in his most odious form, added another clever performance to his eccentric rôle of characters. Miss Julia Seaman, too, was very good. Miss Violet Thorneycroft played charmingly, and is very pretty. The other parts were done full justice to.

"CALLED BACK."

Play, in four acts, by HUGH CONWAY and J. COMYNS CARR.

Revived at the Haymarket Theatre, Monday evening, November 10, 1890.

The Prince's, 1884.

Haymarket, 1890.

Gilbert Vaughan	Mr. KYRL & BELLER	Mr. FRID TERRY.
Arthur Kenyon	Mr. H. J. LETHCOURT	Mr. F. KERR.
Anthony March	Mr. FRANK RODNEY	Mr. WEBSTER LAWSON.
Dr. Ceneri	Mr. G. W. ANSON	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Paoli Macari	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE	Mr. TREE.
Petroff	Mr. S. CAFFEY	Mr. CHARLES HUDSON.
Bolski	Mr. H. CAMERON	Mr. MARK PATON.
Russian Chief of (Secret) Police } in Paris }	Mr. R. DE CORDOVA	Mr. TAPPING.
Major Markeloff	Mr. L. S. DEWAR	Mr. ALLAN.
Captain Varlamoff	Mr. ASHMAN	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Sergeant of Cossacks	Mr. HENRY PARRY	Mr. LEITH.
Warder Kedric	Mr. SIMMONDS	Mr. MONTAGU.
Nicholas	Mr. HARGRAVE	Mr. MARTIN.
Woodford	Mr. HILTON	Mr. W. ARDEN.
Wolynski	Master G. HODGSON	Mr. WIGLEY.
Pauline	Miss LINGARD	Miss JULIA NEILSON.
Mary Vaughan	Miss TILBURY	Miss BLANCHE HORLOCK.
Mrs. Wilkins	Miss C. PARKES	Mrs. E. H. BROOKE.
Susan	Miss AYLWARD	Miss AYLWARD.

In the June, 1884, number of THE THEATRE there appeared a rather exhaustive notice of the first production of "Called Back" at the Prince's Theatre on May the 20th of that year. The play was a success then, and brought into prominent notice Mr. Beerbohm Tree. The revival appears as though it will be as fortunate pecuniarily, and as establishing his reputation, to the now actor-manager. There is but little occasion to enter into the plot of a drama which follows so closely the story that most of us have read. The main incident is in the first act—(as it is now played; when first produced it was in "a prologue and three acts and seven tableaux")—from where Gilbert Vaughan, temporarily blind, having followed Pauline to her guardian's lodgings, comes upon what he imagines to be her dead body, to the murder of her brother, Anthony March, which has just been committed by Macari. Later, when Gilbert recovers his sight, he mourns Pauline as dead, and determines to track down her murderer. Eventually, finding her still alive but bereft of her senses, he is led to suppose, through the lies of Macari, that it was her lover who fell, and that she was dishonoured. Dr. Ceneri, through the betrayal of Macari, is sent to Siberia, and Gilbert follows him there, ascertains from him in his dying moments that Pauline is worthy of his love, and Macari is hunted down and slain by Petroff, another conspirator, for his perfidy. It will be remembered that in the novel it is an old nurse who looks after Gilbert in his blindness—in the play, for this character is substituted a winsome sister, Mary, who marries his friend, Arthur Kenyon. Granted that Macari's is a showy part, it would become but a commonplace ruffian in less skilful hands than those of Mr. Tree, whose every look and action are of relative value to the situation. Mr. Anson did not play Dr. Ceneri very long, and was succeeded by Mr. Fernandez, who now once more shows us a naturally kind and good man becoming almost a plague-spot on

society through his revolutionary principles, to the furtherance of which he sacrifices honour, humanity—all. Mr. Fernandez illustrates this skilfully and with considerable power—his death-scene, a little prolonged perhaps, being impressive. The part of Gilbert Vaughan is not a new one to Mr. Fred Terry, as he had acted it on tour; it was a fine impersonation—thoroughly human and sympathetic. Mr. F. Kerr and Miss Blanche Horlock are excellent. Mr. Webster Lawson, quite a young actor, makes his mark; and Mrs. E. H. Brooke shows what can be done when even only a few lines have to be spoken. Miss Julia Neilson promises to be one of our finest actresses if she will only guard against a tendency to throw too much force into strong situations. Up to the last act Miss Neilson's acting was almost perfection; then there was a little exaggeration. Experience should modify this. I am the more inclined to call attention to this, as I noticed the same tendency to exaggeration when I saw this clever young actress a second and a third time in "Comedy and Tragedy." "Called Back" as a revival was an undoubted success.

"MAY AND DECEMBER."

Farical Comedy. In three acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Produced at the Comedy Theatre, Saturday evening, November 15, 1890.

Sir Archibald Ffolliott ..	Mr. CHAS. BROOKFIELD.	Lady Ffolliott	Miss NORREYS.
Captain L'Estrange ..	Mr. C. H. HAWTREY	Jane	Miss LYDIA COWELL.
Babbington Jones ..	Mr. J. F. GRAHAM.	Dolly	Miss ETHEL MATTHEWS.
Simpson	Mr. W. WYES.	Judy Belsize	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Telegraph Messenger	Mr. A. W. AYSON.		

There is a little history connected with this play. It is taken from "La Petite Marquise" of Meilhac and Halévy, and was originally tried at a private performance at the Globe Theatre, September 28th, 1882, the Licensor of stage plays having refused his permission that it should be given in public. The adaptation was then made by Sydney Grundy and Joseph Mackay, and Miss Lydia Cowell played Kathleen Lady Ffolliott, and asked the audience at the close of the performance "if they considered it so very awful?" and though there were some objectionable features no doubt, still, more risky plays had been licensed. Under its present title and by the same adaptors, the piece was done at a *matinée* at the Criterion on April 26th, 1887. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar was the old bookworm, the December of the play; and Miss Kate Rorke, Kathleen Lady Ffolliott—the May; E. W. Gardiner the Captain L'Estrange; W. Blakeley the Babbington Jones; Miss Ffolliott Paget the Madeline Fenton (now Judy Belsize), and Miss Lydia Cowell, as now, Jane. Mr. Farquhar and Miss K. Rorke were most deservedly highly complimented, but they played the piece in the vein of pure comedy in which it was then written. Mr. Grundy has now founded, alone, on the play in which he collaborated, his present version, which he has endeavoured (I imagine to suit the requirements of the comedy company) to make farical, and I much fear unsuccessfully. Some of his writing is as bright and clever as any he has furnished us with, but there are some lines which are not at all in good taste. And then the action is so uncertain; at one moment you have an almost pathetic touch in the strained relation of husband and wife, and then, presto!—you are presented with the wildest of farce. Sir Charles Ffolliott is an old bookworm married to a mere girl, Kathleen, romantic and with a devotion to sensuous poetry and Ouida's novels. She cannot take an interest in her husband's antiquarian researches, and so he, wishing for her happiness, determines to give her good cause for a separation

by amicably turning her out of doors, at the same time expressing the tenderest interest in her well being and telling her to wrap up well as the night is cold. Kathleen starts with the intention of joining her friend Judy Belsize who has just told her she has a cottage in Hampshire, and that she is in search of a certain Captain who has courted her by the sad sea waves and then run away. This proves eventually to be Captain L'Estrange, who has also played upon Katherine's romance and induced her to believe that he cares for her. When he hears she has gone to Hampshire, he follows her. She quite artlessly tells him that she shall soon be free and that then he can marry her. But he, of course, only wants her as a mistress—and soon lets her know this. Kathleen comes to her senses—returns home, and is at first, forgetting her own conduct, quite indignant when she hears from the tattle of eavesdropping servants that Sir Archibald has been “carrying on.” However, when it turns out that there is no foundation for this, but that it was only her friend Judy who had been in his company, she prays her husband's forgiveness and he takes her to him again and burns his *magnum opus*. The Captain goes off humming a tune, but Nemesis will overtake him in the shape of an action for breach of promise brought against him by the gushing Judy. This last character has been specially written up for Miss Lottie Venne, who as an attractive little widow with an eye to the main chance makes it an amusing one. Miss Norreys had an almost impossible character to attempt to do justice to; allowance must be made if she was not quite successful in it. Mr. Charles Brookfield was essentially a gentleman, though rather an unworldly and silly one as Sir Archibald. Mr. Hawtrey does his best in one of those light feather-brain parts which he now appears to look upon as his own. Mr. Graham is humorous as a barrister with one case that is ever upon the point of being heard. Mr. Wyes and Miss Lydia Cowell were excellent. “May and December” was but coolly received.

“THE PHARISEE.”

Original Play, in three acts, by MALCOLM WATSON and Mrs. LANCASTER-WALLIS.

First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Monday evening, November 17, 1890.

Lord Helmore	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Kate Landon	Mrs. LANCASTER-
Geoffrey Landon ..	Mr. HERBERT WARING.		WALLIS (Miss Wallis).
Captain James Darell ..	M. MARIUS.	Miss Maxwell	Miss SOPHIE LARKIN.
Mr. Pettifer	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.	Maud	Miss MARION LEA.
Graham Maxwell ..	Mr. HENRY V. ESMOND.	Katie	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Brooke	Mr. HERBERT-BASING.	Martina	Miss WINIFRED DENNIS.

It is quite possible that considerable discussion will arise as to the conduct of the heroine of the new play at the Shaftesbury. We are led to suppose that in her youth she fell, not viciously, but from an imperfect understanding of good and evil. She repented and became a good woman. All chance of the discovery of her sin disappears, yet she feels compelled by the stings of conscience to confess the misdeed of her past life to the husband who worships her. Would any woman so jeopardise, in one sense, her future happiness? My opinion is that a really good woman, loving her husband, would confess, as she would know that her secret would be a torture to her—that she would be unable to endure her life, knowing that while all the time her husband considered she had been ever pure as snow, she was living a lie. In whatever light her conduct may be viewed, there is no doubt that the authors have maintained the interest in their heroine (and her husband) to the very last. The audience watches with intense curiosity the *dénouement* of the plot, and

appear to be satisfied with its ending; at least, such was the apparent verdict on the opening night. Kate Landon has been brought up by a bad father, Captain James Darell, amid scenes of vice. Anxious to get away from them, loving him in a sense, and dazzled by Lord Helmore's specious arguments in favour of "free love," she lives under his protection for some three months. Then her eyes are opened to the wickedness of her life. She leaves him and completely reforms. Geoffrey Landon asks her to be his wife. She commissions her father to tell Geoffrey of her antecedents. The Captain, to serve his own ends, divulges nothing, but brings back a message as though from Geoffrey, that he forgives the past on the condition that it is never to be mentioned between them. They have been married eight years, and love each other devotedly, when Lord Helmore, knowing that he may at any moment die of heart disease, is pricked by conscience. He determines to provide for the woman he betrayed in his youth, and that his resolutions may certainly be carried out, entrusts a packet of her letters and her portrait to his old friend, Geoffrey Landon, who is to discover her whereabouts. Through a photograph shown him by Mrs. Landon's little girl, Katie, Lord Helmore learns that the woman he wronged and Kate Landon are one and the same. Just as Geoffrey is on the point of breaking the seals of the packet, the contents of which will inform him of his wife's shame, Lord Helmore steps in and takes them from his hands. The near approach to discovery is too much for Kate; she has learnt from her father how he has deceived her in not telling her husband, and she feels that she can never accept Geoffrey's affection and trust in her till he knows all, and so, in an agony of shame, she confesses. Geoffrey, who has hitherto esteemed her the most peerless of women, is horrified, and cannot forgive; for the sake of their child she shall still live under his roof, but be to him a wife only in name. Then comes a letter from the, now dead, Lord Helmore, in which he pleads to Geoffrey for the woman that was betrayed, should Geoffrey ever meet with her. The heart of the husband is softened; he looks into his inner self, sees the hardness and self-righteousness of his nature, and that he is wanting in "charity." He goes forth for a time to find it, but before doing so sends by the pure lips of their little child a message of peace and forgiveness to his unhappy wife—a message that bears the hope of a reunion of hearts at no distant date. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis was very tender, and rose to a great height of passion in the agonizing scenes she has to pass through, first where the packet is in her husband's hands, and she tries to persuade him not to open it, but to entrust it to her to discover the woman that was to be found; and afterwards, when she has to make the humiliating confession at the feet of her husband. Lord Helmore's character, which has to be played in a most suldued manner, as the man is supposed to be almost dying before one's very eyes, was most earnestly and pathetically portrayed by Mr. Lewis Waller. Geoffrey Landon has comparatively little opportunity till the last act, but then Mr. Waring brought out its characteristics admirably. M. Marius was a typical *roué* and scoundrel, but made love most amusingly to the silly old maid, Miss Maxwell, excellently played by Miss Sophie Larkin, and Mr. Henry Esmond and Miss Marion Lea brightened up the play as a pair of young lovers. Miss Minnie Terry again proved herself the most natural child actress we have on the stage. It should be added that, in point of literary merit, "The Pharisee" is much above the average.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

Shakespeare's Play, revived, in five acts, at the Princess's Theatre, Tuesday evening, November 18, 1890.

Mark Antony	Mr. COGHLAN.	Mardian	Mr. HARRY FENWICKE.
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. F. KEMBLE COOPER.	Seleucus	Mr. H. J. CARVILL.
M. Emil. Lepidus	Mr. P. C. BEVERLEY.	A Messenger	Mr. OSCAR ADYE.
Sextus Pompeius	Mr. KENNETH BLACK.	A Soothsayer	Mr. ARTHUR MUNRO.
Domitius Enobarbus..	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.	A Clown	Mr. EVERILL.
Ventidius	Mr. H. DRUCE.	First Soldier	Mr. W. CLIFTON.
Eros	Mr. CHAS. BURLEIGH.	Second Soldier	Mr. A. WATSON.
Scærus	Mr. A. T. HILTON.	Octavia	Miss FRANCES IVOR.
Mecænas	Mr. W. S. PARKES.	Charmian	Miss AMY McNEIL.
Proculeius	Mr. HENRY LORAINÉ.	Iras	Miss F. HARWOOD.
Thyreus	Mr. WALTER GAY.	Day } Characters in {	Miss EMMA D'AUBAN.
Menas	Mr. H. YARDLEY.	Night } the Interlude {	Miss MADGE GREET.
Varrius	Mr. STANLEY PRINGLE.	and	
Alexas	Mr. MAC VICKARS.	Cleopatra	Mrs. LANGTRY.

Cleopatra, we are told, has been made the leading character in the drama in "two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and, at least, four Italian tragedies," and yet Shakespeare's play of "Antony and Cleopatra" has not been a favourite with managers. There appears to be some doubt as to when it was first produced. Garrick played, in 1759, Antony to the Cleopatra of Mrs. Yates, then a young actress, and neither of them shone; nor was the play a success, for its withdrawal took place in a few nights. In Dryden's "All for Love," drawn from this source, Booth and Mrs. Oldfield played the principal characters. In 1813 John Kemble made a hash up almost of the two plays. Mrs. Faucit was then the Cleopatra. How little Macready thought of his part, when the play was revived in 1833, was proved by his almost passing it over in his diary; Miss Phillips was then the Cleopatra. Shakespeare's play, in its integrity, was produced at Sadler's Wells in 1849, and we had the best Cleopatra, perhaps, that has been seen, in Miss Glyn, who frequently reappeared in the character. The work was revived by Charles Calvert, of Manchester, and by Chatterton, at Drury Lane, both with splendour. The latter was in 1873, and the production so crippled the manager's resources, that he never recovered from it; James Anderson and Miss Wallis (Mrs. Lancaster) were in this the principals. The Drury Lane revival was the latest until Mrs. Langtry's production. I can understand that the character of Cleopatra should be an attractive one to such a beautiful woman as Mrs. Langtry, but unfortunately she has miscalculated her dramatic strength, and neither as she who could conquer all hearts or as the powerful queen did the actress fulfil the requirements of the character. Where Mrs. Langtry was not languid or pettish, she played with undisciplined force, and it was here that the value of an early and life-long training is so apparent. Mrs. Langtry wore her own beautiful hair, did not alter her complexion, and was exquisitely apparelled. The Antony of Mr. Charles Coghlan will be recorded as one of his greatest successes, from the energy and passion which he threw into the portraiture of the enamoured king. Mr. F. Kemble Cooper's appearance and grand delivery of the text entrusted to Octavius Cæsar were the theme of universal praise. The Enobarbus of Mr. Arthur Stirling was of the old school and of great elocutionary merit. Of the younger school of actors who acquitted themselves well must be mentioned Mr. Oscar Adye as "A Messenger"; Mr. Charles Burleigh, as Eros; and Mr. Henry Lorainé as Proculeius. Miss Amy McNeil was an attractive Charmian, and Miss Frances Ivor a dignified Octavia. It will not be for the acting, however, that the Princess's production will be specially remembered, but for the gorgeousness of its pageants. On these, the expenditure must have been enormous, and the Hon. Lewis

Wingfield, if he have erred, has done so on the score of liberality. The pictures he presents to us in the "Alexandrian Festival" and the "Triumphal Reception of Antony by Cleopatra" are magnificent and faithful reproductions of the Eastern displays of the period. Whilst retaining Shakespeare's text, and only transposing a scene or two, Mr. Wingfield has given us processions of Egyptian soldiery and Roman legions, and Egyptian dances in the form of ballet which feast the eye, but detract from the attention that should be devoted to the play, which, on the first night, occupied over four hours in representation. Such pictures as "The Exterior," and "A Hall in Cleopatra's Palace," "The Banks of the Nile," and the "Interior of an Egyptian Monument," are in the very best style of scene-painting, and, with the general accessories, will certainly attract the public for a time, independently of the merits of the performance.

CECIL HOWARD.



Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

Wellington said that a good leader could take an army anywhere. And Wellington knew something of fighting, they say. He could have manufactured a Buonaparte legion or an Old Guard out of a multitude of sandwich men. And, according to him, so could anyone possessing the stuff a born leader is made of. Such is the magic of generalship. The Brighton Green Room Club believe in the Grand Old Man of Waterloo, and like good disciples they act up to his advice. First they catch their general and then they cook the goose he puts them at. This on the 22nd of October was "The Guv'nor," their veteran campaigner being Mr. Tapping. It was not done quite to a turn, but all partook of the dish with relish and smacked their lips jubilantly. So what more need be said? Their "dainty dish" was set before the people, not the people's critical King, and as they thought it rich and rare, there's an end to the matter. Mr. Leigh Bennett was the favourite. Old Macclesfield is always a safe draw. The man who could not be funny in this part could not be funny as Pickwick. But Mr. Bennett makes more of him than a mere low comedy merchant, and is the more worthy of praise in consequence, Mr. C. A. Smith, a Thespian and an A.D.C., was an excellent chip of the old Butterscotch, playing with ease and naturalness. Mr. Allen did wonders with Jellicoe, a wretched part; Captain Toms amused everyone as Gregory; and Mr. Mackay and Mr. Bond were happy in their sketches of the McToddy and a throaty cabman. Mr. Compton and Miss M. B. Smith, an actress of real humour and talent, were in great favour as the confectioner and his wife, the mock romance being treated with the earnestness of conviction. Miss Burnand and Miss Peyton romped through the tiny parts of Kate and Carrie; and Miss Forbes brought out all the broad humour of Mr. Macclesfield with readiness and emphasis. The club's second season without question opens well.

"In the dear old days of long ago," we were taught that it was a silly thing to do, to put new wine into old bottles. And so with plays. Old fashioned pieces must be played in an old world spirit. Try to be comic and sentimental in powder and patches, and according to our modern notions, and there will be the dickens to pay. Look at the object lesson recently stuck before our eyes, like highwaymen in chains, to scare us from the path of evil. Sure, "As You

Like It" and "She Stoops To Conquer" in one season were enough to point a moral and adorn the old old tale of kindly warning and of shrewd advice. But no! not enough for the Jackdaws! who, like lovely woman, stoop to folly and find too late that they are betrayed. They thrust aside the guiding hand, "Don't Know, Don't Care" being the gist of their creed, and they come to as ignominious an end as "Don't Care" came to. They choose "The Heir-at-Law." Good. A fine old English comedy, one of the olden time. And they proceed to play it as modern comedy. Bad, criminal, nearly on all fours with poverty in being worse than wicked—foolish. For they have good actors among them "who could an if they would" give point and tone, if not distinction, to some of Colman's quaint old characters. Whereas, in modern guise, they are as tame and meek and mild as a crowd of Dolly Spankers. Accepting their reading, though, Mr. Beveridge can be praised for his more or less gallant Dick Dowlas; Mr. Herbert Smith may rest assured that Zekiel was an effective rustic, with more dash in his little finger than any one of the rest had in his whole body; and Mr. McCord may be commended for a funny if subdued sketch of Dr. Pangloss. He should, however, see Mr. John S. Clarke and learn how the part should be, not acted, but approached. Mr. Wright had a few good moments; so had Mr. Wyatt. Miss Algar has the making of an actress in her. She is quiet, dignified, and touching. Her Caroline was the best performance in the piece. And Miss Conroy and Miss Brocklesby conscientiously did their duty in longer and stronger parts.

Mr. Anstey tells an excellent story of a very good little girl who is magically dowered by a fairy godmother. Whenever she utters a wholesome moral truth, a pearl or a ruby is to drop from her lips. And she sets busily to work to improve the occasion. But unfortunately, when the stones are appraised by a jeweller, they are found to be bits of coloured glass. The priceless truths she thought she spoke were shams. The Comedy Club are not unlike that little girl. They look for a fairy godmother and Mr. Godfrey presents himself. Not content with that he presents them with "The Parvenu," the fairy gift. And they proceed to scatter the gems of wit contained in it, feeling pretty sure that such virtue cannot but be worthy of reward. Well, the play is pretty, and it flashes and sparkles brilliantly, but it won't stand the critical chemical test. Its gems are paste, and it's a pity the club should devote itself to wearing sham jewels, when there are real ones to be had for much the same money. In acting, the Comedy is always neat and appropriate. Mr. Colley Salter would carry a far weaker play. He is so alive and magnetic. And his "Parvenu," comic and serious by turns, is among the best things he has done. Miss Lillian Stone is not afraid of salt and vinegar, and rubs them in with her manner after using Lady Pettygrew's tongue for the lash. Mr. Cahill is a capital Sir Fulke, incisive and quiet; Mr. Sharpe gets over those wordy fences of Claud's with no little dexterity; and Miss St. Lawrence throws romance enough for two—and it's all wanted—into her charming picture of romantic Gwendolen. The comedy lovers are of course a feature, since they are in the care of Mrs. Ernest Renton and Mr. Bourne. The actress is more expert in the game than the actor, but anyway they make a happy pair. Mrs. Renton's voice and style are just suited to Molly, and with a little more colour this would be a bracing study of the modern girl.

Falconer wrote a strong, rugged, sturdy melodrama in "Peep o' Day," and it does amateurs good to try such a thing once and again. Sensation is what we all hanker after, were we honest enough to admit it. And we are not a bit more civilised in these days of prize fighting and African exploration than were our Roman progenitors who upheld the gladiatorial ring and the human torches of Nero. A leap from a cliff and a rowdy tussle are to the taste of all, and to get to them we can wade through a largish quantity of dramatic marshland, just as we bear with the flotsam and jetsam of civic dignity because of the gingerbread coach, on Lord Mayor's Day. The Vaudeville Club were, therefore, sure of giving enjoyment of some kind when they revived the old play at St. George's Hall on October 30th. Much of their acting was meritorious, and had they played with greater weight—and worked the scenic surprises with a view to sensation—their venture would have been an unqualified success.

Black Mullins—there's a thrill in the name—was well handled by Mr. Chapman. He has a voice and uses it ; and his gestures come from the shoulders. Mr. Read and Mr. Wallace were too timid. Doubly forcible and twice the breadth, they would be very effective. Mr. Hole had collared the accent and that was half the battle with him ; and Barney O'Toole became a rattling racy fellow. Mr. King was a priest but not an Irish one ; and Mr. Moore was an officer but not the English one Falconer drew, as Captain Howard. Mr. Fenton was well placed as Red Murtough. He knows what melodrama wants and he sees his part well through. Miss Edith Jordan too is not afraid of work bolder than comedy and farce. She rises to a scene with real spirit, and defiant or submissive, loving or hating, makes a loveable heroine and keeps the play moving.

The ideal is always at variance with the practical. You cannot combine them. And seeing that the former is outside the domains of the average man, it was perhaps the wisest course to desert it and cleave to the common sense, prosaic side of the picture in "Pygmalion and Galatea," privately played at the Lambeth Polytechnic on the 1st ult. The comely body of that confusing work can be grasped, the spirit alone is difficult of access. And songs and singers are out of date. So why waste time in spending pains to strew pearls before the heathen, to whom glass beads are just as precious, and just as bright. The Tabard Pilgrims may therefore be excused for turning their backs on poetry, and sticking like limpets to the—may it be confessed—rather cheap fun. Miss Tellek has not rested on her oars since last she played Galatea. The performance is more finished and has more substance in it. The head speaks less and the heart speaks more. With a dozen repetitions it would be a very interesting and at times a very charming piece of acting. Mr. Gordelier as Pygmalion is less the Kendal than the Barnes. He is right, for he wins applause, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating, whatever our theories may be. But there is another point of view, that of Art as Art, and here the actor can find room to reconsider his decisions. Mr. Gordon Young is not bluff and bold enough for Leucippe, though commendably full of dash and go ; nor is Miss Millie Duncan, pretty and sweet, quite the *ingénue* Myrine is. Mr. Colley Salter is supremely comical in Chrysos, the easiest part ever written ; and Mrs. Jennes is a Daphne of sufficient vigour to hold her own against her lord. Miss Dredge, the Cynisca, has good elocutionary powers and an instinct for acting. With practice she should succeed in emotional parts.

We all know that there is nothing new under the sun. But that is no reason why an "original" drama shall be composed of all the odds and ends, the scraps and tit-bits, of motive, incident, and situation that have done duty in melodrama any time these forty years. "Foiled," in three acts, by Warwick Buckland, at St. George's Hall, on October 25th, turned out, of course, the friend of our childhood, the constant companion of our later years. There is the 'aughty baronite, mortgaged up to his shirt-collar ; his lovely child, enamoured of a penniless performer on the tight-rope—Fortune ; and the adventurer, who demands the daughter's hand in payment of monies advanced, and burgles the baronet's safe to smother his rival in suspicion. All goes well with the evil one till the last act is half-way through, when the good young man returns from Australia with his pockets full of gold and a detective up his sleeve. Then the adventurer's game is up, he is adorned with bracelets, and led away—*Foiled*. Mr. Buckland may do better in years to come, if this is his first attempt, but he must begin by unlearning all he has learnt, or he never can rise above the amateur level of play-writing. The Waverley A.D.C., in fact, did not shine in any department, the playing being, as a rule, crude, timid, and dull. Mr. Wightwick was creditable as a groom, the second villain, and the author, his hideous make-up being forgiven and forgotten, was a "heavy man" of weight and power. Mr. Clark, Mr. Thorpe, and Mr. Wood were also worthy of a little praise, for they acted conscientiously, and, like the pot-shotted pianist in Colorado, did their level best. Miss Marie Montague and Miss Shaw, though amateurish, played briskly, and enlivened to some extent a deplorably dull evening.

The Hampstead A.D.C. have been reading up the life of Mrs. Siddons, and have, alas, added to their treasury of wisdom the one remark of that estimable lady that all biographers should have conspired to suppress. "And pray, madam, do you study those enchanting looks and attitudes before a glass?" asked one of her admirers. "I never study anything but my author," was the answer. "Then you practise them at rehearsals?" And in tones of muttered thunder came the fatal reply, "*I seldom rehearse at all!*" Perhaps a Siddons can manage without rehearsal (though be it noted an Edmund Kean could not), but it is quite certain that amateurs can't. And the Hampstead actors should erase that entry from their book of "Tips from Tragedians," and ascribe it to a gossip's slanderous tongue. With more rehearsal their "London Assurance" at St. George's Hall on the 1st ult. would have been capital. But it was all taken in slow time, the halts and hesitations were often painful, and not until the play was well forward did they warm to their work and do themselves justice. Then the clever acting of Mr. Preston and Mrs. Bartrum made itself instantly felt, and the general impression left was, owing chiefly to their efforts, a good one. Mr. Preston could not be matched among amateurs as Sir Harcourt, save by Mr. Colnaghi, who was born to play the part—his very youth and force aiding him greatly in his sketch of the chirpy old boy. More rehearsal would have rubbed off a few nasty corners and made it what it aimed at being, a consistent and polished study. Mrs. Bartrum read Lady Gay straightforwardly and down-rightly. She filled it full of power, and let the part carry her along. It was the best way, and proved immensely effective. Mr. Teversham, a good actor, did the same with Max, and reaped the same reward. Mr. Somerville, too, went with great energy at Charles, a difficult part, and rushed along at a fine pace. This was a piece of acting to be remembered. The remaining actors may be bracketed together as badly and sadly in want of more rehearsal, though Miss Churchill, Mr. Capper, and Mr. Biggs deserved but little blame. All will do well to read Mrs. Siddons's life again, and note her advice to young Ned Kean.

Old friends are the best friends all the world over. And Mr. Baker could have chosen nothing more popular than "Carmen," unless it were "Faust," to start his second season of opera and comedy at Kilburn. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and we should as soon grow tired of Bizet's haunting music as of "Home, Sweet Home" or "The Wearin' of the Green." And so, judging from its reception, thought all of us. Wonders had been worked with limited resources in the matter of space and scenery. Beautiful costumes abounded. A full chorus of fifty or so sang and acted—acted, mind; no shirking and dawdling—with vigour and dramatic meaning. Lastly, most of the principals were a long way above the average. Miss Blanche Murray played Carmen with fire and fine intelligence, and Miss Kate Johnstone was very gentle and winning as Micaela. Mr. James Bayne made quite a hit in the tavern scene, his Escamillo having just the dash and colour required. Mr. Body sang very prettily, but his acting abilities were scarcely equal to the task of grappling with José's violent moods. Mr. Stalman and Mr. Stratton also won much favour, the latter by some highly grotesque comedy. Mr. Baker deserves every success in his spirited enterprise.

"The Antigone" was played in state at the Crystal Palace on the 6th ult. Mr. Macklin stage-managed, the Guildhall School supplied a chorus, and Mr. Manns sat at the head of his grand orchestra, to interpret Mendelssohn's exquisite music. With these advantages the actors and the drama proved more interesting than they did last season, but still the tragedy is too heavy a burden. Viscountess Maidstone is very graceful, womanly, and sweet; Miss Jenkinson and Mr. Hainsworth are natural; Mr. Jenner, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Babington Smith throw spirit into their work, but they do not render Sophocles intelligibly human. To do this needs trained and gifted actors. The will in such a case is not the deed. Gentle voices, timid manners, a shy and narrow style, do not suit the sombre tyrants and their vengeance-breathing victims of ancient Thebes. Still there is such beauty of face and form and bearing in the present production, that it would be a pity to sacrifice it. Perhaps the happiest course would be to retain the present company, confining their efforts to a *tableau vivant* representation, and putting the description of their action on the

shoulders of the chorus. The performance would then be artistic, and not wanting in dignity and force.

Statesmen have their relaxations, men whose shoulders bear a load as heavy as that on Atlas; so why not the Crystal Palace A.D.C. Bismarck takes to Gaboriau as a duck to water when he needs a mental change; Gladstone feasts on Stevenson; and John Morley devours Kipling, Haggard, Collins, anyone racy and romantic. And these are serious workers, it must be conceded. The club, then, must not be censured for ceasing, occasionally, to feed on the fair mountain of Pinero, Gilbert, Grundy, Jones, and Howard comedy, to batten on this Derrick moor of farce. Men have been driven to Margate from Hyde Park. The love of change will do even that. And it has made them look happy over it, too; as happy as these Athenæans over their four nights of "Confusion," from the 5th to the 8th ult. Little to wonder at, seeing they play farce so well. For a continuous roar of laughter will keep any actor in high spirits through the operation. Mr. John Bathurst had most of the work and did it nobly. Blizzard became a possible old man, of very infectious humour. And the force behind that humour kept the play going without a check. Mr. Frankish played cleverly and with dash as the hero, but he saw a little too much of the joke. A very useful foil for him was the elegant loungeur of Mr. Butler, too promising an actor, though, for such slight work. Mr. Grout had a character after his own heart in James, which demands exactly the breadth and stolidity he can give it. Mr. Lacey Bathurst made a mountain out of the molehill Muzzle by a little naturalness and more experience; and Mr. Dorman got great applause for his clever scene as the mad doctor. The actresses were not, as usual, abreast of the actors. Mrs. Frankish, of course, was good. She always is. But Rose wants very little playing. So sound an actress is almost thrown away on such a part. Miss Knewstub can appreciate humour, but is less at home in giving expression to it. Lucretia, as she plays her, is, nevertheless, funny, and with expansion—by practice and coaching—would soon become a formidable rival to Mr. Bathurst's Blizzard. Miss Condy and Miss Cock were little more than pleasant make-weights, though the former tried, not without some success, to give characteristic form to the agonised partner of Jeames Sans La Pluche.



Musical Silhouettes.

No. 8.—*THE DRAWING-ROOM TENOR.*



HE Drawing-room Tenor is a very pleasant fellow, when he is not a tenor, in a drawing-room. Get him anywhere else, you will find him exceedingly harmless and frequently unobtrusively mild. It is only when he is a tenor that he is almost unendurable.

It seems to be the particular foible of tenors in any place to find no beauty in any vocal organ but their own. This, I am sure, does not arise from an overplus of that very desirable commodity known as self-belief so much as from sheer inability to

see and hear any other voice. Similarly, no method of training, in the opinion of a pupil of Signor Blank's, is equal to that of Signor Blank.

After all, this is a very excellent fault. If one is so unfortunate as to have no believers, it is a great source of consolation to believe in oneself.

The Drawing-room Tenor is invariably a favourite with the fair sex, more especially if he can sing those charming little French songs which mean so very little and imply so much. These he carols forth in his best style, accompanying himself—the Drawing-room Tenor likes to do this—and invests with much mystery and meaning. Occasionally he condescends to sing an Anglicised version of a French serenade by a comparatively unknown composer, in which case the words are even more meaningless than they were in their original language, having been rendered so by the art of the translator.

He does not care to sing at concerts; he has a soul above them. At an "at home" in a drawing-room, surrounded by his lady devotees, he is at his best; and the class of song that the concert givers prefer to place on their programmes, and the concert audiences to hear, is so vulgar, so extremely commonplace and vulgar: nothing of the artistic in its composition, you know.

He is usually very spare of build, the Drawing-room Tenor, with hair arranged in an artistic fashion over his brow. He cultivates the poetic aspect of some decades since. When London goes out of town, he goes to Italy, and talks of studying when he returns. He is also frequently semi-attached to two or three society papers, in the columns of which his own name appears with considerable regularity.

He has been known to take part in Amateur Theatricals, lending his presence, his voice, and his aid to some more or less deserving charity, and appearing in elegant attire to play the tenor part in a new operetta by a fashionable lady amateur, in which real ladies of society form the chorus and the orchestra, and which other numerous friends and admirers of the F.L.A. sit through amiably at the time, and criticise freely afterwards.

We must not be too severe on the Drawing-room Tenor; he is but a social butterfly after all—one of those products of modern civilisation which have had their prototypes in all ages. He is not more artificial than the society of which he is an ornament, and to which he contributes his outpourings of soul. He does not advertise himself more than many much more celebrated men and women who do, or have done, different things. His *métier* is modesty, and for this alone he deserves thanks as well as praise.

But it is certainly indicative of the times that such an atom of artificiality should be accepted as a paragon of artistic eminence by well-educated men and women. Veneer has always been fashionable; but it is not usual to lay it on so thinly as to be almost transparent.

However, the Drawing-room Tenor will doubtless serve a purpose one of these days. The world is less artificial than it was; men and manners change rapidly, and it cannot be said for the worse. There was a time when we were quite content to sing about the bees and the trees, the flowers and the bowers, and the birds. We have changed all that, it is true, but we haven't finished changing, nor have we yet reached *ultima thule*, even aided by the Drawing-room Tenor and his thin vapourings in a falsetto.

SEMIBREVE.



Our Musical-Box:

To keep an audience interested, amused, and at home with itself for two hours, single-handed, is not a light task even for a Society Entertainer. As a rule, the higher the society, the harder it is to entertain it. I dare say Mr. George Grossmith found his country audiences much more ready to laugh than his London one at St. James' Hall recently. A society audience smiles good-humouredly, but it is not given to laughing. It is all the more a compliment to Mr. Grossmith that so frequently hearty and unaffected—even to vulgar—laughter was heard at his first recital. In a manner, though he does not in the least invite it, Mr. Grossmith brings himself into contrast and comparison with Mr. Corney Grain; and the pair are the north and south poles of Society Entertaining. Mr. Grossmith is the better actor of the two, while he has not that delightful way of taking you into his confidence that is Mr. Corney Grain's happiest manner. From another point of view, Mr. Grain is satirical where Mr. Grossmith is sarcastic; as witness his remarks upon the "Guards" burlesque, which came in for a terribly severe castigation. Yet again, some of Mr. Grossmith's songs are inferior in quality, "The Lords and Commons are Getting Mixed" being quite the best given by him. "The Noisy Johnnie" struck me as being particularly pointless. "See me Dance the Polka," *après* Tosti and Gounod, was perfect, every trick and mannerism of the originals being caught and mimicked. But what pleased most of all was, perhaps, his burlesque of Mr. Irving, who seems so easy and is so difficult to caricature. In fine, there are not many men who could perform the feat mentioned, keep an audience amused for two hours, and send them away without a bored moment or a strangled desire to yawn; and, after all, if the sarcasm is sharp-pointed, it is good-humouredly delivered. Mr. Grossmith is humorous without being funny (in the vulgar sense), sarcastic without being unkind, and his characterisation, suggestive and imitative, is comic without ever descending to farcical extravagance; and these three attributes combine to make him a Society Entertainer of whom the title is not a misnomer.

Mr. Grossmith asks, "What is the world a-coming to?" In the advertisements of a small suburban tradesman appear the intimation that the pianofortes of his customers are repaired and tuned by practical *artistes*! I suppose the British workman will shortly be superseded by the British *artiste*.

A statue to Bizet has been suggested. It is the way of the world. Ever since the composer of "Carmen" died fifteen years ago, his fame has been growing. Had he lived, the world would have waited for him to die before dreaming of erecting his statue. A man who has given delight to millions deserves even such ordinary recognition as a statue far more than a monarch, an explorer, or a politician.

Madame Berthe Marx, whose name is favourably known in the musical world, gave a pianoforte recital at St. James' Hall, on October 23rd, before an appreciative audience.

On October 27th I occupied one of the third-class-railway-carriage stalls at Prince's Hall, and heard the "young Belgian pianist," Brahm Van den Berg. He certainly plays with fluency and expression, and is unassuming. In age, he may be anything from ten to eighteen; his costume savoured somewhat of an affectation of the youthful. There was nothing very original in his own compositions, two of which were included in the programme. Only time can show whether he, or any one of these juvenile performers, will grow into a great genius.

On November 3rd, another "crowded house" greeted Senor Sarasate, at St. James' Hall. The programme included a Saint-Saens concerto, a Mendelssohn concerto, and a composition of the violinist's own; and Mr. W. G. Cousins' orchestra played the "Tännhäuser" overture and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. Sarasate's last concert this season will take place on December 5th.

On November 3rd, at the Albert Hall, Madame Adelina Patti sang two or three of those things she knows by heart, and was of course encored, her audience being of that class which loves to get five-shillingsworth for its florin. The compliment of an encore, under these circumstances, loses all its meaning by becoming perverted into a clamorous expression of vulgar greed.

Senor Albeniz gave his first orchestral concert at St. James' Hall on November 7th. The audience was small, a fact probably to be accounted for by the weather which was not of the most agreeable. An excellent orchestra was that conducted by Senor Breton, but the programme was, if anything, a little too long. The delicacy of the pianist's touch and his grace of expression are inimitable. The third movement of Chapi's Moorish Fantasia was encored, and was most graceful; but the remainder of the work is anything but original.

CLIFTON BINGHAM,

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

From Forsyth Bros.: "Queen Bess" (danse antique), "Bella Maria" (valse brillante), "Rays of Love" (poesie), "La Duchesse" (gavotte), and "Danse des Eperons" (Caprice Hongroise), are five excellent teaching pieces, composed by F. Boscovitz, the formerly well-known pianist. They are fairly easy and pleasantly written, though somewhat in the American style; and are at least, far preferable to the "arrangements" and "fantasias" not long ago so much in vogue.





CLEOPATRA.

"Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act."

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," Act v. Sc. 2.

From a picture by W. H. Margetson, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1890.

Our Art Gallery.



THE importance of the influence of Cleopatra, the beautiful and voluptuous, upon drama and the fine arts, is exemplified this present year to a more than usual extent. Three of the few dramatic pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy symbolized after a manner the Queen of Egypt. The first, from the studio of W. H. Margetson, represented the living woman, whilst the second, by the Hon. John Collier, depicted her death, which occurred in her nine-and-thirtieth year. Both these pictures were most emphatically distinguished by treatment and colouring, and powerfully arrested the imagination. The third portrait was included in Henry Holiday's "Six Fair Women." As to her dramatic exponents, Mrs. Langtry is at present acting the rôle at the Princess's Theatre, whilst her abler sister in the art is essaying the character in a broad translation of Shakespeare's historical play by M. Victorien Sardou and M. Emile Moreau at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. The biography of this latter great actress appeared in *THE THEATRE*, June, 1879, and in speaking of her portrait, by Georges Clairin, the author says, "It represents her sitting on a couch, in a cloud, as it were, of drapery. How symmetrical the face, how bright the eyes, how graceful the sum of all!" This striking picture now decorates the wall of the great actress's studio in the hotel of the Boulevard Péreire, where a delicious atmosphere of art and refined splendour pervades the whole place.

Sarah Bernhardt has always been the associate of painters and sculptors. In 1869 M. Mathieu-Meumier induced her to sit to him for a bust. She attentively watched the process, and criticised the result with so much taste that the sculptor recommended her to make an essay in his art. That very night, on her return from the theatre, she adopted his suggestion, a relative, Madame Bruck, being awakened from a sweet sleep to pose as a model. In the result, to quote the above authority, the young actress became an enthusiastic votary of sculpture, and her first serious work in this direction, a marble bust of a girl, was exhibited in the Salon of 1873. From this date it is a matter of common knowledge that she quickly won herself a way to considerable fame in the art of plastic modelling, no less than in those of painting and etching.

We give a reproduction of one of the artist's works, which, as a specimen of ingenious and poetical grouping, will speak for itself.

ART NOTES.

By arrangement with the Sunday Society, we understand that the Arts and Crafts exhibition will be open on Sunday, December 7, from 2.30 to 6 p.m. to all holders of those Craftsmen's tickets which have been issued for Monday evenings. Any of our readers who hold these Monday tickets, and who will present them on the Sunday named, will be admitted free.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

From a picture by Georges Clairin.

The Hanover Gallery has two excellent works by Corot—"La Famille aux Champs," and a landscape. Rosa Bonheur's study of a lioness, "The King's Mate," is not one of her finest efforts. Courbet is represented by "A Ravine," and a "Lake Scene in Switzerland;" Munkacsy by a very strong picture, "A

Waif," and Diaz by a "Wood Nymph." There is a very large and interesting canvas, "Toilet of a Russian Bride," by Constantine Makowsky, and works by Isabey, Brandeis, Campotosto, and Munger are good examples of their art.

At Messrs. Tooth & Son's Gallery the most noticeable pictures in an excellent collection of 120 are Lhermite's "The Blaze of Noon," Bastien Lepage's "The Thames at Blackfriars," Girardet's "A Difficult Passage," B. W. Leader's



THE YOUNG GIRL AND DEATH.

From a painting by Sarah Bernhardt, exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1880.

"At Whittington, Worcester," Alma Tadema's "The Promise of Spring," James Webb's "An Easterly Wind, Broadstairs," Sir John Millais' "Pomona," and a "Venetian Water Carrier," by De Blaas.

The St. James' Gallery is occupied by the collection of pictures in black and white which Mr. Mendoza has got together with much judgment. Prominent among them is Arthur Wardle's "Jezebel, She is a King's Daughter"; a wonderfully small drawing of "The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford," and E. Caldwell's etching, "Hard Times."

The Grosvenor closes its career for the present as an exhibition Gallery, with a collection of pastels, which is deserving a visit, although the French artists

are not so much in evidence. J. E. Blanche has a striking portrait of "Madame Bordés Pène at her Piano," and Fernand Khnopff a well-grouped picture of "Lawn Tennis"; Miss Florence Small is best represented by "My Lady's Garden," and H. Muhrman by "A Bosquet," George Clansenby by "A Sheepfold, evening," William Stotts by "A Freshet," J. F. Raffaelli, H. S. Tuke, Ernest Sichel, Mrs. Jopling, T. B. Kennington, Henry Fanner, J. M. Swan, and Mdlle. Anna Billinska are well represented.

The Doré Gallery which has so long attracted lovers of the beautiful in art, with Gustave Doré's marvellous pictures of "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," the "Ecce Homo," "The Night of the Crucifixion," &c., has been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Edwin Long's new picture, "The Market Place at Nazareth," a large canvas, depicting truthfully and in vivid yet harmonious colouring the phase of Eastern life which it represents.

Strange to say the greater proportion of the walls of the French Gallery is covered by some of the best work of one of our most celebrated artists, B. W. Leader, A.R.A., no less than forty-five out of the 100 pictures being the produce of his brush. Among them are ten which have kindly been lent by their happy possessors. It is impossible to enter into detail of their artistic excellence; every lover of painting should judge of them for himself. In the gallery are also to be found some excellent examples by Professor K. Heffner of our "Thames Scenery," a strong picture "Awakened Jealousy," by Professor C. Kiesel; "A Street in Cairo," by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., and "A Village Smith," by Ed. Allan Schmidt, a highly-finished painting.

Mr. McLean's Gallery has but fifty-six pictures on view, but they are all of very great merit. Among them may be singled out Ch. Wilda's "The Fête of the First Born," a Cairene scene; Rosa Bonheur's horse picture, "A Bright Day on the Prairie;" B. W. Leader's "Mount St. Michael," a very luminous picture, "Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus," by G. Bauernfeind; a gem by N. Diaz, "A Glade, Fontainebleau;" two pictures by Wimperis (33) and (49); Groeguert's "An Interesting Story," and some of J. W. Godward's Roman subjects, in which he is following closely on Alma-Tadema.

The Royal Society of British Artists has a very interesting exhibition. It is only possible to mention a very few of the canvasses, which number 580. Poetry is represented in a portrait of "Lord Tennyson," by G. F. Watts, R.A.; the drama in "Desdemona," by G. Sheridan Knowles, who has also a picture of "Enid," and in "Play up, Surrey," by Geo. Roller, in which will be found a portrait of Mr. Reeves-Smith, the clever young actor. A picture which displays considerable character is that named "Old Chums," by Theodore Cook, though the execution is wanting in finish. "An Old Bachelor," an owl perched solitary on a tree, bears a striking resemblance to a crabbed human being. "Held by a Thread," is somewhat conventional by Charles E. Marshall, but attracts notice. The sea paintings are remarkably numerous and good; among them may be mentioned "L'Epave," by S. M. Laurence, Ayerst Ingram's "Entrance to Falmouth Harbour," and F. Brangwyn's, "We Therefore Commit His Body to the Deep." One of the cleverest works is "The Subscription Ball," by Theodore Cook.

There are not so many pictures this season as are usually shown at the Institute, nor are even these above the average. The President, Sir James Linton, exhibits two pictures, "Gathering Apples" and "The Empty Nest." Mr. Solomon J. Solomon has an excellent portrait of his mother. "The Arrest of Charles Darnay," by Joseph Skelton, from Dickens "Tale of Two Cities," is dramatic in treatment. "The End of the Game," a duel to the death between two gamblers, by John C. Lomax, is effective. Walter Goodman has not given a very flattering likeness of Mr. Lionel Brough (145). T. B. Kennington sends three pictures, (223), (557), (653), all excellent; the second "The Red Fan," is charming. "Sweet Silence," by J. Haynes Williams (257) is pleasing. R. Beavis has a well drawn picture of "The 15th Light Dragoons."

Henry J. Stock's "The Release," a disembodied spirit, a tall nude figure, is well modelled. Edwin Hays's "Tantallon Vast," is in his best style. J. Yates Carrington has a characteristic picture in his old favourite "Teufel's First Taste of the Fine Arts." Keeley Halswelle's "Early Moonrise, Venice," Herman G. Herkimer's "The Bookworm," and M. Wimperis' "A Cottage on the Common," are all worthy of attention. "Love's Language," an Eastern subject, by James Clark, "Whispers," by Ethel Wright, J. J. Shannon's rather extraordinary portrait of the little boy, "Hugh Christopher Tower," and Arthur Hacker's "His Daughter's Bairn," are all possessed of interest.



Our Omnibus-Box.

The THEATRE ANNUAL will again this year be incorporated with the January 1891, issue. It will contain contributions from a considerable number of the leading actors and actresses of the day, and will be profusely illustrated. Amongst other attractive pictorial features will be included some groups from the successful plays now performing in London. The attention of our readers is invited to the fact that they cannot order too early of their booksellers, as much disappointment was caused last year to many would-be purchasers by the running out of print two days after publication of this popular Annual; and it is not the intention of the publishers to issue a second edition this year.

We have no desire to hold up "The Pharisee" as a model play, for it is nothing of the kind, but there is room for protest against the standard of criticism adopted in various quarters. It is distinctly unfair to invite comparison not only with what Sardou has done, but with what a critic, enthusiastic in his belief in Sardou's infallibility, believes that his hero might do. The critic may, and does, assert a great deal; but he would meet with a greater measure of credit if he would reveal the methods of compression that command his rather indefinitely grounded admiration.

It is easy enough to say that Sardou would have done this, that, and the other; but who is the critic, however enterprising, who would go beyond the declaration that the French dramatist would do so-and-so, and say how he would do it? That man would be critic no longer. Journalism would lose a shining light, and dramatic art would gain a neophyte of exceeding promise. Who could have imagined that Sydney Grundy, then an unknown writer, could have boiled Scribe's three acts down into "In Honour Bound," a work which will go down to posterity as a surpassing example of an English dramatist's power of compression—a play that deserves to rank as a classic, because it is perfect in itself, telling a strong dramatic story without an unnecessary character, and without a line or a word that could be omitted, except at the expense of the symmetry and completeness of the whole.

Perhaps, then, judged by what Sardou, in the opinion of a distinguished critic, might do, and Sydney Grundy, in his happiest moment, has done, "The Pharisee" has to sing exceeding small. There are many reasons why the play Miss Wallis and Mr. Malcolm Watson have written together should not be exposed to so severe a test. There is no need to contrast it, on the one hand, with the overwhelming success of "Judah" and "The Middleman," nor, on the

other, with that nauseous abortion, "The Sixth Commandment." Indeed, there are many reasons why "The Pharisee" should appeal to us for more than common praise. Admitted, that the last act is unnecessary, judged by any lower standard than that of Sardou, an acknowledged master of his craft, the final situation in the second act is worked up with remarkable skill and a great deal of power. True, that to the practised mind, at least, the opportune return of Helmore, and his demand for the re-delivery of the packet, present themselves as a rather obvious way out of the difficulty. It cannot be too often or too forcibly repeated that it is in the occurrence of the possible and the easily foreseen that the dramatist may win his most legitimate triumphs, rather than in the unnatural and improbable creation of convenient, if ingeniously contrived, coincidence; and the greater is the credit in the present case to the authors for having produced so absorbingly powerful an effect without any straining of their privileges.

The best possible ending, we conceive, should have taken place a few lines before the curtain in the second act. When Helmore, who, we know perfectly well is going away to die, turns to the woman he has wronged, and, as though speaking of an absent person with the details of whose case she is acquainted, gets an affirmative answer to his question whether the injured one could forgive him, the play is over, and the curtain might well fall on the timid parting clasp of her hand on his, her husband standing by still and, for ever, happily unconscious of the heart tragedy just ending. For ordinary dramatic purposes, there is no reason why he should know. Her share in the deception, as in the original sin, has been so small and so innocent as to be almost inappreciable; indeed, the most serious fault is her perfectly natural reluctance to lay bare her heart when she finds out that she has been the guiltless partner in her father's deception of her husband, and that the terrible truth must come out with the added suspicion that she had wilfully entrapped the man she loves, and who has trusted her without reserve. Surely a consciousness of her early sin should be punishment enough, even without the days and nights of the agony of dread, of detection, and shame in the eyes of her husband and child. The cause of the evil fades away from sight and life, and it is cruel to the husband to destroy his faith by opening his eyes to the bitter truth, and, in his suffering, there is further punishment for the unhappy woman, already overwhelmed with woe.

But the stern morality of the dramatist infected with the Ibsen *virus* requires a higher and less comfortable standard, from which commonplace audiences suffer in common with the characters. No form of deception can be innocent, and the playwright demands to the last ounce his pound of flesh in the way of relentless retribution for sin. It is nothing to him that even people of the highest, or all but the highest morality, would shrink from a self-crucifixion involving others in an equally poignant and shameful penalty. This woman has been brought up amongst the vilest of the vile, but love, wifehood, and maternity have so purified and ennobled her that all are forgotten, or far too conscientiously remembered, when the shadow of a lie falls upon her from which she can only cleanse herself by embittering, if not shattering, the lives of those she loves most dearly. A lofty morality, no doubt, but just a little above the level of the ethical understanding vouchsafed to the "plain man." The erstwhile soiled dove has become a little

"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

At the same time, this is ten thousand times better than the tinsel *London Journal* cant of virtue to be found in the melodrama which has just preceded "The Pharisee" at the Shaftesbury. The fault tends in the higher and better direction, while in developing that idea, as, indeed, throughout the play a strenuous and successful effort has been made to preserve an excellent literary tone, which must have been to some extent sacrificed in any serious attempt to reduce the play to a single act. We do not get so many plays of respectable literary and dramatic calibre from comparatively untried dramatists that we can affect to disparage their productions by applying an unduly severe standard of criticism, although the application of such a standard must in some sort be regarded as a compliment to the authors.

If one may judge from the printed reports of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's lectures on "The Art of Being Rightly Amused at the Play," that gentleman incurs a strong suspicion of being in the same boat with many another craftsman who has attempted to make clear to others the secret that has come so easily to him. The gentleman who during the practice of his art glibly tells his audience "how it is done," is rarely as clear in exposition as he is expert in execution, and generally winds up by leaving his hearers more muddled than before. Something very like this seems to be the case with Mr. Jones. The one portion of his subject (which, of course, includes a considerable disquisition on play-writing) on which the lecturer is most emphatically earnest is that on which he is most hopelessly obscure. The pity is the greater since this relates to a secret which has puzzled dramatists in all ages. To what extent is the playwright bound to draw upon the realities of life? Any person of average intelligence might very well be defied to gather from Mr. Jones's utterances what Mr. Jones's opinions are upon this all-important subject, since if the speaker intends his words to bear the meaning ordinarily assigned to them by ordinary people, he flatly contradicts himself. If one might presume to the extent of trying to read between the lines of these enigmatical deliverances, we fancy that Mr. Jones is simply telling us over again what we knew before, that it is the spirit of realism we want to get, and that the mere externals are nothing. But how to procure the one and assign due prominence only to the other? That is the question Mr. Jones can answer far better in his admirable plays than he can, or does, on the public platform. But then there are such things as valuable trade secrets, so that if he could perhaps he would not. But we will forgive him any reticence on that score if he will continue to illustrate his principles in action.

"In Chancery," Mr. A. W. Pinero's eccentric comedy, was revived at Terry's Theatre on Saturday, November 22, with Mr. Edward Terry in his original character of Montague Joliffe, and supported by what should prove a very capable cast. The piece is a very laughable one, and should draw good houses. It will be fully noticed next month.

New plays produced, and important revivals in London, from October 16, 1890, to November 19, 1890.

(Revivals are marked thus°).

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| Oct. | 25 | "Gipsies," operetta, in one act, libretto by Basil Hood, music by Wilfred Bendall. Prince of Wales. |
| " | 25 | "Foiled," three act drama, by Warwick Buckland. St. George's Hall. |
| " | 27 | "Mystery of The Seven Sisters," four act drama, by F. A. Scudamore. Surrey. |
| " | 27° | "Divorçons," three act comedy, by Sardou and De Najac; French, plays. St. James's. |
| " | 28 | "Monsieur Moulon; or, The Shadow of Death," four act play adapted from the French by Charles Hannan. |
| Nov. | 1 | "Sunlight and Shadow," original three act play, by R. C. Carton. Avenue. |
| " | 1 | "False Witness" (same as produced at New Cross Hall, October 28). Parkhurst Theatre, Holloway. |
| " | 3 | "Beau Austin," four act comedy, by W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Haymarket. |
| " | 3 to 8° | "Les Révoltés," one act, comedy, by Edmond Gondinet.
"L'Autographe," one act comedy, by Henri Mielhac. "°Lolotte," one act comedy, by Meilhac and Halévy; French plays. St. James's. |
| " | 5 | "Returning the Compliment," comic operetta, in one act, written by Otto Waldau and F. Grove Palmer, music by Henry J. Wood. Park Hall, Camden Town. |
| " | 6° | "Smoke," comedietta, by Benjamin Webster, Junr. Opera Comique. |
| " | 8 | "Two Recruits," original play, in three acts, by Frank Wyatt Toole's. |

- Nov. 10 "L'Ami des Femmes," five act comedy, by Alexandre Dumas ; French plays. St. James's.
 " 10^o "Called Back," play, in four acts, by Hugh Conway and J. Comyns-Carr. Haymarket.
 " 15 "May and December," farcical comedy, in three acts, founded by Sydney Grundy on his joint adaptation with Joseph Mackay of "*La Petite Marquise*," of Meilhac and Halévy. Comedy.
 " 16 "Puck," fairy extravaganza "after dinner" version of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith.
 " 17 "The Pharisee," original play, in three acts, by Malcolm Watson and Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis. Shaftesbury.
 " 19 "Antony and Cleopatra," Shakespeare's five act tragedy. Princess's.

In the Provinces, from October 16, 1890, to November 18, 1890.

- Oct. 23 "The Dark Past," four act melodrama, by Frank Price. T.R., Barnsley.
 " 25 "Our Tutor," farce in one act, by Abbey Wood. Assembly Rooms, Leytonstone.
 " 27 "Dolly," comic opera, in two acts, book by John Bannister, music by Herr Pelzer. H. M. Theatre, Carlisle.
 " 28 "False Witness," four-act drama, adapted by Arthur Shirley and Maurice Gally from the French. New Cross Public Hall.
 " 31 "The Workbox," one-act play by Tom Craven. T. R. Worcester.
 " 31 "Baby"; A warning to mesmerists, one act play, by Lady Violet Greville. T.R., Brighton.
 Nov. 7 "Her First Appearance," monologue, by Haslingden Russell. Royal Court, Liverpool.
 " 8 "Matrimony," four act comedy-drama, dramatisation by Charles Cameron of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife." New Cross Hall.
 " 13 "My General," original comedy, in three acts, by Stephanie Forrester (Mrs. Colonel Thompson). The Royal, Ryde, I.W.
 " 17 "Hymen Wins," whimsical absurdity, in one act, by Wilford F. Field. Public Rooms, Southall.
 " 18 "The Widow," three act farcical comedy, by A. G. Bagot. Windsor Theatre.

In Paris from October 14, 1890, to November 18, 1890

- Oct. 16 "Le Deputé Leveau," four-act comedy, by Jules Lemaitre. Vaudeville.
 " 20 "Le Maître; a study of peasants," in three scenes, by Jean Jullien. Nouveautés.
 " 23 "Cléopâtre," five act drama, by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau, music by Xavier Leroux. Porte St. Martin.
 " 27 "Ma Cousine," comedy, in three acts, by Henri Meilhac. Variétés.
 " 30 "Roméo et Juliette," drama in five acts and in verse, adapted from Shakespeare by Georges Lefèvre, music by Francis Thomé. Odéon.
 Nov. 5 "L'Age Critique," five act play, by Arthur Byl. Menus Plaisirs.
 " 8 "L'Egyptienne," spectacular comic opera, in three acts, book by M.M. Chivot, Nutter and Beaumont, music by Charles Lecocq. Folies-Dramatiques.
 " 11^o "La Parisienne," three act comedy, by Henri Bocque. Français.
 " 12 "Miss Helyett," operetta, in three acts, book by Maxime Boucheron, music by Audran. Bouffes-Parisiens.
 " 18 "Dernier Amour," play in four acts by Georges Ohnet. Gymnase.



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